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A black and white photograph of a wide, unpaved street in a historic town. On the left is a large, dark building with a corrugated metal awning. On the right are several smaller buildings, including one with a sign that reads "E.V. PHAR" and another with "CROWN". A few people are visible walking on the street, and a horse-drawn carriage is in the distance. The street leads towards a hill in the background.

Stimson Photo
Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

April 1962

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ANNALS OF WYOMING

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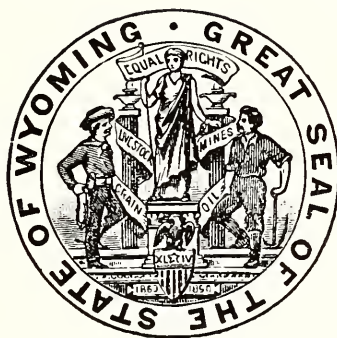
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Table of Contents

MAY NELSON DOW	5
Elizabeth J. Thorpe and Mable E. Brown	
THE LEGEND OF LAKE DESMET	32
Mary Olga Moore	
FRONTIER LAWYER	43
Burton S. Hill	
LANDER CUTOFF	50
J. K. Moore, Jr.	
1852 ON THE OREGON TRAIL	52
Mae Urbanek	
ALIAS DAN DAVIS - ALIAS DAN MORGAN	60
WYOMING'S FRONTIER NEWSPAPERS	61
Elizabeth Keen	
GIRLHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF LARAMIE IN 1870-1871	85
Nancy Fillmore Brown	
THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, Part VIII, Section 4	95
Thelma Gatchell Condit	
POEMS - Petroglyphs, Shelia Hart	59
Wyoming Memories, Dick J. Nelson	112
WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	115
President's Message by Edness Kimball Wilkins	
BOOK REVIEWS	
Todd, <i>Recollections of a Piney Creek Rancher</i>	118
Van Nuys, <i>The Family Band</i>	119
Sandoz, <i>These Were The Sioux</i>	120
Eggenhofer, <i>Wagons, Mules and Men</i>	121
Atherton, <i>The Cattle Kings</i>	121
Bonney, <i>Bonney's Guide</i>	123
Severy, <i>America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty</i>	123
Johnson, <i>Pioneer's Progress</i>	124
Elston, <i>Treasure Coach from Deadwood</i>	125
Urbanek, <i>Songs of the Sage; The Second Man</i>	126, 129
Fitzpatrick, <i>Nebraska Place Names</i>	126
Adams, <i>The Old-Time Cowhand</i>	128
CONTRIBUTORS	131
ILLUSTRATIONS ACCOMPANYING ARTICLES	
Main Street, Newcastle, Wyo., 1903	Cover
May Nelson Dow	4, 14, 29
Frontier Lawyer	44, 47
The Hole-in-the-Wall	96, 98
Map: May Nelson Dow	19



A. M. Nelson (Alfred) 1913



Mary Caroline (Dalton) Nelson



Dick J. Nelson - May's younger
brother



Sarah Pettigrew - Mary Dalton
Nelson's sister

Courtesy Elizabeth J. Thorpe and Mabel E. Brown

May Nelson Dow

A FIRST LADY OF NEWCASTLE

By

ELIZABETH J. THORPE

MABLE E. BROWN

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born—"

This is May Nelson Dow's story taken from her treasury of memories which extend into the past beyond the house where she was born through the stories of her parents and grandparents which cover three generations of westward wanderers.

We shall begin with Nancy Melinda Collier, May's grandmother, who was, at the age of fourteen, trim, tiny, but very grown-up.

Nancy had a mind of her own. In addition, she was in love. However, the Colliers thought fourteen a bit young for marriage even in the 1840's in Louisville, Kentucky, when early marriages were not too unusual. They opposed it firmly. They had no objection to young Lloyd Nelson except that his feet were restless and they considered Nancy still a child. They should have been forewarned, having lived with Nancy's independence for fourteen years, but they didn't realize how little they had understood the depth of her feelings until it was too late.

One balmy southern night, with the help of an older sister, Nancy climbed out of her second story window, slid down two bed sheets the girls had tied together and seated herself accurately behind Lloyd who was waiting nervously in the shadows on his horse. Into the darkness they rode, leaving Nancy's home and family far behind.

This was the beginning of a trek that took Nancy as far as Glenwood, Iowa, where she and Lloyd settled down for many years and raised their children. She must have been in touch with her family and, we hope, forgiven, for later her sister, Drucinda Collier, came to live with them. Drucinda never married but stayed and helped Nancy the rest of her life.

It was not until Nancy and Lloyd were grandparents that Lloyd's restless feet bothered him again. Two of their sons, Henry and Alfred, had enlisted when the Civil War started. They were with Company B of the 29th Iowa Infantry. At the time of enlistment, Alfred had given his age as eighteen, but he was really only seventeen. James, their youngest boy had been injured as a child

and was lame. He was not accepted in the service but through influential friends he obtained a position and spent the war years there in Washington. Although Henry spent some time in Andersonville prison, both of the boys came home when the war ended and both were soon married. Henry married a girl named Eliza. Alfred met and courted Mary Caroline Dalton who had been born in Illinois but had come with her family to Glenwood before the war. They were married in 1867. Martha Nelson, the boys' sister, married a man named Morton Noah.

So when Lloyd and Nancy decided to follow the trail west again they were accompanied by the Henry Nelsons, the Morton Noahs, the Alfred Nelsons and Charles and Sarah Pettigrew, Sarah being Mary Nelson's sister. Alfred and Mary, or Molly, as he called her, by this time had three children, Nancy Melinda, born in Mill County, Iowa in 1864; Ida J. in 1869; and Frank Ellen, born in Glenwood in 1871.

As they set out from their homes in Iowa in the fall of 1871 their party consisted of six wagons. They journeyed toward Kansas. Most of the time the families enjoyed traveling in spite of the fact that the way was long, often uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous. One time the Noah's wagon was the last to cross an icebound stream. They were nearly across when the ice began to give way. Martha, sitting in the back of the wagon, could hear it snapping and cracking. She shouted at her husband, "Morton, drive up quick before we are all drowned!" They made it safely, but another time when fording a river the Alfred Nelson's wagon was the last in the train. The far bank had become very muddy and slippery by the time the other wagons had been pulled up. As Alfred's oxen lurched out of the water, slipped and jerked ahead again, the extra strain broke the king pin which held the tongue in place. The oxen were plunged into the mud. The wagon rolled back into the water, tipping over on its side. Mary Nelson with the two little girls and the baby, Frank, were inside. The men rushed back to help them out and set the wagon on its wheels. As they dashed into the water one of the men on horseback noticed the baby's blanket floating downstream. Blankets were precious. He prodded his horse and splashed after the bobbing thing, reached for it and gasped. Then he made a frantic grab and caught it to him. The baby was still wrapped in it! He was, however, unhurt and not even very wet. It had all happened so quickly.

They went into Kansas as far as southwestern Cloud County where they took up land under the "Timber Claim" law on the Solomon River about eight miles south of Beloit.

Four of the families, the Lloyd Nelsons, the Henry Nelsons, the Noahs and the Pettigrews built one large cabin located where the four corners of their four plots of land met. Each family had

its own corner of the cabin and lived there. As grandmother of the group, Nancy seemed to feel justified in being a little different. She had a rock floor in her corner which she took pride in keeping immaculately clean.

The Alfred Nelsons built a cabin of their own. It was a good thing they did, for in the next six years they had three more children. Orpha May was born March 19, 1873; Dick, May 29, 1875; and Laura, Oct. 23, 1877. Nine years later, in 1886, Geneva was born. Ida died at the age of eight, just a month before Laura was born.

Through seventeen years of a developmental period in Kansas they experienced the hardships, griefs and rewards of frontier life. They knew the disastrous "grasshopper year", years of cyclones and hot winds, and occasional years of plenty and prosperity. There were times when they lived in the towns of Beloit and Jamestown.

Living as she did on the outposts of civilization, Mary Dalton Nelson became a tower of strength to those of her friends and neighbors with whom she came in contact. She dressed the newborn babies, closed the eyes of the dead, fed the hungry, cared for the sick and clothed the needy. She had the only washing machine and sewing machine for miles around and willingly shared both with any neighbor who could get to her home. Tired mothers brought baskets of garments ready to be stitched on the machine or quilts to be washed in the back saving washer while Mary Nelson took care of visiting babies as well as her own. Her talent for nursing developed as her experience widened and she was always in demand.

Funny things happened, too, that grew funnier with re-telling, like Grandmother's visiting Indian.

One day Nancy, working in the big cabin, heard a sound outside. The door had a wooden latch and a tiny round peephole where a knot in the wood had fallen out. She tip-toed over and put her eye to the peephole, only to find that she was staring directly into the eye of a curious Shawnee. Grandmother, used to Indians and always friendly, unlatched the door and invited him in. The only thing she had to offer him in the way of refreshments was some fresh buttermilk. She looked around for something to put it in because he looked pretty dirty to her and she didn't want him drinking out of one of her cups. Her worried glance fell on the wash basin. She poured the buttermilk into it and handed it to Grandfather who offered it to the Indian. With great politeness he grunted, "You drink, too." So Grandfather, silently thankful for Nancy's cleanliness, drank first, then handed the basin to their guest.

In 1876 when the discovery of gold was luring people to the Black Hills an emigrant train of eighteen wagons left northwestern Kansas bound for the gold fields. This was known as the Petti-

grew party since Charlie Pettigrew had been made wagon boss. Many in the party, like the Pettigrews, were not gold-seekers but desired relief from the drouth in Kansas.

When Charlie, a giant of a man, and Sarah, a large, laughing woman and their fourteen children departed with the big train it was a sad day for the Nelsons. They were not yet ready to leave Kansas. Later when they received letters from Sarah telling of the experiences of these people, they were glad they had stayed home. They wept over Sarah's story of the death of their youngest child, six year old Freddie, who was crushed under a wagon wheel near Kimball, Nebraska. The eyes of the children sparkled over several tales of minor encounters with Indians in spite of the mounted guard that accompanied the train. And, most hair-raising of all, was her letter describing the ambush at Beulah on Sand Creek. The members of the train who were not gold-seekers had, after a brief look at Deadwood and vicinity, decided that it was no place for farmers. Six or eight families, including the Pettigrews, decided to go on to Montana which they thought would be more like the farm land they were used to. In spite of warnings that it was dangerous to go because of Indians, the party proceeded.

It was a beautiful land after they left Deadwood Gulch. The arms of the hills spread out, opening vistas of vast prairies of red soil, shadowed canyons and wooded hills in the distance. Spearfish Creek was a wide, clear, rushing stream that watered the broad, fertile Spearfish Valley. But they kept going. It wasn't like Kansas. Perhaps because of the somber warnings they were unusually apprehensive and the rugged beauty of the place didn't appeal to them.

At Beulah their fears seemed to materialize. They were surrounded by Indians who had no intention of letting them go further into their territory or of permitting them to return the way they had come. They had no choice but to defend themselves the best they could.

The men hurriedly put the wagons in a ring and started digging small pits from which to fight and a large one where the women and children would be safe. The Indians seemed determined to hold the party there until all either starved to death or were killed.

They were there almost a week. To the women the hole in the ground became home. They accepted it just as they had all the other discomforts and hardships of living on the trail or in a camp. They had a certain measure of security. Their men were protecting them.

Their mode of living in the hole had organization. There was a fireplace in one corner where they prepared meals. Even the children had helped pick the stones for this out of the sides of the hole. Their sleeping quarters were in another corner. In a

third corner the men dug a deeper hole, throwing the dirt up high around it for the accommodation of their physical needs.

One night toward the end of the week a rider managed to slip out in the darkness and get to Deadwood for help. A day or two later the soldiers came and the Indians were driven away. After such an experience the people were willing to concede that it was too dangerous to go on. They retraced their trail into the peaceful Spearfish Valley and stayed there. Some settled along the creek. Others went into the little town of Spearfish.

With feelings of relief and thankfulness the Nelsons read in later epistles that the wanderers found it a good land in spite of the terrifying and unhappy episode which had forced them to stay in it. So good that they began a written campaign urging the Nelsons over and over to leave Kansas and come on along to the Black Hills.

It took twelve years of eloquence to dislodge any of the family from the Kansas plains but at last Alfred who had, perhaps, inherited a touch of his father's restlessness succumbed to the temptation to go west once more.

Nancy, Grandmother Nelson, had died and after several years of being lonely and living with various members of the family, Lloyd had married again. The grandchildren learned to call this lady "Grandma Ann". She and Lloyd lived in Jamestown, but had, daringly, gone twelve miles to Delphos to be married!

Alfred and Mary's oldest daughter, Nancy, was married by this time to Charles Donielson. Frank was a young man and already working as printer's devil on a newspaper. May, Dick and Laura were what we would now classify as teenagers—they were no longer small children but they weren't quite grown-up, either. Neva was still a baby not much more than a year old when they began planning to leave and making preparations.

One of the first arrangements was to see that all unbaptized children were baptized for this journey into a strange land. The family belonged to the First Christian Church. May (and probably Dick and Laura) were of the group which went solemnly down to the river on an early spring day. It was not very warm. There was still some ice on the river. Steps had been built down to the baptistry at the edge of the water and on these mothers waited with blankets. As each child was immersed and stepped out he was wrapped warmly and hurried home. Not a single one caught cold that day and after baptism in such icy water they felt ready for anything!

In the spring of 1888 they came by train to Whitewood, Dakota Territory, which was at that time the end of the railroad. Frank, May, Dick, and Laura climbed out of the train and stood close to their parents and the baby on the station platform in the land of the Black Hills for the first time. It was more than a thousand miles away and many years ago that Nancy Collier had slid out of

the upper story window of her childhood home to run away with the man she loved and start this family whose destiny was to move west as pioneers. In all the years of living in Iowa and Kansas and on the trails in between, none of them had ever seen anything like these pine and spruce covered hills. The children were speechless with wonder, especially May, who was delighted with the excitement of this new life. It was a wonderful adventure. It was LIVING, and she knew that she would never forget a minute of it. Dick and Dot (which Laura was called because she was a tiny dot of a girl) also were filled with the wonder of beginning life on a new frontier. The three of them were old enough to remember and enjoy everything that happened to them and young enough to be unimpressed by the discomforts and hardships which their parents undoubtedly knew.

The stagecoach which went from Whitewood to Spearfish was owned and operated by a man called Uncle Harvey. He was an exciting figure to the Nelsons who were amazed at the wildness of his horses. He assured them that everything was all right. He helped them into the coach which they found already occupied by two men carrying carpetbags and whose conversation indicated to Mrs. Nelson that they were Swedes. Alfred and the boys decided it was pretty crowded inside so they climbed up on top with the driver. Trying to be calm, Mrs. Nelson got out the lunch basket and prepared to feed the children when suddenly the train whistled a shrill blast. The wheel horse reared and came down astraddle of the tongue. The other horses were nervous and jumping around as if they were standing in a pool of hot water. Mrs. Nelson was frightened but tried to be merely polite as she leaned out of the window to ask, "Shall we get out?"

"Just keep your seat, lady," Uncle Harvey said reassuringly, "it's just that that bronc was never hitched up till two hours ago!"

Mrs. Nelson smothered a gasp and shrank back inside, wondering what would happen to all of them.

Within a few minutes the men had unhitched the horses, straightened them out, hitched them up again and they were on their way. They went at a dead run all the eighteen miles to Spearfish. By the time they reached there, the bronc was thoroughly "broke".

As they went around the end of Deadwood one of the strange men remarked, "Py kolly, I don't see anyting gold in tose Hells!"

May had never heard an accent before and it struck her so funny that she began to giggle. Her mother reprimanded her severely for laughing at the oddities of others.

By the time the Nelsons arrived all the land in the Spearfish Valley was taken. They farmed the Bob Evans ranch near Charles Pettigrew on shares that first summer, but it was not quite what they had hoped for. So, late in the fall when news of a coal dis-

covery at Cambria in Wyoming Territory reached Spearfish, they decided to seek their fortune on the western edge of the Hills.

Alfred went over into the country, picked his location and came back, stopping at Sundance, which was at that time the county seat, to file his claim. He bought an ox team and wagon into which they once more packed all their belongings. It was ten degrees below zero on December 12th as they came down over Lookout Mountain at the beginning of the eighty-five mile journey to their claim in Wyoming Territory. The loaded wagon creaked along behind the slow moving oxen. No one seemed to mind the cold too much. Mrs. Nelson had made long red flannel pants lined with calico for the girls to wear under their dresses!

They made it to Beulah that first night and stayed with the Tom Hewes family, remembering, no doubt, what had happened to the Pettigrew party there. By the next night they were in Sundance with some of the many Pettigrew relatives. Frank, May's older brother, decided to stay in Sundance and find work. He was immediately successful. Judge Joseph Stotts of the *Sundance Gazette* felt very fortunate in finding an assistant with even a minimum of experience in the newspaper business.

While it was fun visiting with friends and relatives along the way, nothing kept the travelers from pushing on each morning. The third night found them at "Cap" Young's place. "Cap" and Mr. Nelson did all the visiting that night—refighting the Civil War.

The fourth night they expected to stay at a cabin that "Boz" Gupton had built between Sundance and Nels Holwells. They kept looking for it as the day grew dark and colder but it was farther away than they had figured. Two year old Neva was tired and couldn't hold back the tears. Mrs. Nelson comforted her by saying, "Don't cry, honey, you'll have a nice warm cabin to sleep in tonight." At last the cabin came in sight. Near it was a little stream at which they stopped long enough for Mr. Nelson to break the ice and get water for coffee. When the wagon finally stopped they climbed stiffly out, went up to the cabin and pushed open the door—only to find that another family had found it first—a mother skunk and two kittens! The mother protested the disturbance by perfuming the place so suffocatingly that no one could stand to stay in it. So, Neva, instead of a "nice, warm cabin" had a tarp for shelter that night with a campfire in front of it. They were warm and slept soundly in spite of mama skunk.

The next night they spent at the Brewer place which later belonged to Sirene Holst for many years. May especially enjoyed being there because the Brewers had a daughter, Nellie, who was about her age. Even though they had never seen each other before they had a good visit.

A few hours of traveling the next day brought them to the land on Oil Creek which was their own. The country was big and

empty. Oil Creek was a small stream wandering southward from the hills out into a wide, rolling plains country covered with sagebrush and grass just now almost buried under snow. Sundance, five or six days of traveling away, was the nearest town. There were a few families on Beaver Creek about eight miles east and there were the LAK and the YT ranches, one five miles east and the other about four miles north. Custer, though not quite as far away as Sundance, was almost impossible to reach in the winter because of its barrier of hills and deep, snow-filled canyons.

With them the Nelsons had a year's supply of food, seed grain for the spring planting, the ox team, a couple of cows, two pigs and a dozen chickens. They needed shelter immediately from the bitter cold weather. Alfred set to work (with some help from the family) and made a dugout in the north bank of the creek which would have to do them until they were settled and spring brought better weather for getting out logs with which to build a cabin. He did get a few logs and small pines for the front and roof of the dugout from the hills about a mile away.

The room in the bank was twelve feet square with a great center pole in the middle which, with the back wall, supported the ridge pole, a stout log over twelve feet long. From the ridge pole to the side walls were laid shorter logs close together with the small and large ends alternating. Over these was a thick layer of the prairie grass and on top of that a good eighteen inches of dirt. The door in the center of the log wall had a window in it, the only lighting, but, as May remembers, it was so cozy and warm in the dugout that the door stood open most of the time even in the winter. As it faced south, the winter sun streamed in most of the day.

The children helped chink the log wall with mud from the creek. Outside of the front door there was a shelf above the creek which was their yard.

Inside Alfred drilled holes in the center post and inserted pegs on which to hang their clothes. Some very special pegs not too far from the floor were for Neva's small things. They had brought bedsteads, a feather bed, a stove, pictures and an organ box which made, when fitted with shelves, a roomy cupboard. For the children's beds they stuffed straw ticks with sweet dried grass. They set up the stove and Alfred built a woodbox which the children were instructed to keep filled. Before long he had a table made and some chairs and benches which could be pushed under when not in use. Mrs. Nelson had her precious Singer sewing machine, indispensable article, at the back of the room between the beds.

On the other side of the creek and a few feet south of the dugout were four or five big boxelder trees that hung out over the stream and up over the bank. The children found those trees the best of playhouses. They could climb the far bank and walk

into the trees on the branches. With scraps of logs and lumber they build a platform in one of them—a tree house with leaves for a roof.

It was Christmas by the time they were settled in the dugout. The neighbors at the YT ranch sent a cowboy with an invitation to spend Christmas there. This was accepted with a great deal of pleasure and excitement. Friends were all they needed to make their first Christmas in a new land one of perfect joy.

One of the highlights of their life on Oil Creek was the visit of the circuit rider. May has told this story so many times as one of her favorites that it is quoted directly here from a newspaper account.

“One cold winter day we spied him coming over the snowy prairie from the direction of Elk Mountain. As he approached we were surprised to see a small Indian pony carrying a rider so tall that the man’s feet were dragging in the snow. It was Reverend Curran, the circuit rider from Custer. He had heard about the new families in this region and had come all that way to visit us. He was a tall, dark man of the Abraham Lincoln type, very pious, deliberate and slow. He had an unusually long beard and his features were narrow and sharp, just a typical “long-faced Presbyterian”. He wore a broad black hat and a frock coat and carried a Bible under his arm in the regular circuit rider style. Our visitor had arrived just before dinner, but we had plenty of wild game cooked. We made him welcome and he stayed with us and held services. At night he slept on the spare bed roll that was laid out on the dirt floor. The next day he went on to visit some folks on Black Thunder Creek, and we watched him ride away over the prairie, zigzagging back and forth to avoid the snow-filled gullies. We never heard from him after that until we went to Tubbs-town. After Newcastle was established he came walking in there one day. He preached a few sermons in the church, but his views were rather too straight-laced. He disapproved of donations to the church by saloon keepers, calling the contributions ‘blood money’. So naturally he wasn’t very popular with the people of the progressive new town.”

By spring Mr. Nelson and Dick had cleared the sagebrush, greasewood and cactus from five acres of land. It was easier to clear the land in winter when the brush was brittle from cold and broke off easily. They found that the cattle relished cactus plants after the spines had been burned off. May helped with the work almost as much as Dick did. In the spring when her father broadcast seed oats on the new soil, she harrowed them with the ox team. This was the first stand of oats raised in Weston County, though it was still Crook County at that time.

That spring also a great roundup corral was built near the ranch. Hundreds of cowboys gathered up droves of cattle from all over the country and brought them there to be branded. Many cow-

boys came to the Nelson's place. Roundup time was a lively season. The ruins of the old corral may still be seen and the stout snubbing post that stood in the center is still there.

One day when the weather was nice they had company. Mr. M. J. Coyle and Mr. Frank Mondell rode over to the dugout and had dinner with the Nelsons. Mr. Coyle was a young married man with a wife and two small sons who were living in the Bear Butte Valley over near Sturgis. He had land at the foot of the hills north of the Nelsons and was building a home there for his family. Mr. Mondell was a single man, described many years later by Dot Nelson Hart as the "pioneer heart-throb". He had been employed by the Kilpatrick Brothers and Collins, a railroad construction firm, to look for coal in this area and had discovered it in a canyon in the hills to the north. His interest in this new country was unbounded and his love for it as vast as the country itself. That particular day, however, his enthusiasm soared over Mrs. Nelson's sour cream biscuits. During the visit Mr. Nelson asked for and was given permission to get logs for a cabin from Mr. Coyle's land.

There was an oil spring on this land, back near the foot of the hills. In order to develop it, Mr. Coyle, Mr. Mondell, Billy Fawcett, Fred Coates, Beaver Creek ranchers J. C. Spencer of the LAK and perhaps others had formed the Eagle Oil Co. They had dug a pit about six feet square and made steps in the dirt down into one side of it. The logs for the cabin were to come from the land around the oil pit.

Mr. Nelson dug a well that spring before he started on the cabin. They needed a better water supply. Oil Creek water was very hard and almost impossible to use for washing, though Mrs. Nelson did use it. Her greatest hope was that the water in the new well would be soft. The children helped with the digging at first. When the hole got deep they had to make a ladder of small poles which they would lower into the pit so their father could get down to dig, then pull it up with a rope so he would have room to use the pick and shovel. One morning when the hole was about twenty feet deep they had hardly pulled the ladder up and gone off a little way to play when they heard their father call, "Molly, oh Molly, come here!"

Mrs. Nelson came hurrying out of the dugout and the children ran back to the hole. Looking down they could see that where the shovel had made the last bite in the bottom, water was boiling up. They hurried to put down the ladder so the victorious digger could bring his tools and climb out. Mrs. Nelson sent one of the children to the dugout for the wash pan and soap so she could see if the water was soft. To her delight it was. It made a fine lather when soap was used in it, but the next morning they were all dismayed to find that it was just as hard as the creek water

and they could only resign themselves to using it. For the stock they made a watering trough out of half a barrel.

One morning soon after this Mr. Nelson and Dick took a lunch and left in the wagon, heading for the timber to get out logs. A little later in the day May rode her pony, Bess, over to see the place. When she arrived there were some men there and a big wagon loaded with four great barrels. She watched while one of the men put on high rubber boots, picked up a sort of double dipper made by nailing a kerosene can to either side of a long, narrow board and went down the steps into the oil pit. He filled the dipper with oil and handed it up to another man who poured it into one of the barrels. They filled all four this way. May watched for a long time, then went to where her father and Dick were working. When she asked Mr. Nelson what they did with the gooey black stuff he told her it was hauled to Lead City and used in the mines for lubrication and was also mixed with pulverized mica as grease for wagon wheels.

They made many trips to the timber that spring, most of them uneventful, but one trip will never be forgotten by May or Dot, not because they went along, but because they were left at home. The Nelsons took Dick and Neva with them one morning, leaving the older girls home to see that the cattle (milk cows) didn't stray and get mixed with the range cattle. Old Shep, the cattle dog, was left to help them. By evening, their parents not home yet, the girls went about getting ready for night. They had shut up the chickens and were doing the chores when they thought they could hear voices—dogs barking and children crying. It was already dusk and when the girls looked up toward the divide, low hills west of the ranch, they could see little fires all along the top of it and knew, to their horror, that a party of Indians was setting up camp. They learned later that their land lay nearly in the path of an old Indian trail used by the Sioux and Crow tribes as they went back and forth to visit each other.

The girls were terrified. They took Shep, crossed the creek and went up the branch of the big tree to the platform over the stream. It was completely hidden by the thick leaves. They sat down with the dog between them and spent a good part of the night there. Once they heard horses snorting underneath and splashing in the creek. Shep started to growl so they held his mouth shut to keep him quiet. Peering out through the leaves they could barely make out two Indian boys who, after letting the ponies drink, rode over toward the dugout. They rode around it several times, but didn't seem to bother anything and finally rode away.

After what seemed an endless time the girls heard the chuckle of the wagon as it came down the trail. They got down out of the tree, still holding Shep's mouth shut, and went up the road to meet their parents. After hearing their story, Mr. Nelson sat

up the rest of the night watching, but early in the morning the Indians departed and didn't come that way again.

They got out all the logs they needed that spring to build a large, two-roomed cabin, twelve by twenty-eight feet. They had made arrangements to have their furniture shipped from Kansas when they were ready for it. The nearest railroad station was at Buffalo Gap in Dakota Territory. Mr. Nelson hitched the oxen to the wagon one fine day, took Dick and May with him and went after the load of furniture. Coming back through Hell's Canyon it was rough going with such a top heavy load, but they had a tarp over it that was tied down well and they eventually crawled up out of the steep rock-sided canyon and brought everything safely home. Among the articles of furniture was the organ belonging to Nancy, their married daughter, the first to come into this part of the country. For years afterward it was an important part of their home life and served faithfully at church services, funerals, weddings and dances. The box in which it had been shipped was made into another cupboard for the cabin.

The railroad was crawling slowly northward from Alliance. There was much speculation as to the course it would take after it crossed the line into Wyoming Territory. Deloss Tubbs of Custer, South Dakota, made a fairly shrewd guess that it would follow the valley of Stockade Beaver, turn west at Jenney Stockade and pass by Salt Creek near the ford on the old Custer-Belle Fourche trail. With this thought in mind he started a small settlement on the east bank of Salt Creek where the trail crossed the ford. He had previously built a log cabin on the west bank of the creek as a supply point along the trail and from here he ordered enough lumber to build a store from a sawmill on Stockade Beaver a few miles above the Jenney Stockade. The mill, owned by Tom Sweet, Fod Hansen and Davis, was powered by a big water wheel in the creek.

Tubbs' store was scarcely up before another Custer business man had followed his example. F. R. Curran set up his bar first out in the open and continued to do business while the building was constructed around it.

Alfred Nelson, seeing an opportunity to establish himself as a business man as well as a rancher, went to a farming section of Nebraska, bought some milk cows and drove them to Mr. Tubbs' town, officially named Field City. Nelson had obtained permission to live in Tubbs' two room log cabin on the west bank of the creek. It was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hershan White at the time, so giving them time to find other accommodations, Mr. Nelson built a temporary enclosure for the cattle and then went to the homestead to pack up his wife and family.

It was a cold gloomy day that they spent loading the wagons. Black clouds hung over the hills. Rain at the homestead was intermittent and they kept at their work between showers. Late

in the afternoon they were ready but decided to wait until morning when perhaps the sun would be shining.

There were tears in May's eyes the next morning as she watched them roll off over the muddy prairie into the watery spring sunshine without her. Mrs. Nelson, feeling that May, almost sixteen, was at a very impressionable age, had decided to leave her on the homestead with her older sister Nancy and her young husband who had come from Kansas by covered wagon a few weeks before. She and Alfred both knew that the frenzied activity of the new little town was attracting a motley assortment of people. Clean honest business men were rubbing elbows with gamblers, outlaws and fancy women—all hoping to reap large profits by sitting on the right of way of the railroad. It was raw, bawdy and wild. They agreed that May, attractive and unspoiled, should be shielded from as much of its wickedness as possible. Dot and Neva were not old enough to be much affected (they hoped) and Dick, well, he was a boy and they felt they could keep him busy. It was hard for such a close family to be parted from one child and it later must have proved neither desirable nor possible for May made many visits to Tubbtown while her parents lived there.

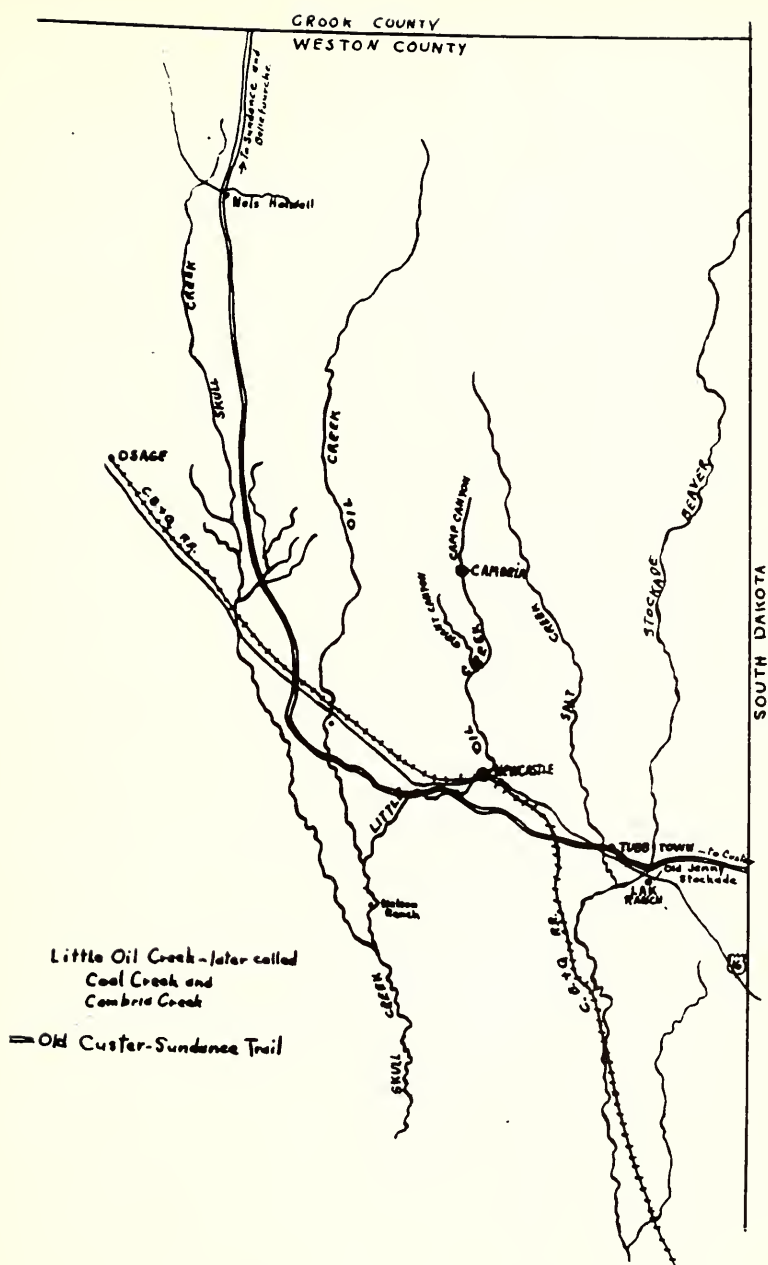
When the Nelsons arrived at the log cabin they found that the rains of the day before had sent a flash flood rolling down Salt Creek and the Whites were weltering in mud. The dirt roof, along with many gallons of rain water, had washed into the cabin. To give the Whites a little more time to pick themselves out of the mud and Alfred a chance to put a new roof on the cabin, Mr. Tubbs offered them the use of a tiny room back of his store.

Mary was against staying there but there was no other place to go. There were saloons on both sides of the place and since the building was built of upright boards, loosely battened, they could see the lights through the cracks all night. Even worse, they were regaled with drunken laughter and anything but genteel conversation from the patrons.

Early the next morning the children were awakened by shooting, shouting and the sound of running horses. Mr. Nelson was talking to Tubbs. Mary, who was slicing bacon for breakfast, started toward the front door to see what was going on. Alfred got there first and called back to her, "Stay back, Molly. This is not a thing for women and children to see!"

Mary's eyes blazed with indignation as she marched back into the tiny room. With one foot she kicked the crude pine door shut and with a violent, exasperated gesture sent the long-bladed knife she was still holding hurtling across the room. It stuck in the wall, vibrating, as she stood glaring at it and breathing hard. Then, as though unconscious of the shocked and incredulous stares of her three children, she jerked it from the wall and viciously attacked the side of bacon.

"I have never been so furious," she told Alfred later. "To



Courtesy Elizabeth J. Thorpe and Mable E. Brown

think that I've brought my children to a place so vile it's not even safe to *look* outside!"

Mr. Nelson no doubt hurried with the roof, for they moved into the cabin across the creek soon after that and Mary never went into town unless it was absolutely necessary. Alfred sold milk, cream and butter to the steadily increasing citizenry.

How the women learned that Mrs. Nelson was a skilled seamstress was a puzzle, but one day one of them approached Alfred about his wife making some dresses for them.

Mary was horrified, but since they really needed the extra money, she unbent, only however, to the extent that she would sew anything they cut and sent over by Alfred. She would *not* have them coming to her house. So, when he delivered the milk in town he gathered up the bundles of materials. Mary stitched it up, sent it back and was always well pleased with the prompt and generous payment. Once one of the women tripped across the bridge and invaded Mary's privacy further. Mary sent the children to play in the pines behind the cabin until "that woman" left, did the work requested of her and afterward scrubbed her hands and arms as if she'd been up to her elbows in deadly poison.

The name, Field City, descriptive of the town's location on a comparatively level flat between the hills and the creek, was soon lost in the wild, haphazard bustle of the place and evolved almost immediately into Tubbtown. It had grown adjacent to Tubb's and Curran's places of business, straddling the old trail that ran east and west along the foot of the hills.

By July 1st in addition to these and the milk ranch almost every kind of business was represented: a dry goods store run by Leo Roderick, a small drug store, two restaurants, one run by a Mr. Babcock, a post office, three saloons, gambling halls and dance halls and a roofed counter where meat was sold after being killed and dressed on the open range.

Frank Nelson, then eighteen years of age, was sent over from Sundance by his employer, Judge Stotts, to start a paper, the *Field City Journal* or *Stockade Journal*. He came on horseback, carrying with him a cigar box full of type wrapped in his slicker and a small, hand-operated army cylinder printing press tied on behind his saddle. He set up his business in the building nearest the creek on the south side of the trail and proceeded to get his paper out. He found that the noise and other disturbances of Tubbtown which never let up, night or day, so distracted him that he occasionally took to the hills to do his writing in a clump of pines. While he was ad man, editor and back shop man, he taught his sisters, Dot, and May, when she was there, to set type and be "printers devils". They learned to spread ink onto a marble slab and work it smoothly over the surface with a tool similar to a rolling pin. Then they passed the roller lightly over the type in the form, laid the paper on, pulled a lever and made the impres-

sion. The sheets were small, about the size of typing paper. Only one sheet could be printed at a time. In this way they printed the first paper in what was to be Weston County. It came out in time to chronicle the first and only political rally in Tubbtown. Frank Mondell was running for state representative and a lot of the "boys" were beating the drum for him. This was in late August. In the second edition published the first week in September, 1889, the big news was of the lots that would go on sale September 10th in the town of Newcastle at the mouth of Cambria Canyon where the railroad would meet the spur to the mines. The railroad had swung west of Beaver Creek Valley and missed Tubbtown by two miles!

The few real families in Tubbtown lived as far away as they could from the turmoil of the business places—mostly on the west side of the stream. The children were kept strictly to their side by eagle-eyed mothers. Still, regardless of age, they could not have been unaware of the gaudy life going on just across the way. They were taught to fall to the floor, according to May Nelson, if any shooting started, particularly if they happened to be in a tent house where the floors and part of the sides were of boards and the upper half of the sides and the roof were of canvas. More than once the wild shots of the gamblers ripped through canvas. No one, however, was ever killed in Tubbtown.

Hershon and Addie White had put up a tent house across the creek from the Nelsons, but back behind the point of the hill, a location which put part of the hill between them and the main part of town. The ladies could wave to each other if they happened to be out of doors at the same time. Mrs. White was a sweet and delicate little lady with a pronounced lisp. She and Mary Nelson had much in common. Like Mary, Addie was also a seamstress and had been pressed into service by the dance hall girls. Neither of them liked the way in which their customers earned their living. They were respectable women with an earnest desire to combat the wickedness surrounding them. The only other family with children were the McLaughlins, so Mrs. White and Mrs. Nelson organized a Sunday School in the Nelson's cabin, attended by six McLaughlins and four Nelsons. Occasionally Reverend Curran from Custer would come to direct the Sunday School and hold services for the adults as well.

One of the few times Mrs. Nelson deviated from her resolve to never step foot on the other side of the creek was on May's sixteenth birthday. For both it turned out to be a most memorable occasion. She had decided that, as May had reached the status of a young lady, it was high time she was corseted. Although May was slender as a reed and felt she not only didn't need a corset but didn't want one, her mother insisted. It is possible that she thought the corset would restrain May's free and tom-

boyish ways. The same thought had occurred to May. Her protests were many. She acted like a lady—her mother had seen to that. But she loved the outdoors and her pony. She had helped her father with his work too long to want to be *confined* like a lady. The argument which probably defeated her was, "But Mother, I can't run and jump on Bess if I have to wear a corset!"

Her mother was adamant. They proceeded to Tubbtown for this rather dubious birthday gift.

March 19, 1889, was a warm spring day. The rutted trail and the raw board buildings lay bathed in sunshine. While May was still objecting to the idea of the corset she couldn't help being happily aware of her surroundings as they climbed out of the wagon and walked across the footbridge to the general store.

Mr. Roderick, a plump man, was asleep on the rough board counter, his head on a couple of feather pillows he had for sale. His round stomach rose and fell as he breathed and from his open mouth issued peaceful but mighty snores. To May's alarm, there were flies buzzing around his head in the warm atmosphere of the shack. With each deep inhalation they seemed drawn toward the moist, pink abyss. She watched, fascinated, as they stood there, not knowing just how to make him aware of their presence.

When he finally heard them—or sensed their proximity—he rolled off the counter a bit sheepishly, smoothed down his heavy blonde hair and inquired politely what he could do for the ladies?

Mrs. Nelson said she'd like to see one of the corsets he had on the shelf. He had two boxes of them which he took down, lifted out a corset, unwound it, all with a very solemn face, and held it out awkwardly for them to inspect. May was embarrassed beyond words, but no more so than was he. She thought she had never seen such an enormous garment—even the strings reminded her of lariat ropes!

While Mrs. Nelson was admiring it and May was trying to pretend that this wasn't happening to her, a freight outfit rumbled to a stop in front of the store. The humdrum air of the place was suddenly charged with excitement. Through the open door they could see the big freight wagon and hear the voices of other storekeepers along the street. May caught the mumble of a deep voice saying, "By —, that's Calamity Jane!" and about the same time she saw a woman swing down from the high seat. There was a flash of booted feet and black-stockinged legs under a full, rusty brown skirt of some heavy material that caught on the wagon wheel. The woman swore as she snatched the skirt loose and came on in the store. She gave the impression of bigness with her attitude of taking command. Her eyes swept the entire store at a glance—customers, proprietor and the contents of the shadowed shelves. Her gaze was caught and held by the one spot of color

in the place—a bolt of bright pink china silk. As she demanded to see it May half shrunk behind her mother, amazed that she was looking at Calamity Jane, and a little afraid, too, though why, she didn't know. Mr. Roderick obligingly brought the bolt down from the shelf and held it up off the counter so the delicate silk wouldn't catch on the rough boards. He rippled out about a yard of it so she could behold its beauty. Her eyes snapped. Turning to Mrs. Nelson she said, "Lady, don't you think that would make a pretty wrapper?"

"It surely would." Mrs. Nelson answered.

"How much do you think it would take?"

"That would depend on how you wanted to make it," Mary told her.

"I want it with Watteau pleats and a stand up collar," the woman said dreamily, "—real full."

Mrs. Nelson thought a moment. "In that case it would take about fifteen yards," she said.

So, Calamity Jane bought fifteen yards of the silk and strode out of the store with her package, apparently enjoying her surprised audience, yet at the same time ignoring it. May, remembering the boots as Calamity Jane had vaulted from the wagon, couldn't help picturing them protruding from the folds of pink silk and the vivid pink ruff framing the brown, weather-beaten and somewhat sunburned face. She smothered a giggle. Afterwards when asked how Calamity Jane looked she said, "I had often heard it said that Calamity Jane was mannish in voice and manner but she did not impress me as being so masculine appearing. She was medium in height with a rawboned look and a skin so tanned and weather-worn that it looked like leather."

They watched while Calamity Jane returned to her perch on the freight wagon, cracked her long bull whip over the backs of the leaders, and slowly continued her wabbling, creaking course down the road.

May hoped that her mother had been distracted from the awful corset, but not so. Mrs. Nelson returned her attention to the article and purchased it for \$1.50. Vowing silently that she'd not wear the thing unless her mother was around, May didn't say a word. She was afraid her mother would remember her giggle and reprimand her. After all, it *was* her birthday.

Dick, who was fourteen by this time, was in Tubbs' store one day when "Club-foot Bill", the proprietor of a five stool lunch counter in the back end of Blackwell's saloon, came into the store to make a purchase. Seeing a boy standing at the counter, he said, "Son, you are the fellow I'm looking for. I need someone to help wash dishes and sweep out. I'll pay you three dollars a week and give you board and room. You can use my bed.

I don't need it—I cook all day and play poker all night. What do you say?"

Dick explained that he would like the job but would have to have his parents' permission.

"Get it then," said Bill. And Dick took off like a jack rabbit for the cabin across the creek. It took some consideration and discussion but at last Dick was allowed to accept the job. He found that his other duties were to peel the spuds, serve the ham, hot cakes and coffee—no tea. All the men were he-men and there were few women.

Dick paid strict attention to his work and offered the ultimate in courtesy to each customer. This brought another offer of employment. Hunter Bowen, the foreman of the Kilpatrick Brothers and Collins sawmill came in to the saloon one day to get (of course) a cup of coffee. After being served so well by Dick he offered the boy a place as kitchen and dining room "mechanic" at the mill at \$6.00 per week and room and board. The astounding offer, after more discussion with his parents, was accepted. After Dick worked there a while he was promoted to work in the mill itself, feeding the lath machine. From there he was sent up to Cambria where the mines were being opened. There his first job was to carry hand tools and drills from Davey Forbes, the blacksmith, to the miners driving the first entry on the Antelope side of the canyon. His next job was helping K. O. Hurt, the first commissary man and timekeeper, in various ways, such as sizing the pine logs cut from the canyon sides to be used to build the first tippie for loading the railroad cars. He also helped in the commissary, selling the men tobacco, cotton sox, underwear (red), gloves, overalls, snuff, hard water soap, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Castor Oil, and Perry Davis' Pain Killer, as well as other staples.

Next he was transferred as a clerk to the first KB&C commissary in Newcastle the day the town lots were put on sale there. Harry Clark was in charge of the Commissary. Later Dick worked under Walter Schoonmaker in commissaries at Minnekahta, Moorcroft and Gillette when those places were at the rails' end. He also served Frank Mondell when he was State Senator and for as long as he managed the Kilpatrick business interests in Northeastern Wyoming.

In 1895 Dick succumbed to his fascination for the railroad and went to work for the Burlington and Missouri and spent the next forty-five consecutive years on the "Burlington Lines". He retired on November 1, 1939.

With Dick employed, May was evidently allowed to stay in Tubtown part of the summer. In her own words she tells: "From our house in the trees we could easily see without any special observation the wickedness, wretchedness and many strange things that went on in the town. There were three saloons and several dance halls and gambling dens. A band of some thirty

or forty sporting women lived around the saloons. There were Big Maude, Old Humpy, Jimmy the Tough and dozens of others. Jimmy the Tough was a pretty little thing, reckless and wild. One time we saw her run from a saloon half clad in a chemise and leap onto the back of a bronc that belonged to some cowboy. She raced around through the timber for a while and then rode back to the saloon. No doubt she had taken a dare to ride the wild horse. It was a frequent sight to see a group of these girls, clad only in their birthday suits, bathing in Salt Creek. People of all classes flocked to this region and rubbed shoulders in the new settlement."

During the late summer grading had been going on at the site of Newcastle for both the town and the railroad. By September 10th the lots were all laid out and went on sale. Most of the people of Tubbtown had been waiting for this moment and were prepared to move when the day arrived. With the inhabitants of Tubbtown moving en masse, Newcastle seemed to spring up overnight. In May's words, "The people scurried back and forth like ants." According to Dick Nelson one of the saloons "knocked out the whole front of the building that housed it, loaded the back-bar and bar on the running gears of a heavy wagon and started for its new place of hope. The bartender served drinks all the way to those on horseback. When the 'four up' was stopped to 'blow', the driver got his chance to 'lift one'. The bar was taken to the lot in Newcastle where the bank now stands (now Newcastle Men's Store), unloaded, blocked and leveled up and service never stopped while its new covering was being constructed. . . . The teamster and bartender of the moving job bragged that not a glass was broken or cracked and not a drop spilled in this . . . transition."

Mr. Nelson moved the milk ranch to the west side of Newcastle. He built a log house there about where the Sioux Refinery is now. He was made the first Justice of the Peace.

While Alfred was busy with the ranch and meting out justice to the townsfolk, Mary was no less busy. She had officiated at the birth of the only child born in Tubbtown, William Hough, son of one of Mr. Curran's saloon employees. So, it was fitting that only a few nights after the exodus from Tubbtown the first child born in Newcastle made his appearance with Mary Nelson in attendance in a tiny room back of the Meyer Frank dry goods store where the father, George M. Durett, was a clerk. The mother, Cora, was formerly of Sundance. In Mrs. Nelson's personal reminiscences she tells of that night:

"Next door to the dry goods store stood the famous—and infamous—Jimmy Wheeler's dance hall and saloon. Sounds from there came clearly through the flimsy board walls. Sometime during the night some one of the hilarious crowd next door called for a song from a woman known as 'Old Dode' whose beautiful

voice was a drawing card for the resort. The raucous music was stilled and the lovely voice rang out in the refrain:

'There was no one to welcome me home,
No one to welcome me home,
God in his mercy will answer and say,
There was no one to welcome me home.' "

When Newcastle was a few weeks old a diphtheria epidemic took the lives of several people, most of them children. The Nelson's little Neva, who was three, caught it. In spite of Mrs. Nelson's constant care she died. Some of the boys who worked on the ranch built a little coffin. May helped her mother line it with a sheet. They laid her out as nicely as they could and held the funeral the next afternoon, a mild day in November. They took the little casket out in the yard for the services. About twenty-five friends and neighbors had gathered, but everyone was so afraid of the disease that they preferred not to be shut up in a house which they thought contained it.

As the last prayer was said a tall, handsome stranger stepped forward and laid a lovely American Beauty rose on the casket. This man afterward became well known to them as a prominent Newcastle attorney.

They buried the child in a sheltered spot in the pines not far from the house. Soon after the funeral Mrs. Nelson went to the house of a neighbor to nurse the twin girls there who were also sick with diphtheria. Both of these children died, too, and were laid beside the Nelson baby. Later when the second cemetery was made ready in Newcastle, the bodies of all three children were removed to it.

May said years later, "When I remember that sad and difficult time, I realize that we experienced some of the hardships of real pioneering as well as the elation of being among the first in a new country."

There was work to be done everywhere. Mr. Nelson had his office as Justice of the Peace in a building on Seneca Street, just off Warren Avenue or Main Street. The family had living quarters there also for a while. These were separated from the office by heavy curtains. May helped at the ranch part of the time, washing the big milk cans, a job she detested. She found work at a restaurant run by several women in Newcastle. This she liked very much. The women were very kind, good people and liked May, although her mother never really approved, and felt that May was associating with all sorts of unsavory characters. Mary Nelson was expecting another child, so May spent some time helping her, too. She was boarding several young men at the time and needed help during the dinner hours.

May was a popular young lady and took an active part in the

town's social activities. Dick called her a "willowy town martinet". She represented one of Wyoming's counties in the long and colorful parade which celebrated Wyoming's admission to the Union in 1890 and Weston County's organization.

When the Newcastle City Hall was completed in 1891 a Grand Ball was held. May was chosen to lead the grand march with the town's handsome young mayor, Frank Mondell. She is still proud that she was asked to do this, for not only was Mr. Mondell an outstanding citizen and the Mayor of Newcastle, but he was Weston County's first representative to Wyoming's first State Legislature and later was for twenty-six years Wyoming's sole representative in Congress. He was the kind of young man who caused much heart fluttering among the young ladies, too, but was, for the most part, unaware of his effect on them.

May wore to the ball a lovely gown of white muslin with insertion at the neck, wrists and hem that was laced with black velvet. She knew she looked especially lovely and was dancing in the clouds when she was jolted suddenly back to earth. Someone had stepped on her beautiful dress and torn a three cornered hole in it!

Terribly disheartened, May retired to the ladies' room to estimate the damage and see if repairs could be made. If not, she felt she would have to leave—a major disaster on a night which had begun so wonderfully.

But Mrs. Kilpatrick came to the rescue with a little mulatto maid she had brought with her from the "big house on the hill". The girl's dark fingers mended the tear so deftly that it could not be seen and May returned to the ballroom and a memorable evening. In 1959 May's niece wore the white dress when Newcastle celebrated her 70th anniversary.

While May was growing up in Kansas and experiencing the wonders of a pioneer life on Oil Creek and in Tubbtown, a young man was growing up in Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Charles Dow, born February 29, 1868, was the son of George W. Dow and Fannie Walters Dow. His parents had come from the east to Iowa and had met and married there. George Dow was a blacksmith. He worked at this trade in West Union, Iowa until 1884 when he took his family to Red Cloud. There he became City Treasurer and remained in this office nearly all of the years while Charles was growing up. In 1887 Charles graduated from high school and learned the carpenter trade. He worked in Red Cloud until 1889 when he became twenty-one. At this time his father said to him, "Son, you're twenty-one years of age and it's time to get out on your own."

Charles thought this over. He inquired around about the new country opening up farther west and decided that his future lay in that direction.

When the first train came into Newcastle on November 18,

1889, Charles Dow with his suitcase in one hand and his tool chest in the other alighted from it. He looked up the dreary, rutted expanse of Warren Avenue (Main Street) and knew that he had come to the right place. There was much to be done here. This place needed him.

Looking for a place to live was a hopeless task. People had made temporary homes in the backs of their business houses. They lived in tents, tent-houses and even dugouts in the banks of Little Oil Creek (Coal Creek or Cambria Creek). No one had a place for a young man. There wasn't a hotel yet. Inevitably he met Judge Nelson on the street and his problem was solved. Alfred took him to their temporary quarters behind the office.

May remembers peeking out from behind the heavy curtains and seeing Charles Dow for the first time. She thought what a nice appearing young man he was and was very pleased when he joined the other young men who boarded with Mrs. Nelson.

Charles had no trouble finding work. Store buildings were going up as fast as the bricks could be dried in the brickyard kiln run by Tom Howie and lumber could be hauled from the sawmills up Cambria Canyon and out on Beaver Creek. When he wasn't working on business houses he was building residences. Many of the oldest houses in Newcastle today were built all or in part by Charles Dow.

At the Nelson's he was happy. He had never lived any place but at home and this was as much like home as it could be. Mrs. Nelson was an excellent cook. And then, there was May. Sweetly sixteen, she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. After a very little while Charles knew she was the only girl for him. He sought out her father to see how he would feel about having his daughter courted by a newcomer and was encouraged when both Judge and Mrs. Nelson approved of him. A few months later he knew that he must confront May with a declaration of his love and a proposal of marriage.

He cornered her late one evening in the parlor. She was curled up on the sofa reading by lamplight. He pulled up a little folding rocker that had come from Kansas close to May and sat down. She was both thrilled and startled when he began pouring out his love and affection for her, but became apprehensive as, the more nervous he became in trying to convince her, the closer he sat on the edge of the chair. While trying hard to appreciate what this wonderful young man was saying, May was impishly fascinated by what she knew was bound to happen. She sat there speechless and entranced, but helpless. Suddenly the chair folded and Charles went over into May's lap! Before either of them could recover, Mrs. Nelson stood in the doorway in her long-sleeved, high-necked nightie. One look at the folded rocker and Charles with his head in May's lap told her what had caused the commo-

tion. She began to laugh so hard that all they could do was join her.

Such a proposal could only be accepted. May Nelson and Charles Dow were married on October 11, 1891. The ceremony



Charles W. Dow

May Nelson Dow

First Couple in Newcastle to be married by an ordained minister, the Rev. Arnold Lutton, of the Episcopal Church, Oct. 11, 1891.

Courtesy Elizabeth J. Thorpe and Mabel E. Brown

was performed in May's home by the Reverend Arnold Lutton, a minister of the Episcopal Church. While Alfred, Judge Nelson, had performed other marriages, May and Charles were, as far as is known, the first young couple to be married by a minister in Newcastle.

At first they had a little house out in the country, but they bought a lot on Winthrop Street near the Episcopal Church which was at that time still in the planning stage. Charles started building their house. They had chosen this particular lot because it was on the edge of a deep hollow and would require very little excavation. Even so it took many months to build because they could only work on it evenings, holidays and Sundays. May didn't do much carpenter work, just helped in any way she could. When their first daughter, Pearl, was born August 19, 1892 in the front bedroom of this house it still was not quite finished. They had lived in it for some time, however. May could look out of her windows and see Charles working on the church windows. He did not have the contract for the church but had been hired to work on it.

Charles supported his family well by working at his trade until in 1912 he was appointed postmaster of Newcastle by the president, Woodrow Wilson. He held office until 1916 when he established the Dow Motor Company. To house his new business he built the largest garage in Weston County, located at the head of Warren Avenue and modern in every respect. He had the Ford agency. On the hill just above the garage overlooking all of Newcastle he bought the Jay Baird home.

After establishing the garage, Charles Dow became more and more prominent in city, county and state affairs. He served as a member of the City Council for five terms and as Mayor for one term. For twelve years he gave much time and energy to School District No. 1 as treasurer of the Board of Education. In November, 1928, he was elected to represent Weston County in the State Senate to fill out an unexpired term, taking office in January, 1929. The following November he was re-elected to this office. He had remained as president of the Dow Motor Company until January 15, 1930, at which time he sold his interest. From 1926 to 1930 he was Vice President of the Securities State Bank of Newcastle. When this concern sold to the First State Bank of Newcastle he became President. He continued in this office until his death on December 3, 1932.

May has outlived her husband by many years. After his death she learned to drive a car and traveled all over the country to see what the rest of America was like. She went to Alaska by plane and ship and stayed four months one summer. It reminded her some of her pioneering days. She met several people from Wyoming there, including one old friend from Newcastle!

Next year May will be ninety years old. She lives alone on the

hill in an apartment behind the home her husband bought in 1916. From her front door she can look down Main Street and beyond toward the old homestead. From her north window where a pair of field glasses lie on the sill she can look up Cambria Canyon which now appears almost exactly the way it did in 1887. The old trail to the Home Ranch and Cambria is only a dim scar on the face of the hill. No railroad twists and turns up the canyon whose steep, rocky walls have changed very little with the years.

It is wonderful to have such a store of memories, for one of May's great pleasures is in holding an audience of small and medium sized great grandchildren wide-eyed and spell-bound while she tells them the tales of "olden times" that they have begged for.

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The Legend of Lake DeSmet

By

MARY OLGA MOORE

This story was written when the author was about twelve years old, attending school in Sheridan. According to Mrs. Arnold, "The story grew, I think, out of some exercise written for classwork. . . . It was printed by the Sheridan Post Printing Company." Mrs. Arnold, whose biography appears in this issue of the *Annals*, has since become one of the state's best known writers. "The Legend of Lake DeSmet" was made available to the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department by Thelma Gatchell Condit, of Buffalo.

An Indian seldom, if ever, is found in the Red hills, and why? In the midst of these old hills, with their rock-crowned heads and sage-clad sides, lies, according to the red man's superstition, the home of Satan and all his imps; and this terrible place of awe and dread is none other than Lake DeSmet.

Yes, and there is something weird and wild in this great body of water, with its strange, mysterious romance, over which many have worked and puzzled; with its deep, unfathomed depths of water; with its picturesque shores, from which rise the great majestic hills of red with their beds of purest coal, plainly proving that, in the prehistoric days, now past and gone forevermore, great forests of strange, gigantic trees graced the shores of Lake DeSmet.

I should have loved to have seen it then, wouldn't you? To have seen it hundreds, yea, thousands of years ago, as it lay enthroned midst hills and forests, a queen of waters, a priceless gem of the boundless unknown west. To have stood upon its beach 'neath the shade of a giant tree, with a bird of brilliant plumage twittering o'er my head, and watch the white-capped waves advance and dash to spray upon the shore, while over on yon beach, an animal of the prehistoric past laps the waters of Lake DeSmet.

On every side stretched away the forests, with trees and trees and countless trees, equal even to those of sunny California in size and beauty. While sheltered in their mighty branches were the nests of tropical birds. The hills were clad in jungles of trees and vines and shrubs, in short, every form of plant life ever found in the tropics.

Yes, scientific men, by different discoveries and theories, have proved that Wyoming was once a tropical country.

I imagine the solitude and silence was intense, broken only by the scream of a many-colored parrot, or the agonized groaning and

creaking of the underbrush as some frenzied beast crashed his way through, while on the azure-tinted waters floated or swam great sauria, the skeletons and petrified remains of which one sometimes sees in the museums.

But that was the Lake DeSmet of yesterday. The Lake DeSmet of today is a dead world. The forests have given way to long vistas of sage brush, and the hills no longer bear their weight of verdure, but rise bare and grim, rearing their mighty heads in indescribable grandeur, silent sentinels of the past. Instead of jungles, one sees great wastes of red terra cotta, while herds of horses and cattle trod the earth where once prehistoric monsters lived and died. The solitude and silence still remains, however, occasionally punctured by the song of a meadow lark, or the war cry of some range bull.

And yet, and still there are for us some messengers, messengers who tell us of that wonderful world, now receding back into the farthest pages of history; of the death and desolation that befell it; of the countless years it lay buried, hidden from any human eye, till at last science unearthed and displayed to the present day its secrets and untold mysteries. Who are these messengers? Friends, I prithee, take yourselves to some hillside, and there, securely fastened in their beds of terra cotta, lie the ghosts of the former forests, a number of time worn petrifications.

Ah, those huge branches and trunks, once mighty trees, growing in a land of beauty unsurpassed, now lifeless stones, telling better than all the words of the language of men, the story of death. The death that befell the forests; the death that robbed the hills of their clinging vines and stalwart oaks; the death that killed the sauria; they tell us of all this.

But look! Look at their beauty; see the crystal formation covering some of them, see the huge knot holes, and see, oh ye men of science, their size, unexcelled by any tree growing in the civilized world of today.

Time is a grim, rough factor, hard to deal and struggle with. He reduces the fine old buildings of yore to a pitiful heap of weather-beaten ruins. He wrinkles the brow and turns the golden hair to gray and he alone can turn the living jungle to a mass of blackened coal. But these petrifications, these silent messengers of the Wyoming gone before, have well withstood his ravages. They look the same now as they did then, except that instead of living trees of bark and sap they are old gray stones, otherwise they are unchanged.

Nor is this the only wonder of the red hills country. Near Lake DeSmet is a burning coal mine. The flames have long since died, but smoke still rises. On still days one can watch it smoking, smoking, ever smoking, never tiring, never dying, burning its very heart away.

Many theories have been advanced as to how it caught on fire.

Some say the miners were cooking dinner, and while laughing and joking, the flames spread to the utmost corners of the mine, causing the underground heroes to flee for their lives. Others claim that the catastrophe was brought about by gas escaping from a room of useless slack. Just how long it has been burning no one seems to know.

But in spite of all these sad changes of land and time, ye cannot change the romantic mystery of Lake DeSmet.

This legend first originated in the days when the red man ruled supreme monarch over the land he loved, the land now dotted with villages and ranches. In the days when the buffalo roamed o'er the prairie and the antelope bounded o'er the rocky cliffs of the great red hills. Those were the days when the region of Lake DeSmet was renowned for the abundance of game it afforded, and the Indian had possession of all. The braves going forth to fight their battles and hunt their food, while back in the wigwams that lined the picturesque shores of the famous lake, the squaws cooked the meat and tended the wants of the dusky papoose.

Now, as you probably know, an Indian is no Indian unless he has long since mastered the art of swimming, and mastered it well; and whence they got their training?

It is the custom of the black-eyed wives of the red men, upon arriving at a new camping ground, to toss their children into the stream, river or pond, whichever they are camping by, and then, with a catlike grace, run and spring in themselves about a hundred yards below the child. Thus, you see, the waters carry it straight into the outstretched arms of its mother. Naturally, in these rides down stream the babe quickly learns to swim.

Now it so happened that a papoose already educated in the science of swimming was cast by the loving hands of his dusky mother into Lake DeSmet, there to display his prowess and skill before the eyes of his father, a warrior just returned home from a mighty war in which he had covered himself with glory and won a name of great renown. But look; lo and behold, the papoose, the darling of his mother's heart, the pride of his father, has disappeared down into the shadowy depths of Lake DeSmet, never to rise again.

The air was filled with the wailing of the women, and when Aurora, with a rosy flush, heralded the dawn of another day, only the desolate hills looked down upon a scene where once children had played and squaws had worked, where dogs had barked and horses had whinnied. Now only the mournful yelp of a coyote rose on the morning air.

To this day no Indian will go near Lake DeSmet, for it is their firm belief that the wily Satan, with his hands of sin, had snatched the little red child, and the same fate will befall any one who haunts the country of Lake DeSmet, for who is there with soul so vile, that would endanger himself to the Master of Evil. While

grass and sage brush grew over the ground where once the council fires blazed. Thus was founded the legend of Lake DeSmet.

Years rolled by, and then one day a white man stood on the brink of the mighty lake, gazing down at the laughing waves and wondering what mystery they contained. This man, this son of faraway France, was a young priest, Father DeSmet. The greater part of his courageous, God-fearing life had been spent among the children of the sun, trying to convert them from their superstitious beliefs to a life of righteousness. And now he realized, as he stood there, that he was the first white man to set foot on the brink of the beautiful western lake and henceforth Lake DeSmet proudly bears the name of its noble discoverer, that young French priest who left the land of sunny France for the Indians of the northwest, hoping thereby to save their souls and teach them to be loyal disciples of the Great White Father who sits above and dwells thereafter in love divine. Another lapse of time and the country was filled with the martial tread of soldier's feet, while the red men rose in bitter revolt against the intruding paleface settlers.

Oh, the days of war and bloodshed that followed. Many were the books and poems written of the heroism of the scout and soldier, but not a word in praise of the Indian.

The struggle was bitter and fierce. Then followed days of terrible sorrow for the red man, for the government claimed the plains, the hills and the mountains where once they had lived and fought.

Once more Lake DeSmet awoke to the vibrating pulse of human life, for the rollicking cowpuncher on his wild-eyed bronch dashed by or stood his lonely vigil 'neath the starlit heavens of wild Wyoming, watching over a herd of long-horned steers. Wandering bands of prospectors and hunters scaled the rugged hills, while troops of daring soldier boys filled their canteens with the sparkling waters of many springs, which leaped and tumbled and laughed, coursing their way down the terra cotta sides of the great red hills.

The enchanted spell of moonlight lay soft on the land, not even the shadow of a sound broke upon the silver silence. The great hill monarchs loomed black against the moonlit heavens. The rugged outline shown in vivid contrast with the silver sky, while down in the numerous valleys, the hush of night lay over all. The waters of Lake DeSmet lay spellbound, for down upon their glassy surface the moon had shed her mantle of silver light, while in the dense black shadow of the shore the spark of a camp fire glowed.

Watching this scene of loveliness with sorrowful eyes sat white-haired Father DeSmet, still loyal friend of the Indian. Before him lay the lake, his lake, and behind him rose the lofty hills. His godly heart burned sore within him and his thoughts were those of righteous wrath. Why could not the white man live in peace and happiness within the bounds of Europe and eastern America? Why did he push westward, robbing the childlike children of

nature of their dearest treasure, freedom? How could they expect him to save their souls, when they broke their faith and destroyed their confidence? Oh, it was hard, too hard; and the venerable white head buried itself in a pair of withered hands while the camp fire flickered low.

He had come to America in his early manhood, this noble son of France, with a band of fur traders, and after a year of wandering had settled down as the head of a Catholic church in West Virginia. But his heart was ill at ease and the call of the untamed savage lured him ever westward, until at last he abandoned his position and journeyed to the land of the Sioux and Cheyenne, the land for which his soul yearned. Oh, many were the hearts he led to God, and many were the lives into which he inspired the valor of true righteousness. He wandered over the greater part of the Rocky mountains north of Denver, always searching for a good work and always finding it. While on the lips that once hissed the war cry the prayer of love broke forth.

But now; now all was changed; the Indian hearts no longer responded to his appealing words of wisdom but turned away in hatred. Not long ago a mighty chief replied to his urgent appeal: "White father no like us. He take our land, we no pray to him." "Yes," he told himself fiercely, as he sat there, white head bowed, "the latter part of my life has been a failure, a miserable, terrible failure, through no fault of mine, thank God. All I have accomplished has been undone, but with the help of my Heavenly Father I will right this wrong." So saying, he arose with renewed vigor and strength.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the roar of many waters and the heretofore calm surface of Lake DeSmet was lashed into myriads of mighty waves, as a huge tawny body plowed its way through the seething, swirling waters. The other members of the party, aroused by the sudden noise and confusion, stared in unbelieving wonder. Only a minute, then the great monster disappeared, down into the treacherous depths of Lake DeSmet, and the night settled back to her usual calm.

But not so with the little group of government men watching on the shore. On the morrow, in company with Father DeSmet, they were to go forth in a tiny row boat and lower the measure, thereby hoping to learn the depths of the lake. But now the superstitious ones rebelled against this throwing themselves straight into the jaws of death. To make matters worse, some lover of mischief recalled to their minds the old Indian story of Satan and the papoose. Therefore many and bitter were the words of protest; but the officials and Father DeSmet were firm. They had been ordered to go, and go they would.

When "Old Sol" smiled down upon the earth he saw, floating, like a bit of airy thistledown, upon the azure surface of the lake, a wee brown boat, manned by a handful of excited soldiers. On,

on they went and on, rowing with swift, firm stroke, until at last the little craft rocked in the center of the broad bluish-green bosom of Lake DeSmet; and then, oh, triumphant moment of moments, the knotted line, with eager haste, sank down into the restless waters. Down, down the dark lead sank, and down, but no bottom. Down, down, down, and the knots on the wire counted one hundred fifty, still the tiny bit of lead rested not on its downward flight. Down, still down, and the telltale knots announced that two hundred fifty feet had been passed, still no bottom. Another breathless wait and the figures ran up to three hundred. Down, down, down, and the eager, watching eyes counted three hundred fifty, but the lead swerved not, neither did it rest. And so on, number after number sank out of sight down into the hungry waves, where no human eye could follow, until the line was exhausted, but the floor of this legended lake was still unknown to man, and so with puzzled, wondering hearts, into which the worm of superstition was crawling, the soldiers landward turned their boat. Lake DeSmet was bottomless. So the story ran from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear, the settlers learned to look upon the gem-set lake with fearful awe.

The night was bleak and cold and wintry, a few pale stars shivered in the setting of cold, dark sky. The great, black rocks which crowned the stately heads of the desolate hills were wrapped in a sheen of silver frost, while a coat of thinnest ice imprisoned the mischievous waves of Lake DeSmet. In the winding yellow roadway that ran to the south, a small brown horse plodded through the drifting sand and on his back, alert and watchful, rode a splendid type of western manhood, though, I regret to say, he had just recieved a little too much inspiration in the barroom at Buffalo. He drew the faithful sheepskin coat closer about the mighty shoulders, that could bear great burdens unflinchingly. The night was cold, yes, very cold, and the mournful wind which swept across the country without mercy, without ceasing, sounded not unlike the howling of a pack of distant wolves. A sudden thought siezed him and he glanced in apprehension at a ridge of rocky cliffs surmounting a huge red hill where he suspected the lank gray tyrants of waiting their chance to send some unsuspecting heifer on her road to eternity. He was wondering if the victim in question bore his brand.

Some unseen hand had cast a decidedly weird spell over the land that night. The huge frost-clad rocks reminded one of—shall I say it?—sheeted ghosts. The rugged hills; the whispering wind; the strange, weird silence of the ice-bound lake; the stern, erect figure of the man on the small brown horse; the howling of the wolves; all made one think there might be something to the legend of Lake DeSmet.

A crash, a roar, the sound of splintered ice and angry waters, a hissing, swirling noise, and the cattlemen turned in time to see

the lake a seething, foaming cauldron of angry waters and clouds of flying spray. He also turned just in time to see a monster, the size of which his fertile brain had never dreamed of before, whose eyes were burning lobes of flame. The scales upon its wondrous back were thrice the size of his terrified mount. The open jaws appealed to his awed imagination as some far-famed cavern and the teeth as terrible unsheathed swords. And this horrible creature of fiery eyes and gleaming scales possessed the head of a raging lion, the like of which mortal beast ne'er bore, and the body of a fabulous lizard.

With one stroke of his mighty tail he caused waves to form that would have dashed to ruin any row boat ever built, while the clouds of flying spray and shivered ice well-nigh obscured the wintry sky.

Writhing and contorting, lashing the indignant waters with his slimy tail, the monster of far-famed horrors disappeared beneath the floating ice and foamy waves, down into the unfathomed depths of the lake that has no bottom.

Delighted at the prospect of having an interesting story to tell to the "boss" and his comrades, the homeward bound traveler turned on his solitary way. His courage failed him, however, when he came in sight of the log ranch house, as he thought of the ridicule and unbelief he was likely to excite. Neither were his forebodings wrong, for his brilliant recital called forth scorn and much laughter. The cowboys hooted at the idea of any creature with a lizard's body and a lion's head invading Lake DeSmet, and accused him of indulging in too much "booze."

The next personality to witness the wonders of this strange lake was a healthy, prosperous young farmer of modest, refined tastes, whose greatest ambition was to cultivate his picturesque ranch into an estate of great value and beauty, which would bring its owner wealth and luxury and cause him to be looked upon with respect by those who knew him. His thoughts all ran to winter wheat, irrigation, good horses and profitable beef cattle. So you see he had no time to reflect upon some uncanny mystery. He was very happy that morning, and why shouldn't he be? His last herd of beef cattle had yielded him a handsome profit and the last rain had moistened his land to the right degree for fall plowing. Yes, Providence surely had favored him.

It was a lovely autumnal day. The far distant mountains hid behind the soft, sweet haze of Indian summer, far and wide, wherever the human eye could reach, the land was clad in a strange soft veil. Lake DeSmet was a body of lovely mist, surrounded by enchanted hills, whose rough red color was transformed, as if by magic, into the softest of soft pearl gray. On the shore of the lake a dreamy-eyed cow stood sentinel over the body of her sleeping calf. The atmosphere seemed laden with a warm, soft sweetness which visits the land only in the days of Indian

summer. Any artist or poet might have sighed with rapture over the sweet, still beauty of the scene.

Even the big black stallion on which our prosperous young friend rode seemed inspired and influenced by the dreamy silence. For the prancing, restless feet now trod the delicate sand with a loving reverence and the tossing head and the curved neck were stilled, as if the never dying finger of lovely peace had touched the flying mane and dilated nostril, causing even the dumb beasts of wild Wyoming to look upon her with gracious tenderness. Little did he dream that in a few minutes the event of his life would occur. Poor charger, how I pity thee! In less than five minutes your horse nerves will be racked by a strange, new terror, a deep, unfathomed mystery, and your trust in human beings destroyed forever, never to be redeemed again. Hark ye! Do not haste; listen: From the center of the lake issues a queer, bubbling noise. The farmer of western fields and meadows found a strange, unaccustomed thrill run through his body in spite of his cool nerves and level head. He glanced at Blackbird, his steed, and found him quivering violently, with erect ears and dilated nostrils. The dreamy-eyed cow started up and her eyes assumed a strange, new look of terror that was dreadful to behold, while the slumbering calf awoke and bounded to his feet like a hunted creature. The sound grew louder, then developed into a mystic thrilling hiss. The calm surface of Lake DeSmet is chopped into myriads of tiny gray waves. Higher and higher grew the waves, louder and louder grew the hissing call. In sheer desperation our gallant friend urged the trusty Blackbird on, but, oh, terrible horror of horrors, that noble animal was on the brink of hysteria; so violently was he trembling that he could not lift one hoof, while his eyes, fascinated by some weird spell, were glued to the center of the lake, from whence clouds of spray and foam were rising. And then, oh, ye gods, what happened next?

Our ranchman never knew. When at last he revived he found himself prostrate on the cold, wet sand, with a roar which human soul had ne'er heard of before sounding in his ear, and the air, once so soft, so sweet and hazy, was clear, tense and vibrating. Upon raising his head he saw a raging torrent of storm-tossed waters, but that, ah, that was sunk in oblivion by a creature of most horrible size and quality, so terrible and yet so beautiful, it in a fair way dazed the eye. The head was that of a monstrous swan, graceful beyond comparison, yet horrible and repulsive, being of a weird, ghastly blue, mottled by flashes of most vivid red, and the body in form of a huge reptile flashed burnished gold in the sunshine.

Unlike the other monsters, he did not leap or lash the waters with his tail. No, on the contrary, he was strangely mild and pacific, turning over and over and coiling his mammoth, beautiful body into a series of brilliant folds or stretching out full length in

the sparkling waters as if seeking comfort and luxury in the gracious presence of the autumn sun. At last he reared his wonderful neck to its full height of fifteen feet and, gathering the tense coils of his golden body, much the same way as the panther does when crouching for a spring, he gave one desperate hissing rush and disappeared from the wondering gaze of earthly eyes, and the waves, as they closed over him, looked strangely black and terrible to the awestruck man on the shore, who, as he heaved a sigh, turned away from that scene of terrible happenings, alone and on foot, for Blackbird had gone, human intellect knows not where! Oh, the miles were long and weary, but at last our red hills friend arrived at the historic old cow town of Buffalo, where he told his story in the simple straightforward manner which inspires no doubt and causes no disbelief.

The rosy, mystic hues of a sunset glory bathed the land of rough red hills. A glorious amber sky, faintly mottled with soft-hued orange, screened it from the rest of the world like a curtain of eternal beauty. A few delicate wild rose petal clouds shimmered on high, casting their blushing light with sweet reverence full upon the mighty monarch head of Hiatosa, as he reared his great majestic height far above the rock-crowned heads of his rugged comrades over whom he reigned supreme, unconquered. Hiatosa of the red hills, guardian monarch of them all. The golden beauties of that love-laden sunset sky shaded into soft brown; a few scattered spruce, standing like erect soldiers upon their firm foothold of rocky cliffs; the midsummer valleys were filled with an amber peace; on the pine log roof of a settler's cabin shimmered the last rosy glow of the dying sun, while over the enchanted surface of Lake DeSmet hung a veil of golden beauty, though the waters reflected lights of glorious magenta and shades of delicate orange. The few patriarchal old box elder trees that fringed the southern shore deepened into a soft warm bronze outlined by the clear wonders of that exquisite amber sky.

The winding yellow roadway was again the scene of action, for it was now traversed by a span of sleek gray Indian ponies, drawing a neat little leather-topped carriage, the occupants of which numbered two, an old-time pioneer of Wyoming, a man who had built his home and lived far out here in the great unbroken chain of red hills, and his old-time pioneer wife. They were on the way to Buffalo, to that little metropolis of the Big Horn mountains, and as they passed this lake of renowned legend they smiled with silent rapture, for the lake had never appeared prettier than it did now, in the waning beauty of the sunset sky, shining like a bit of heaven on earth glorified.

Suddenly there was a little rippling movement, a little murmuring splash, and then, while the golden mist wavered and then grew bright in its own delicate mystic way, the sound of a sweet bird's note thrilled and fell on the listening air. Was that a symbol of

what was to come? What mystery and romance were woven around that liquid song? Surely it was not that of a common bird.

Slowly the beauty of a new presence stole over the land at that sunset hour, the golden mist shimmered faintly and then took the form of a thousand fairy-winged creatures, beautiful, marvelous in their exquisite grace as clasping hands, they fluttered in one wide circle of elfin beauty to the wonder-tinted crest of Lake DeSmet, where they executed a dance unrivaled by any e'er danced before. Oh, the enchantment of those radiant creatures of mist, floating and tripping on that sea of ethereal rose and golden lights.

In all their delicate charm, this host of golden sprites fluttered and bowed, advanced and retreated, a thousand phantoms of sunset they, elves of wonderland cloud, lovely creatures of a fairy mist, they danced on and on, uttering never a sound until again the air was thrilled by the liquid call of that unknown bird.

Instantly the tiny figures receded to the margin of the lake, while to the surface rose the head and shoulders of a most wonderful being, a young and beautiful maiden.

Oh, the witchery of that wild wonder maid, appearing as she did in that sea of sunset glory. She seemed a part of that wild and beautiful landscape, grave, radiant, yet tender, like one of the many primroses growing on the terra cotta sides of those great wilderness lords, the red hills, and yet, oh, so different; not a creature of land she deemed, but a nymph from the dim, romantic wonders of the salt sea caverns. Her features were unmistakably Indian. In the dark unfathomed depths of her great black eyes there burned the perpetual fire of melancholy. Her tresses of midnight hue rose and fell and curled in fantastic designs o'er the surface of mystery's lake; her skin was of a warm, reddish tan, made more dark by the glow of the setting sun, whom the red men worshiped in those years long ago when this was a land of freedom and romance. The delicate lines of a beautiful chin, the dainty curve of arched eye brow, the perfect nose, the graceful throat and haughty brow, all gave proof of her Indian reality, tho' her jewelry differed far from the beaded trinkets worn by the Indian maiden of today, for on her head there gleamed a small, quaint cap of pink sea shells and twined about her neck and arms were ropes of pearl and coral. A robe of sea weed clung about her shoulders, exquisitely ornamented with tiny shells of the most beautiful and varying tints.

Then, swaying and rocking on the murmuring tide, she smiled a smile so brilliant and wonderful, so full of enchantment and mystery, that it dazzled the eyes and took away the breath of those human spectators on the shore.

Lifting high in the sunset air one slender, tawny arm, she beckoned for them to come, smiling the while in a wild Indian triumph until, seeing they obeyed not her strange, inhuman wish, she dis-

appeared with a look of tender sadness on her dark and beautiful face.

And as the lighted waves closed over her vanishing form, the host of sunset elves rose in one great cloud had changed back to mist again and the colors faded from the sky, while through the darkening air there rang the mournful cry of the whippoorwill.

With slow and nerveless hand the man turned the horses toward home; shattered was the faith of these two pioneers in all the possibilities of the earth and of mankind, yes even in the law of gravitation. Onward and on sped the ponies, drawing nearer every second to the whitewashed cabin amid its grove of waving cottonwoods; the mansion of the hills.

Oh, Lake DeSmet, with your sparkling, laughing waves flirting with the starlit summer skies, tell us of your past; of your future mortal man may write, but tell, oh, tell us of the dim romantic wonders of the ages gone before.

Is there, can there be any truth in the old Indian belief? If not, why should this strange lady of the lake be a member of that fast vanishing race? Who are these great monsters, Lake DeSmet, who inhabit your shadowy depths? Are they creatures of the sea or can it be that they are the ghosts of those terrible dinosauria and sauria who lived and dwelt upon this earth in the childhood of America? Tell us, Lake DeSmet, for we crave full knowledge of you and your mysteries.

You may laugh and you may sneer, ye men of science, you say that these wonderful happenings are but the visions of an imagination overwrought, but tell us, have we any reason to doubt the words of those favored few who have witnessed these wonders? Are they persons of such remarkable mentality that they can conjure up before them without a moment's warning the sights of such far-famed horrors, or, on the other hand, beauties? Have we any reason to doubt the tried and true farmer and his wife, who were the chosen mortals to witness one of the most beautiful scenes in traditional history?

People of world-wide renown and wisdom may call it mere foolishness or may even go so far as to deem it child's play to believe in mythological demons and elves, or a story to the effect that you are possessed of no great subterranean sea floor, but, Lake DeSmet, we, the settlers' children and even many of our fathers who dwell in thy wild, lonely hills, doubt not the soundness of your legend.

Frontier Lawyer

T. P. HILL

By

BURTON S. HILL

Father, a Kentuckian, a lawyer not yet thirty, and recently married, wanted a location. The time was early in 1888, when Judge Micah Chrisman Saufley was commencing his tenure as associate justice of Wyoming Territory. The judge was likewise a Kentuckian, and a friend of the Hill family. He had left his native state to accept the appointment of President Cleveland to the Wyoming Supreme Court. Judge Saufley had served with distinction as an officer in the Confederate army during the War Between the States. And afterwards, even in the North, he was recognized as a man of force and character, with strong, courageous convictions. He was able as a lawyer, of genial disposition, and otherwise well suited for his duties in the new, raw territory.

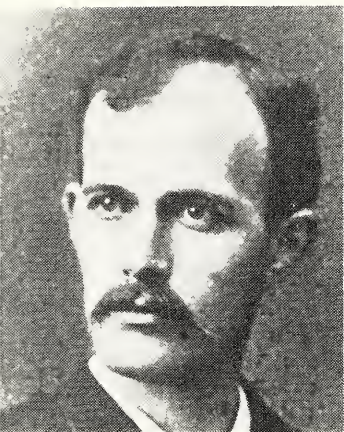
Intrigued with the thought of a very special experience, Father addressed a letter to Judge Saufley asking about Wyoming Territory. An answer was not long in coming from Laramie, headquarters of the Territorial Second Judicial District. But Father was not urged to leave Kentucky. In fact, the Judge rather discouraged it, but promised his utmost assistance if needed. He did not recommend Cheyenne or Laramie, as Father hoped he might, but stressed the advantages of Buffalo, in Johnson County, which he described as the most promising town north of the Union Pacific Railroad. He also added the encouraging touch that Johnson County would be needing a deputy clerk of court, and thought it might be arranged for Father to have the office. The salary was to be \$50.00 per month until he could get a start practicing law.

Encouraged by his Kentucky bride to make the break, arrangements were made for Father's departure. When Judge Saufley was advised of these plans, he wrote that he would not be holding court in Buffalo until June, but enclosed letters of introduction to James M. Lobban, a banker; to Charles H. Burritt, an attorney of prominence, and to Charles T. Gale, the Clerk of Court. Thus armed, Father left Kentucky shortly after the middle of April, 1888, and got to Douglas, in Wyoming Territory, on the 29th.

Douglas had come into being two years earlier through the construction of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, that branch then being known as the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley. Word had gone forth that there would be a rush to the abandoned

ANNALS OF WYOMING

FRONTIER LAWYER AND WIFE



T. P. Hill, 1888



Lucy B. Hill, 1888



This picture of T. P. Hill was taken, according to the calendar, on August 21, 1907

Courtesy Burton S. Hill

Fort Fetterman, turned into a large trading center, and immediately a tent town sprang up a few miles away. It was called Douglas, after Stephen Arnold Douglas, the brilliant Illinois Senator.

From Douglas, Patrick Brothers conducted a stage line to Buffalo, and Fort McKinney three miles west, and from there to Junction City, Montana. At the Douglas stage office, Father was tersely informed to be on hand at six-thirty the following morning. After a wakeful night at the primitive hostel, sponsored by the stage company, he was there. The day was springlike and balmy. In complete readiness stood three teams of sleek horses harnessed in tandem to a large, Concord type stage coach, with ample boots front and rear. A resolute looking fellow holding a shotgun was already mounted on the driver's seat, while Harry Nichols, the driver, arranged the baggage and mail sacks in the rear boot. But he left his work long enough to motion for Father to climb aboard.

Inside were seated two other passengers on opposite sides, facing each other. One was a frail appearing young woman, probably about twenty-three, wearing a simple calico dress. Over her shoulders was draped a gray shawl, and a plain white scarf held back a wealth of brown hair. In her arms, wrapped in a small blue blanket, she clutched a restless, whimpering infant, at which she gazed with a tired, worn expression. The other passenger was a slender young fellow, wearing a new, wide brimmed, low crowned Stetson without dents or creases. His blue overalls fit him rather snugly, with the bottoms turned up showing neat high heeled boots. When Father glanced his way, he smiled broadly, offered his hand, and genially announced himself as, "Johnnie Greub of Trabing, twenty-two miles south of Buffalo." Father, as genially, acknowledged the introduction, then took a seat beside his new companion. From that moment, a friendship commenced which lasted fifty-four years.

Presently, the sharp crack of a whip from the stage coach top and a shout to the horses, set the vehicle in motion towards the swirling Platte; and in a short time horses and stage coach were in the midst of it. While the horses plunged forward through the dashing current, the heavy coach weaved, bobbed, and twisted, but never faltered under the professional hand of Harry Nichols. When Father expressed grave concern, Johnnie Greub assured him:

"He'll make it all right—don't worry too much".

The girl passenger held her baby closer, and was only heard to emit a deep, relieved sigh when the horses finally plunged up on the other shore.

After the Platte crossing, the continuing journey seemed quite without event. At Sage Creek, four hours later, Nichols ordered a short rest, and at Brown Springs fresh horses were harnessed.

During this process, Johnnie took Father aside to express his doubts concerning the girl passenger.

"She's hungry," he said, "and so's the baby."

It was then time to eat, or so they thought, when Nichols announced that a meal would be served at Antelope Springs, about five that evening.

Somewhat slow in getting started, it was actually five-thirty when the heavy coach pulled up to the station at Antelope Springs. From the open door came the bracing aroma of fresh, hot coffee, and soon appeared Mrs. Lee Moore, the gracious proprietress. Then, while helping the girl from the stage, Johnnie ventured with polite caution:

"Ma'm, me and my friend here want ta help ya. We think ya an' the baby must be hungry."

With this show of kindness the girl cast her gaze to the ground, and with a wan smile managed to murmur:

"The baby and me would thank ya. We would a lot."

Mrs. Moore was quick to sense the situation and graciously took charge. With fresh, warm milk the baby peacefully fell asleep, and the mother, refreshed and revived, for the first time began to show an interest in her surroundings. There was ample, well prepared meat and potatoes, plenty of steaming coffee, and tasty apple pie. The cost for each was thirty-five cents.

Enroute again after about an hour, it was ten-thirty when the lights from the windows of the Seventeen Mile station began to appear. Inside there were sandwiches and coffee which helped to fill in the time, since repairs had to be done to the coach by lantern light. This took about two hours, which meant something of a delay in reaching Powder River crossing at old Cantonment Reno. It was about three-thirty on the morning of May 1st when the coach pulled up in front of the station door. The girl's husband had been waiting there, and hardly before she had time to collect herself and the baby, he had them loaded on a buckboard and away in the darkness. Father never saw them again.

After a run of five hours the same morning, bacon and eggs were served at Trabing, at Crazy Woman Crossing, and after breakfast John Greub hurriedly bid adieu, promising to be in town soon. Enroute again in the course of an hour, it was fully two in the afternoon when the stage coach pulled up in front of the Occidental Hotel, in Buffalo. Inside, an inquisitive, fiddling clerk finally got around to assigning Father a room, to which he hurried without ado. But, rested and refreshed several hours later, he felt ready to inspect his surroundings outside.

In front of an inviting, well kept front, Father walked in through the open door, not knowing he had entered Dannie Mitchell's popular Cowboy Saloon. Presently, he became aware that the hum of conversation from visiting groups stationed about and at the bar had ceased, and that all eyes were turned on him in his

city suit and derby hat. Feeling that something should be said, and that he should say it, with polite hesitation he announced:

"Gentlemen, I'm T. P. Hill, from Kentucky".

The quiet was finally broken by Dannie Mitchell, himself, who said:

"Nothing's wrong with being from Kentucky."

This brought a more relaxed atmosphere, along with several courteous introductions. But, when offered a drink at the bar, there was unrestrained amusement when Father ordered sarsaparilla.

"And you from Kentucky," one fellow howled. And there was more merriment. It was quite late when Father finally withdrew, feeling that he had made a good start in Buffalo.

Yet, in the days to come when Mr. Burritt dwelled upon the economic setback caused by the devastating winter of 1886-7, Father had reason for serious reflection. With half the cattle on the range lost to the elements, business had reached an alarming low; many cowboys were unemployed, and there was extreme unrest, to the point of lawlessness in some quarters. This was the situation when Judge Saufley arrived in June to open his first judicial term.

Before the judge made his appearance, some expressed misgivings but their fears were arrested when they saw him. Straight and erect in his long, black frock coat, and of more than average height, he aroused immediate respect. Yet behind a huge mustache and heavy goatee type beard the face was not stern and not unkindly.

Before ten o'clock in the morning of June 25th, the first day of the term, the large court room in the new Johnson County court house was well filled, and on the extreme front row, just behind the rail, sat an errant, disorderly crew obviously bent on disturbing and heckling the Court. Promptly at ten, when Judge Saufley made his appearance, everybody respectfully arose while he mounted the rostrum; that is, all except the front row occupants. But the judge appeared not to notice the insult, until there burst



Judge Micah Chrisman Saufley as he looked in 1888

Courtesy Burton S. Hill

forth from that quarter a round of loud, raucous laughter, and taunting howls. Thereupon, his usual calm expression turned deadly serious, and, still standing, glowering with anger, Saufley struck a resounding blow with his gavel, and thundered:

"On your feet out there, and quick!"

That is all it took. Without hesitation the bully boys were up, and there followed a piercing stillness. After a deliberate pause, the judge continued, with severe austerity:

"I'll fine any one or all of you in contempt of Court for another show of disrespect. And all the fines will be collected, so help me!"

With that, everybody was seated, and the business of the Court was taken up as though nothing had happened. But that evening after Court when Judge Saufley attempted to enter the Occidental Hotel, he found the entrance blocked by some of the same miscreants, now wearing guns. They did not know it then, but the judge was also wearing a gun, a pearl-handled Colt forty-five. The boys were noticeably chagrined when he pushed back his long frock coat with his right hand and grasped the weapon with a meaning they understood. Without a word, they moved on. Judge Saufley was not again molested in Buffalo.

Father was admitted to the bar on June 29th, and on July 3rd assumed his duties as deputy clerk of court, which took up only part of his days. The rest of the time he was trying to establish himself as an attorney. While he did not consider himself established by the following October, he had mother join him. Upon her arrival, she was a house guest at the Lobban home until a suitable dwelling could be located.

One of Father's first and most memorable cases involved a water right, wherein a villainous bully known as Arapaho Brown was on the other side. When Father won the case, Brown threatened to kill him. This caused real concern on the part of some of his friends, who insisted that Father arm himself. However, nothing happened except more threats. At all events, before "Rap" could get around to enforce his minaciousness, he, himself, was murdered in a lonely Powder River ranch house. Although shot through the neck and mortally wounded by two companions, he almost managed to avenge himself on them, but died too soon. Ironically, his remains were cremated that night by his murderers in a blazing haystack.

On another occasion, the noted outlaw, Tom O'Day, sought Father's help. While Father did not consider himself a criminal lawyer, that did not disturb Tom, who was in jail accused of horse stealing. But, when Tom came up with an honest alibi, he went free. He never forgot the help he got. Even years later Tom sought Father's advice after he became older and a respected rancher in another state.

By 1892 Father was beginning to think of himself as quite

well established, when almost everything was changed for almost everybody by the Johnson County War. Father wisely said very little and kept to himself. But, finally he was called upon by a deadly serious delegation to express his loyalty either to the cattle companies or the rustlers. It was a situation bound to happen, but the day was saved by Charles J. Hogerson, First National Bank president. He maintained that any man who preferred to remain neutral should be allowed that privilege, and won his point. At least, Father was never again waited upon.

Father survived the Johnson County War, and many other vicissitudes down through the following years, but remained in Johnson County to enjoy a long and successful career. The law firm he established in 1888 is still active and conducted by the Hill family.

Lander Cutoff

By

J. K. MOORE, JR.

In the Spring of 1857 an expedition left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to construct what was really to be a government road from the Missouri River through to Oregon.

Congress had made an appropriation the year before for the building of the road to be known as the Fort Kearney, South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road.

A man by the name of William M. McGraw was awarded the contract for building the road with the understanding that the road builders would be accompanied by a military escort to give protection while the work was going on.

The work of building the road started at Fort Kearney. The route was west by the Overland Trail and for most of the way little work had to be done.

Their course was via Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, and Devil's Gate.

Arriving at Rocky Ridge, near South Pass, late in the season, when winter had set in, the matter of going into camp at such a place was out of the question.

The Government guide recommended the Wind River Valley as a desirable wintering place, so the soldiers and road builders turned north, and wading through deep snow finally reached the valley where winter quarters were selected on the Popo Agie River at a point about two miles north of where Lander now stands.

The location has long been known as Fort Thompson, or Camp McGraw.

Here the encampment was surrounded with abundant winter feed for horses and mules, and game of all kinds was plentiful.

In the Spring of 1858 Col. F. W. Lander arrived and took command of the expedition relieving the contractor, William F. McGraw of the command of the camp, and the road work to be done.

On June 1st Col. Lander moved south to Rocky Ridge and took up the work of building the road on across Wyoming, and to the west coast.

Before leaving Col. Lander negotiated a treaty with Chief Washakie of the Shoshone Tribe for a right of way through the country claimed by him extending westward from the Sweetwater to Fort Hall.

The Indians were paid on the spot in horses, firearms, ammunition, blankets, and many other articles prized by Washakie and the chief men of his nation. The route for Fort Hall, and the Oregon

country left the Overland Trail at Burnt Ranch on the Sweetwater in a northwesterly course through a rough country.

The road went by the name of the Lander Cut-off in honor of Col. Lander who surveyed and superintended the building of the road.

The name of the road had absolutely nothing to do with the naming of the town of Lander, as there was no connection. Lander was not established until more than a decade later than the construction of the Cut-off Road.

An early settler in the Popo Agie Valley by the name of B. F. Lowe homesteaded upon the site of what is now the town of Lander.

Mr. Lowe had been a guide in Col. Lander's employment on the expedition. He and the Colonel became good friends, and because of his friendship, and respect for the Colonel, when it came to naming the new town Mr. Lowe decided to call it Lander in honor of Col. Lander.

And that is the story of how Lander, Fremont County, Wyoming got its name.

It had its first settlement in 1869 when it was named Fort Augur, in honor of a Civil War hero. In 1870 it became Camp Brown honoring the name of Capt. Frederick Brown of the 15th Infantry who was killed by the Indians on the Bozeman Trail in December, 1866.

In 1878 the name of Camp Brown was changed to Fort Washakie in honor of Chief Washakie.

Fort Washakie was abandoned by the military force in 1909, and was immediately taken over by the Office of Indian Affairs as headquarters for the Shoshone Indian Agency, now known as the Wind River Indian Agency.

1852 On The Oregon Trail

By

MAE URBANEK

Just one hundred and ten years ago, the land that is now within the boundaries of Wyoming was then marked on maps as Indian Country. It was more commonly known as The Great American Desert. Daniel Webster, the statesman, described it as "not worth a cent; a region of savages, wild beasts, shifting sands, whirlwinds of dust, cactus and prairie dogs."

It was a land without law or government; without buildings. Across it thousands of ox-drawn wagons were tracing and retracing the Oregon Trail. Gold had recently been discovered in California, then a state two years old, and the only state west of the Missouri River.

Slavery was the political topic of the day. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that history making novel of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was published in 1852. Millard Fillmore was president.

On April 7, 1852 a company of neighbors started from Wisconsin, a state then four years old, to trek their way across the new state of Iowa, and the vast Indian Country west of the Missouri River to the free gold in California. On this long journey James C. David kept a detailed diary until he became sick soon after passing Fort Laramie.

His granddaughter, Mrs. Hazel Harness of Lusk has this diary which is in an excellent state of preservation; the ink is as clear and bright as it was a hundred years ago. Mrs. Harness also has the hand-embroidered Chinese silk shawl that her grandfather bought in California and sent back to her grandmother in Wisconsin. For this perilous journey the shawl was sealed in a tin can. A hundred years have not weakened the heavy silk fibers, and the shawl is still strong and beautiful.

James David did not stay in California, but soon returned to his home at Boscobel, Wisconsin. In 1888 he and his family came by immigrant train to Custer County, Nebraska, where he filed on a homestead near Merna. Here he was killed when a team ran away throwing him from the wagon.

As his ox team inches westward to California in 1852, the daily entries in Mr. David's diary become shorter, less descriptive, less philosophical, and more concerned with grass and water. The diary opens thus:

"On the seventh day of April 1852 we started for California. Company consisting of 3. . . James C. David, Oliver P. David and A. G. Sherraden. It was a painful matter to leave friends and

acquaintances perhaps for the last time. No trial perhaps so great as starting, and probably many would have backed out had they not have fixed [made arrangements] and fear of ridicule makes many a person go to California that would not have gone. Ridicule is a powerful weapon and is sometimes used, though very wrongly, for argument. How many useful reforms are put down by Ridicule. Thousands have lost fortunes and what is vastly of more worth, their souls, by this keen edged tool.

"Great and stout must be the resolution of a man who can withstand its attacks. But it is right and proper to use it to dissuade any man from going to California. How much better it would be for many if it were more used. We have 4 yoke of oxen in tolerable plight, little on the wild order; travelled on a very brisk pace for a long trip. . . . We got as far as Belmont; camped in regular style. Very little said; rather low spirited; gloomy faced. Mac joined us in the evening and was duly installed cook with all the honor and perquisites. Made 12 miles.

"Thursday 8th. This morning got fair start from the borders of home; all feel somewhat relieved. Roads heavy. Saw several teams bound for the Land of Gold. Had an application from an old Lady to take her son; everybody wants to go, seemingly. Oh, thou Almighty Dollar how precious thou art; but stingy with thy favors; and with what Zeal thy Devotees worship. . . .

"Friday 9th. Passed over a rough and hilly road through a wild rough looking country to the Mississippi, that Father of Waters and should be an American's pride in his Nile. It teaches gratitude to that Beneficent Being who has provided and cast his lot in a country of such vast advantages, so bountiful in nature's gifts free for high and low, rich and poor; where every man can have his own home and enjoy liberty, not abuse it; worship his Creator. Thou Mighty river when thou refuses to flow then and not until then may our country be divided and our government cease to exist. The river is about three-fourths of a mile wide here at Eagle Point. Road tolerably good; steep gulch to go down to River to cross. There is a steam ferry; cost \$1.25 to cross. . . .

"Sat. 17. Raining; cold and very disagreeable; laid by. Boys went hunting; killed three squirrels and had some fresh meat. Sun. 18. This being Sunday concluded to stop a day longer. Mac went to meeting; some went hunting and others did their washing and letter writing. Absent friends were not forgotten especially the boys' sweethearts; many were the fine, soft things written today. When all were collected will be quite a load for Eli Clayton's old mare or the Black Vacks weekly mail route.

"Laying by is an irksome matter for Californians [all traveling to California were called thus]; it gives them the blues. It is amazing to hear all the plans and several projects in view, when we all get our piles. Many are the Castles built in air; piles of money, splendid farms, fine little wives and pretty children. No

happiness without Gold according to our ideas. If only half could be realized. . . .

"Sat. 24 Went to a cotillion party; Sylvester to fiddle: found three girls; four married women, four large children, five or six smaller growth. Young men, mostly Californians, danced all night without intermission; surprising what legs these Iowa girls have. Supper, pork, corn bread and pumpkin pies. Went home with the Gal in the pink dress; a little stuck up. Mac gave us a lecture on dancing in general and Iowa ho-downs in particular; washed, fed and went to bed. . . .

"Wed. May 12. Last night formed a corral which is done by making a circle of wagons and putting the cattle within, and such a devil of a time we had of it. Such pushing, hooking, crowding, and bellowing I never heard. It took all hands all night to watch. We were heartily sick of the operation and hereafter we resolved not to get into another such a scrape. An old Californian was the means of getting us unto it. Some men are always trying to show off. We got our cattle off minus a good deal of hide. Finally got a start. Road leads over a prairie country; bad places poorly bridged. No water only in creeks. Never out of sight of emigrant trains. . . .

"Sat. 15. Went to Kanessville to buy our flour and balance of outfit. Flour \$16 a barrel; things high except whiskey, which is cheap as dirt. Kanessville is a Mormon town of about 800 inhabitants. It is on the east side of the Missouri about 160 from Des Moines. There is considerable trade done between Mormons and Indians; is also a rendezvous for trappers. The Mormons are selling off to move to Salt Lake and property is selling low. Indians are plenty around here, mostly Omahas; they are great beggars [sic] and will steal anything they can lay hands on. They own the territory opposite here. A heavy auction business in horses and cattle at Kanessville. Emigrants generally selling horses and buying cattle." [cattle, meaning oxen, were considered best for traveling since they could live on less feed, travel farther without water, and were less apt to stray off or be stolen by the Indians.] "Grass scarce and water poor; teams in every direction. . . . camped in a slough a mile and a half from the river [the Missouri] Some of the boys went down to see about crossing; no prospect for several days.

"Monday 17. Luckily we got an emigrant who had a barge to ferry us across. We immediately drove down and commenced ferrying. We could take a wagon and load at one trip. We commenced about two o'clock at night and by daylight we had our wagons across. We then swam our cattle across; each man taking a steer by a rope fastened to his horns; take from six to eight across at a time. Some were ferrying in skiffs. Got all safely over about nine o'clock after hours of hard labor as we had the rowing to do. Cost us one dollar for each wagon and twenty cents a yoke for

cattle. The Missouri here is very swift but the current runs to the west bank which assists the boats in ferrying. The water is very sandy and dirty. Good landing on each side. The boats used in ferrying are flats and rowed by hand which is very hard work, and can't run at all when the wind is high. One or two had sunk and several lives had been lost. Traders Point is an old Indian trading post; one or two stores, post office. It is a poor site for a town; river overflows and banks are continually washing in. [Traders Point is now Omaha] "Opposite on west bank is Council Bluffs, an Indian village and store and blacksmith shop. Indian agency for Sioux, Pawnee, Omahas. The store is kept by I. A. Larpey. Camped one and a half miles below on river.

"Monday 17.[sic] Laid by; got some letters from home. Some went to town; some sauntered around to see Indian sights. Saw Indian chiefs talk, some four or five chiefs dressed out in all their Indian sundry. It would have been a stinging rebuke to some of the white assemblies to have seen the grave and orderly like deportment of the chiefs in camp in contrast to the wild and boisterous conduct of our solons. Then a drove of Omaha braves came in riding through on good ponies strung with bells; the riders yelling and whooping like so many devils. The scene was truly ludicrous."

On Friday, May 21, [Mr. David describes a typical camping scene on the Platte River when many wagon trains clustered together near the all important water.] "A very disagreeable evening; all confusion; women scolding, men swearing, children crying; dogs barking; cattle bellowing; wolves howling; fiddles in almost every camp; boys eyeing and ogling the girls cooking; some laughing; some praying; some crying; coyotes yipping; guns cracking. . . so you have some idea of an encampment of California men from all the world; a heterogeneous mass all for the gold regions; old grey headed men with families; old, bent, rheumatic matrons; a young couple who have just launched their frail bark on life's boisterous ocean; the minister; the gambler; the merchant; the clerk; the statesman, and the clodhopper all have forsaken home, kindred, and friends for gold. The larger portion thinking of returning when they make their pile. Scarcely any thinking of making the far west their home. But how few will ever return; how many will find their graves in the wastes of the American Sahara. Many will find that all is not gold that glitters; that piles are few and far between. Some perhaps may get back with their piles but will it pay for broken health, dissolute habits and broken ties? Oh, is there a place beyond the mists of eternity where the soul will be content and rest? I doubt it. 11½ miles."

[In 1852 Hosea Horn published an "Overland Guide to California." Trading posts were listed and described, also good camping spots. The distance between places are tabulated, also the distance of of each place from Council Bluffs. Mr. David,

no doubt, got his daily information about distance traveled from such a guide. Many of his entries are devoted to the lack of grass and fuel, and the poor alkali water which resulted in many deaths from cholera and diarrhea. Buffalo chips were often used for fuel. Deer and antelopes and some buffalo were seen but were too wild for the emigrants to shoot.]

"Saturday, June 5. Passed over heavy deep sandy roads. . . . overtook several large trains from Missouri and Illinois. Most all affected with the cholera; one train laid up for a half day; had a birth in it last night. Laid up to rest the mother. They also had a birth in it sometime previous. Passed six new graves today. Cool and team traveled well. Some of the boys out hunting; killed nothing. Good camping places and passed several fine ones. As usual in the evening had trouble in finding a camp. Camped on Rattlesnake River, a fine stream. Several camps in view. 25 miles. . . .

"Tuesday June 8. Got an early start; grass poor all day. The Bluffs are high and abrupt; the bottoms wide and sandy; the elevation is very rapid and the river [the Platte] is very high and swift. Grass is scarce. There has been considerable late burning done which has destroyed considerable grass. A man that would set the prairie on fire would murder his grandmother. . . . Met the express, a private one, Bladget and Co. Paid 25¢ for a letter to carry to the states. The Bluffs in the neighborhood of the Indian mound are full of curiosity. They are about one hundred feet high. The view from them is both pleasing and instructive. The Bluffs on the south side are high; some cedar timber on the hills. The view here extends far up and down the river and Chimney rock can be seen in the west. [Chimney Rock is a well-known landmark located east of the Wyoming-Nebraska state line on the Platte River.] The rocks in the Bluffs are hard and ragged; some are entirely of sand. The whole has an appearance of an old fortification. Grass poor where we camped tonight. We passed four fresh graves and two cases of cholera. 20 miles.

"Wed. June 9. . . . This morning Sylvester's team left us. They got mad because we told them they did not do their part in watching, driving up cattle, etc. There is more or less quarreling in every train which is much to be regretted. The fault is in persons not doing their share of work. The best way is for every one to lend a helping hand until all is done. Camping is another source of dissension; and driving, taking care of teams. Men are more irritable here than any place in the world. I was sorry the boys should leave but could not help it. We had loaned them a yoke as they had broken theirs. We had to take it from them. An ox of Smith's team was lame today. Camped about two miles east of Chimney rock; grass good; buffalo chips plenty; river beginning to look smaller; made 15 miles today.

"Thursday 10. Got very early start. . . . good grass all along

the river. The road leaves the river but it should run along it as the grass is better and the ground is better for a road. There is no water but river water which is colder than usual though dirty as ever which is caused by the sandy country through which it flows. Chimney Rock is quite an interesting natural curiosity. The mound on which it stands covers an area of about twenty acres. The rock which runs up from the top resembles a chimney. The top of the rock from the river is about 125 feet. The chimney is about 55 feet higher. There are high bluffs on the south side of the river running up to Capital Hills, or Scotts Bluffs. Ham seems to have made a mistake in distances along here. Light shower this evening; quite warm and appearance of rain. Prickly pears plenty. Good grass on river; no buffalo chips. Roads gravelly and hard. 21 miles.

"Friday 11. . . . Water so strong of alkali you can smell it some distance. . . . could see Laramies' Peak all day to the west; can say we have seen the Rocky Mountains. Our cattle have scours badly from eating bad grass and water. Passed five new graves today, died recently; saw some camped for reasons of sickness. Sylvester joined us today again; much all right; everything goes off smoothly. Cattle no doubt will be well taken care of now. The reconciliation of old friends is always gratifying. 24 miles.

"Sat. 12 Next place of importance today Blue Rock in the Bluffs to the right; fair camping; roads good along here; Bluffs come near the river; roads hard on cattle feet. Fair camping along road where joins river near Raw Hide creek; no water in it when we passed. Camped near the river about four miles from Fort Laramie; plenty of timber; grass indifferent. Saw several Sioux Indians today. They are finely formed and intelligent looking; very numerous and of warlike disposition. They are of lighter complexion than most of the tribes in the west and cleanly; seem to have an abundance of Indian property, good horses, etc.

"All as busy as bees this morning; a general resurrection of California goods. Lightening up everything for Black Hills. [In the early days, pioneers as well as historians referred to the Laramie Range in Wyoming as the Black Hills] Cut off the wagon beds and coupled shorter for the Black Hills. Threw away everything useless. Got everything in order and started again. Some of us went to the Fort and the teams started on. There is a Ferry opposite the fort above the mouth of Laramie River. Ham says there is one below the Laramie river but I did not see it. This ferry is a very poor concern; some had difficulty in getting over; appears to be badly conducted. They do not cross any wagons over or cattle. The river is deep and narrow and runs very swiftly.

"The Fort is on the west side of Laramie River. There are a number of buildings around the fort. The fort is built of Spanish sun burnt bricks and looks like a pile of dirt. It is built in a form of a square with an open space or court in the center. It looks

as though it was in a ruinous condition. The barracks are large and seem to be good ones. There is a large vacant house, a very good one, but not good enough for Uncle Sams officers. They have built a new one which must have cost a large sum of money. Several other houses and a large store. They sell goods very reasonable. There is a large amount of government property destroyed here every year. They bring out supplies and throw away the wagons and fatten and kill the oxen. They have some fine mules and horses here. There are about eighty soldiers commanded by Captain Ketchum. In the evening in crossing the river the boat came near sinking, it being rather heavy loaded. There was great stripping of linen and drawing of boots and some pale faces; but finally got over without going down which if we had done, would have been several lives lost. Went on to a stream of water about six miles from ferry. Some facilities for camping; water good. Nine miles."

When the U. S. government bought Fort Laramie in 1849, a new officers' quarters later known as "Old Bedlam" was built from lumber hauled eight hundred miles by wagon from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This two story building with porches across the front of both first and second stories cost about \$70,000. No wonder Mr. David considered it an expensive structure at that time. The territory of Wyoming was not created for another sixteen years (in 1868). Cheyenne did not exist until 1867 when Major General Grenville M. Dodge, chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, chose that location as the site of a terminal town. Casper was not founded until 1888.

But back to 1852 and the diary of James David: "Monday 14. Road leaves the river and we begin to ascend the far famed Black Hills. They are a ridge of high and rocky hills on either side of the Platte. On the south side they run up the river for fifty odd miles; on the north side only about twenty miles. They are very high and rocky, hard on cattle feet and wagon. They are spurs of the Rocky Mountains and the ascent is very rapid. Some deep gulches in them afford water and is generally good, but feed is scarce. In evening camped after a hard day's drive of eighteen or twenty miles; got over the hardest part of the hills; road joins the river, grass poor, wood plenty.

"Tuesday 15. . . . Taylor was here taken very suddenly and bad with cholera; procured medical aid immediately. Some of our teams left us not wishing to stay; not thinking him sick enough to lay by. We thought hard of them. Now only three teams of us. This was the first sickness we had and we were in hopes it would be the last. Some of the boys are badly scared. The whole theme is to get along and every impediment thrown in the way seems nearly to set the boys crazy. Sherraden went back two miles to wash and we had one of the bad times of it. A great many teams

passed this afternoon. Went into camp as tired as ever I was in my life. Taylor dangerous".

After this David himself became ill and only brief notes are written in his diary at intervals of three and four weeks. What Wyoming history he might have written, what descriptions of the prairies and mountains he might have recorded but for the dysentery!

Petroglyphs

By

SHEILA HART

Why did you carve them, Primitive Man,
On cliffs and rocks in a primeval land;
Outlines of deer and elk and bird
And a buffalo great and a lizard low
That crept over the Earth long ages ago?

How did you carve them, Primitive Man---
With a harder rock in your unschooled hand?
You had no metal, no tool save stone;
Did you carve these symbols, patient and slow,
As a history of life in the Long Ago?

When did you carve them, Primitive Man?
Was it after The Flood that your life's short span
Ended, with only these records we cannot heed---
From your lines and circles we cannot read
The pattern of life in that Long Ago:
When you carved these signs we do not know.

Alias Dan Davis— Alias Dan Morgan

Old Bittercreek Ranch Episode on the Powder River circa 1904
As Told By Mrs. "Doc" Daisy Spear to R. H. (Bob) Scherger

I was alone and working in the kitchen. Little Horatio and Mary were both taking their naps. Then, I noticed out the kitchen window a man riding hard down the hill in front of our ranch house. He pulled up, and I noticed right away his horse was lathered something terrible! Two belts were across his chest and he had six-shooters on each hip.

I was scared—because I could tell he was an outlaw! I saw him get down off his horse and walk around the side of the house. He came back and I met him at the door. "Where's the men?" he asked. "They're scattered in the hills looking for cattle," I said.

"I want something to eat, and I want it damned quick," he said.

"Yes, Sir," was my reply.

I was afraid, but I knew if I'd look him right straight in the eye he wouldn't hurt me or the children. I noticed his horse's sides still heaving. The poor animal was near rode to death, and this man, I knew, was riding for his life. I went to the pantry where I'd put some chickens I'd just cooked. They were packed in ice, and I brought them out and poured him some coffee. He started to sit down, but his chair was with its back to the window so he moved it to the other side.

I stood back and waited and watched out of the corner of my eye for the men to get back, but they didn't come. It was near half an hour since they'd left.

The outlaw ate fast then got up—he looked tired. His eyes were like steel as he asked, "Where's the horses?" I looked at him square and said, "there's none here," yet trying with all my heart to keep from showing fear. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve and walked out the door leaving it ajar.

I could see him mount his horse and ride up the road to the top of the ridge. He looked back—then was gone.

Wyoming's Frontier Newspapers

By

ELIZABETH KEEN*

"THE NEWSPAPERMEN"

Wyoming's frontier newspapermen were a vital part of the westward movement that gathered momentum in the latter half of the nineteenth century. All but one of the seven editors to be discussed in this chapter were born in eastern seaboard states—three in New York, one in Virginia, one in Maine, and one in Pennsylvania. Illinois was the birthplace of the seventh. Four of the men were born relatively close together in time—between 1839 and 1843—so that they would be ripe to feel the effects of Colorado's mining boom in 1859, and the one in Wyoming nine years later. At least four of these men seem to have been drawn westward by the prospect of business opportunities stemming from the booms.

They were also men of education. Four of the seven had had some college training; their editorials and other writing show that they took west with them the standards of the settled, cultured areas and fought to re-establish them in the new territory. Versatile as well as educated, they excelled in a number of professions. One had been the first president of the University of Washington. At least three were practicing lawyers, and one of these had studied medicine seriously. Some had taught school before turning to journalism. One was an experienced agriculturist. Yet, despite their extraordinary talents and their devotion to journalism, few of these editors and publishers accumulated more than "a small competence," and while these few modestly prospered, not a single one "reached the \$100,000 mark."¹

Between edition times they actively participated in public affairs: they were local officers, such as mayors, aldermen, justices of the peace, city and county attorneys, district and county judges; they were territorial officers such as auditors, penitentiary com-

* This article is Chapter II of Miss Keen's master thesis, University of Wyoming, 1956.

1. W. E. Chaplin, "Some of the Early Newspapers of Wyoming," *Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies* (Laramie, 1919), p. 9. An exception probably should be made to Bill Nye, who is known to have achieved a state of considerable affluence. However, Nye made his money after leaving Wyoming.

missioners, legislators; they were national officers such as postmasters and commissioners having charge of selling public land. Such widespread influence would indicate that Wyoming's newspapermen were leaders to whom people looked for guidance.

They were men of unquestioned resourcefulness and influence. They were often shrewd politicians, sensing which side of a public issue would appeal to the electorate. They possessed enough courage to state boldly and unmistakably their attitude on public questions. Unrestrained by any kind of libel law,² they could express their personal hatreds in type without fearing legal retaliation, although before them was often the prospect of a beating, a ducking, or perhaps a shot from a Colt's six-shooter, a favored weapon of the period. Merris C. Barrow, acidulous editor of *Bill Barlow's Budget* in Douglas, was once given a "sound beating" by the citizens of that town, and on another occasion, while attending a convention in Casper, he escaped a ducking in the Platte River only when his host grabbed a rifle and told Barrow's enemies that he would shoot the first person who dared put a foot inside the gate.³ But since most readers of territorial newspapers were either advertisers and subscribers, or potential advertisers and subscribers, editors on the whole, since they had to make a living, prudently restrained their writings. Not always successful, frontier editors were often plagued by debts. According to Chaplin, "Small population and magnificent distances made their financial lot difficult, but they did not complain and followed the usual bent of the small town purveyor of news in giving the reader more than [was] warranted by the patronage."⁴

Wyoming's best-known newspapermen in the period under investigation were Nathan A. Baker, James H. Hayford, Edward Archibald Slack, Charles W. Bramel, Edgar Wilson [Bill] Nye, Asa Shinn Mercer, and Merris C. Barrow [Bill Barlow]. Doubtless there were other editors and publishers of the period worthy of inclusion here, but because of lack of any positive information about them, this discussion has been confined to seven men on whom some source material exists.

2. Wyoming territorial legislators in March, 1890, finally approved libel and slander laws, under which provision was made for fining the guilty "not more than \$1000, to which may be added imprisonment in the county jail for not more than three months." See *Session Laws of Wyoming Territory*, Jan., 1890, Sec. 33.

3. Margaret Prine, *Merris C. Barrow, Sagebrush Philosopher and Journalist* (Laramie: University of Wyoming, 1948), pp. 124-5.

4. Chaplin, p. 9. A printer who advanced from the back shop to the desk of editor and publisher at a time outside the period under investigation, Chaplin worked with and knew well many of the early newspapermen. To his colorful recollections of vivid personalities this study is greatly indebted.

NATHAN ADDISON BAKER

Wyoming's pioneer newspapermen, Nathan Addison Baker, was a man of many accomplishments: he was a school teacher, law student, journalist, accountant, "artistic printer," agriculturist, horticulturist, miner, real estate dealer, and, in 1864, a member of the Governor of Colorado's Guard.⁵ Above all, he was a man of great fortitude in the face of disaster, and one who had unquenchable faith in the future of the West. He lived to be ninety-one.

Baker was born August 3, 1843, in Lockport, New York. His family emigrated to Denver by way of Racine, Wisconsin, in March, 1860. Two years later Baker opened the Ferry Street School in Denver, where for a year he taught thirty-six pupils. The following year, when the city's first public school was established, Baker went to work in the business office of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and it was there in 1864 that he barely escaped with his life when the great Cherry Creek flood swept away the *News* building.⁶ By the summer of 1867 Baker had saved enough money to start his own newspaper, the *Colorado Leader*. The first issue came out July 6, but the newspaper did not prosper because "business conditions were not good."⁷ It was then that Baker and his friend Gates, the printing expert, set forth by wagon for Cheyenne, taking along the *Leader's* plant. Many years later Baker recalled the precariousness attending the birth of the *Cheyenne Leader*:

The conditions on our arrival [in Cheyenne] were these: a young city in the feverish excitement of early making. The Union Pacific road had not yet reached Cheyenne, but was there a few weeks later. Building of stores and shops were [sic] very active, and for many days was carried on days, nights, and Sundays.

There was but one building in town that yet had a floor in it. This the writer was able to secure for the *Leader*. This was a log building, with a store front in it belonging to E. A. Allen.

On Thursday, September 19, 1867, we were able to issue our first number of the *Cheyenne Leader*. There were on the street opposite the post office . . . 300 men, all eager to get a copy of the first paper, for each of which was paid 25 cents.

This was a fine thing for the writer, as it had taken all his money to pay for his team transportation to the Magic City. He could now pay for his board at the Bell House, and pay his assistants on the paper.⁸

5. An interview with N. A. Baker, *Wyoming State Tribune-Cheyenne State Leader*, July 27, 1933.

6. Newspaper clipping file, University of Wyoming Archives.

7. *Ibid.*

8. *Wyoming State Tribune-Cheyenne State Leader*, July 20, 1929. Copies of the *Cheyenne Leader* starting with Vol. 1, No. 1, September 19, 1867, are in the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, Cheyenne.

The *Cheyenne Leader* did so well that Baker, as has been noted, was able to branch out from Cheyenne and establish the *Laramie Sentinel* May 1, 1869, and the *South Pass News* "about the same time."⁹ He himself remained in Cheyenne, never living in South Pass City or in Laramie where he had picked capable men to manage his papers, but he did travel to these places "in connection with the newspapers and some politics."¹⁰ All went well with his fortunes until the night of January 11, 1870, when the worst fire in the town's history "laid nearly one-half the business portion of Cheyenne in ashes,"¹¹ destroying the *Leader* plant and all its supplies. The *Wyoming Tribune*, after criticizing the fire department for its slowness and ineptitude, estimated Baker's losses at five thousand dollars and said he had no insurance.¹² The *Leader* of January 13, 1870,¹³ was silent on the matter of insurance, but put its losses at twice the *Tribune's* estimate and was altogether more gallant about the efforts of fire fighters to put out the blaze:

It has been thought that the labors of the firemen could have been rendered more efficient by proper direction. But we cannot say. It is easy to criticize and find fault after the danger and excitement is all over. The engine might have been a few minutes earlier but it seems that for many weeks there has been no suitable provisions for such an emergency. There was no fuel. Then again the supply of water soon gave out. . . . Before the fire had reached the Fort House the entire force of the office was busy in removing the material of the LEADER. A party from the TRIBUNE office soon came to our assistance and rendered brave and generous service. In a few minutes all the material as well as the household furniture belonging to Mr. Baker . . . was removed across the street, where it was hoped it would be safe. . . . The last article removed was the Gordon (power) press which was got outside the building just as the flames were issuing in the rear and almost over the heads of the brave men who labored to the last moment with untiring energy. The press had to be abandoned on the sidewalk in consequence of the heat which was now too intense for human endurance. In a few moments the building fell in and a tornado of flames swept across the street with resistless fury, rendering all our efforts abortive and destroying all that had

9. Newspaper clipping file, University of Wyoming Archives.

10. Letter of N. A. Baker to Grace Raymond Hebard, April 2, 1927, in the University of Wyoming Archives.

11. *Wyoming Tribune*, January 15, 1870, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

12. *Ibid.*

13. In an unsigned, unpublished MS. dealing with Baker in the University of Wyoming Archives he is quoted as saying that the *Leader* "never missed an issue" following the fire. However, the bound files of the *Leader* in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department for 1870 include no copies of the newspaper between Monday, January 10, and Thursday, January 13, the latter issue containing a full account of the fire. Baker was an elderly man when the unknown historian interviewed him, and it is possible that his memory may have betrayed his sense of accuracy.

been previously removed by so much exertion. The entire outfit of the office, which was one of the most complete and extensive in the West, together with a large quantity of paper and other stock, was consumed in less time than one can write an account of it. The LEADER'S loss will not fall short of \$10,000 . . .

Following the fire, Baker lost no time in re-establishing his plant. While makeshift headquarters were set up in the office of the defunct *Argus*, Baker himself journeyed to Chicago to buy new equipment and supplies. Thirty days later the *Leader* was being published in a new and better plant.¹⁴

For reasons this investigation has been unable to establish, Baker sold all his Wyoming interests in 1872, went to Denver, and there embarked on a publishing business that turned out "artistic printing."¹⁵ At some time in the early 'seventies he began a fish hatchery at Baker's Springs, the quarter-section in the West Denver lowlands that his father had homesteaded in 1860, and for a time the former newspaperman raised mountain trout. Still later he engaged in the real estate business, and for a time was a "calculating expert" employed by the United States mint in Denver.¹⁶ He died in the Denver home of his daughter May 27, 1934.¹⁷

JAMES H. HAYFORD

While a legion of Wyoming editors came and went during the territorial period, their names living but briefly on the mastheads of their newspapers, James H. Hayford's lively and sometimes acrid prose distinguished the columns of the *Laramie Daily* and *Weekly Sentinels* for twenty-six years. For most of those years he was considered the pioneer newspaperman of Wyoming, since Baker, the original pioneer, chose to spend the greater part of his life in Colorado. The excellence of Hayford's editing and reporting was appreciated in many places besides his home town. The *Daily Sentinel* of May 10, 1870, for instance, contains "numerous compliments paid us by our contemporaries" on the disclosure that Baker had sold the paper to Hayford and Gates. The *Atchison* [Kansas] *Patriot* characterized the *Sentinel* as "one of the liveliest and spiciest dailies in the West . . ." The *Council Bluffs* [Iowa] *Nonpareil* said it was "a lively little sheet and we hope it may be compelled to enlarge before another year." The *Colorado Tribune*, calling the *Sentinel* "the best daily for a little one on our exchange list," expressed the hope that "the success of these gents will be equal to their efforts."

14. Unpublished, unsigned MS. in the University of Wyoming Archives

15. Newspaper clipping file, University of Wyoming Archives.

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Ibid.*

Hayford must have been a man of singular modesty, for no accounts of his life are contained in the various biographical compendiums of the day. Chaplin left a slight sketch of the man as a personality,¹⁸ but he gave few biographical details and made no reference at all to Hayford's life before his arrival in Wyoming. However, on Hayford's death, July 28, 1902, his old enemy, the *Boomerang*, the newspaper with which he had feuded for so many years, came out the following day with a full obituary, and on subsequent days with rather eulogistic commentaries.

Hayford, according to the *Boomerang's* obituary, was born December 26, 1826, in Potsdam, New York, and was first married at the age of nineteen. He earned his living for a time by teaching school in New York, Ohio, and Illinois, but while he was still a young man left teaching to attend and graduate from the University of Michigan medical school. Apparently Hayford considered all knowledge to be his province, for 1855 found him established in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, studying in a judge's law office. He was later admitted to the bar of that city, where for a time he practiced law. Some time later Hayford journeyed to Colorado, where he engaged in mining and practiced law. It was in 1867 that he moved to Cheyenne, went to work for Baker on the *Leader*, and was "one of the first to build a substantial residence in the tent city."¹⁹ While living in Cheyenne he was sent as a delegate to Washington to urge the separation of Wyoming from Dakota and its organization as a territory. He was active in the formation of the new territory, for several years he was a penitentiary commissioner, and for eight years he held office as territorial auditor, making, in 1871, the first report on public instruction in Wyoming.²⁰

His years in Laramie were not given over solely to being a newspaper editor. He was secretary of the first University of Wyoming Board of Trustees, and for eight years he was Laramie's postmaster. He was chairman of the meeting of newspaper editors who convened at the Inter-Ocean hotel in Cheyenne May 15, 1877, to organize themselves as the Wyoming Press Association.²¹ As justice of the peace he heard 1,856 cases, and no higher court ever reversed a Hayford decision. In 1895 he was appointed judge of the second judicial district to fill a vacancy caused by death. And in addition to all this, Hayford was a good Republi-

18. Pp. 22-23.

19. *Laramie Boomerang*, July 29, 1902.

20. I. S. Bartlett, *History of Wyoming* (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1918), I, P. 432.

21. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, May 16, 1877, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

can, "a substantial member of the Presbyterian Church," the husband of three wives, and the father of eighteen children."²²

Hayford's was a brilliant and tireless mind. His old political enemy, Judge Bramel, once said that Hayford "could sling more mud with a teaspoon than he [Bramel] could with a scoop-shovel."²³ Bramel was doubtless referring to Hayford's penetrating irony and his fearlessness in saying what he had to say. Sometimes, as the *Boomerang* noted in its issue of July 30, 1902, Hayford's words stung:

Mr. Hayford was strong in many directions. No one who knew him would deny his claims to the title of politician. He himself believed it the duty of every man to be one in the best sense and in his political activities he was a partisan because he believed his party was right. In his character as editor for so many years of a party paper he struck hard. He meant to do so. That he conceived to be his business, and sometimes his words rankled in the minds of his political opponents who felt that they were often unnecessarily harsh. . . .

Perhaps Hayford's most devastating weapon was that of quoting a victim and convicting the unfortunate by his own, ill-judged, ridiculous words. A notable example of this method of attack is found in the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* of December 16, 1871, it is quoted at length here because it illustrates Hayford's adroit and unique way of dealing with those he was sure were wrong. Hayford, who had been to Cheyenne to attend a meeting of the Wyoming legislature, had witnessed the attempt of one of the legislators, S. F. Nuckolls, to start a movement for the repeal of the act granting suffrage to Wyoming women, an act which Hayford himself had championed from the beginning. Angry and contemptuous, he wrote:

We listened night before last to the argument in the Council upon the motion to pass the act over the Governor's veto, repealing the act enfranchising women in this Territory. As our readers generally did not enjoy this rare intellectual treat, we propose to give them a little outline of what was said.

Mr. Nuckolls introduced the motion and made a speech in its favor. Mr. Nuckolls is no speaker, and when in his normal condition he has sense enough to be conscious of the fact and hold his tongue, but on this particular occasion he was conscious that something "had to be did," and fortified himself accordingly.

The leaders of the scheme knew they lacked one vote in the Council. They had moved heaven and earth to secure that one vote. They had approached one of our members, who, in a spirit of waggishness, had encouraged their advances, and made him more and greater promises than the Devil did the Savior. They had agreed to make him President of the Council at first, and would give him everything from the next delegateship to Congress up to a thousand dollars in

22. *Laramie Boomerang*, July 29, 1902.

23. Chaplin, p. 22.

cash afterwards, if he would only fall down and worship them by helping disenfranchise the women. All the facts in the case and the names of the interested parties to these efforts will be given to the public at no distant day, and they will find it interesting, too, but just now we have something else to chronicle. . . .

Mr. Nuckolls said: "I never saw the sun go down upon an election day when I had been engaged in a political contest, struggling to secure the triumph of my principles and party, that I did not feel that I had been engaged in a dirty, disreputable business; such business as no woman could be engaged in without morally degrading herself. . . . I think women were made to *obey men*. They generally promise to obey at any rate, and I think you had better either abolish the female suffrage act or get up a new marriage ceremony to fit it." He closed his eloquent appeal with the entirely original remark, "I don't think women ought to mingle in the dirty pool of politics." Here the venerable ex-member of Congress sat down, evidently overcome by his feeling. . . .

The narrow-gauge member from Cheyenne flies to the rescue. His head is very small, but what he lacks in brains is made up by thickness of skull. . . .

Mr. [W. R.] Steele said: "The Governor hadn't got no right to veto this bill. He hasn't got no right to veto this bill nor nothin' that we pass unless it is somethin' witch after it has passed it shall appear that it is wrong or that there is somethin' wrong by witch reason it had ought not to become a law, accordin' to my reasonin'. I am willin' every old woman shall hev a guardian if she wants one and kin git it. . . .

"It ain't no party question this bill ain't. I wouldn't let it come up in that shape. I would know better than that. This woman suffrage business will sap the foundation of society. Woman can't engage in politics without losin' her virtue." (As the gentleman's wife was quite an active politician during the campaign, we leave him to settle the above question with her.—Ed.)

"No woman ain't got no right to set on a jury unless she is a man and every lawyer knows it, and I don't bleeve it anyhow. I don't think women juries has been a success here in Wyomin'. They watch the face of the judge too much when the lawyer is addressin' 'em. That shows they ain't fit for jurors in my way of thinkin'. . . .

"The Legislature hadn't got no right to let the women vote in the first place. . . . If those who hev exercised this debasin' and demoralizin' right can't hev it took away from 'em now we can at least present anymore of 'em from gittin' it and thus save the unborn babe and the girl of sixteen. . . ."

Hayford was not always the victor during his long career as a newspaperman. As has been shown, the *Sentinel* had become a weekly paper by the time the *Boomerang* was established, and although both were Republican in politics, the *Boomerang* as a daily "had the backing of the Republican organization of the county and took from the *Sentinel* practically all the public patronage."²⁴ Hayford apparently found this loss of revenue so hard to accept that in 1882 he consented to run on the Democratic ticket for justice of the peace, at the same time agreeing with the Repub-

24. Chaplin, p. 22.

lican county committee to write some blistering articles in aid of the Republican cause. He was exposed in this dual role by the *Boomerang*, and the revelation lost him the Democratic vote. Bill Nye, at whom Hayford had been sniping ever since the humorist began editing the *Boomerang*,²⁵ referred to Hayford's humiliating defeat in his now-famous letter of resignation in 1883 as Laramie's postmaster.

Acting under the advice of Gen. Hatton a year ago, I removed the feather bed with which my predecessor, Deacon Hayford, had bolstered up his administration by stuffing the window, and substituted glass. Finding nothing in the book of instructions to postmasters which made the feather bed a part of my official duties, I filed it away in an obscure place and burned it in effigy, also in the gloaming. This act maddened my predecessor to such an extent that he then and there became a candidate for justice of the peace on the democratic ticket. The democratic party was able, however, with what aid it secured from the republicans, to plow the old man under to a great degree. . . .²⁶

According to an unsigned editorial in the *Boomerang* of July 30, 1902, Hayford liked nothing better than to argue theology with someone well versed in the field, since he was "naturally more of a theologian than a politician, more of a moralist than a judge. . . ." In a final assessment of Hayford's character, the unnamed writer found that, on the whole, "he was a fine example of a man born and reared in a religious atmosphere wholly different from that of today, and imbued with the thoughts and feelings of more than half a century ago, who nevertheless had kept his face to the future, and had brought to bear the new ideas upon the old conceptions in such a way that while clinging to the original framework he had held to little else than the framework." And forgetting any acrimony that might have been bred by the *Sentinel-Boomerang* feud, the newspaper concluded, "Judge Hayford with his pen moulded much of the progress of the period, and from the columns of the *Sentinel* may be read much of the history of the state."

EDWARD ARCHIBALD SLACK

The newspaper career of Edward Archibald Slack, whose associates and friends call him "colonel" because of his service with the Grand Army of the Republic, lasted for twenty-nine years—from

25. A typical example of how Nye fared in the columns of the *Sentinel* is this item appearing May 6, 1881: "Mrs. Judge Nye and children left this week for the east for quite a protracted visit. We saw Nye around the streets yesterday and hardly knew him. He has had his head shaved and sandpapered, he wore a standing collar and white cravat, with black kid gloves, white silk stockings and red morocco pumps. He also had on sawdust calves and is evidently fixing himself up for a gay deceiver."

26. Quoted by Chaplin, p. 20.

the time he bought the *South Pass News* in 1869 to 1898, the year he relinquished control of the *Cheyenne Sun-Leader* upon his appointment as receiver of the United States land office in Cheyenne.²⁷ Slack, as has been shown, founded the *Laramie Daily Independent* in 1871, moved it to Cheyenne five years later and consolidated it with the *Cheyenne Daily News*. In 1895 he bought the *Cheyenne Leader*, and for the remainder of his years as a newspaperman published the *Sun-Leader*.²⁸

Slack was born in Oswego, New York, October 2, 1842. His father was a civil engineer of some distinction and the close friend of General G. M. Dodge, the man in charge of building the Union Pacific Railroad west from Omaha. His mother, who later was widowed and remarried, was Esther Hobart Morris, a dynamic worker for women's suffrage and the nation's first woman justice of the peace.²⁹ Slack began to learn printing in Peru, Illinois; he continued with the trade in Chicago until his apprenticeship was interrupted by the Civil War and his three years of service with the Northern forces. Upon his release from the army he attended Chicago University for a time.³⁰ He emigrated to South Pass City in 1868, engaged for a time in mining and in the operating of a sawmill, bought the *South Pass News* from N. A. Baker, and, eventually, became clerk of the district court. It was in the latter capacity that in 1870 he swore in his mother as justice of the peace.³¹ Slack was married early in 1871 to Sarah F. Neeley, sister of the wife of General John M. Palmer, at the time governor of Illinois. The wedding took place in the governor's mansion.³²

William Chapin Deming, who later was to become one of Wyoming's best-known newspapermen, described Slack as "a powerful man physically, energetic to the nth degree, but with little or no control of his temper. This together with the fact that he had not only been a crusader but was also quite partisan [Slack was at different times politically a Republican and a Democrat] resulted in a good many enemies, such as an active newspaperman usually

27. Chaplin, p. 23, gives the date Slack ceased being a newspaperman as 1905, but Bartlett, p. 452, says that upon Slack's government appointment Capt. Harry A. Clark became a partner in the ownership of the newspaper with Wallace C. Bond, Slack's son-in-law, who had hitherto been associated with Slack in the publication of the *Cheyenne-Sun-Leader*. Since Bartlett himself was a member of the company which in 1906 bought the *Leader* (by which time the word "Sun" had been dropped from the masthead) from Bond and Clark, his date is presumed to be correct.

28. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming* (Chicago: A. W. Bowen, 1903), p. 220.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 220.

30. *Ibid.*, p. 220.

31. Mrs. Wallace C. Bond, "Sarah Frances Slack," *Annals of Wyoming*, IV (Jan., 1927), 355.

32. *Ibid.*, p. 356.

finds camping upon his trail."³³ Chaplin, however, softened the portrait, for while stating that Slack "never hesitated to call things by their proper names," he recorded that the "colonel" was fond of and even lavish with his entertaining, that he basked in the fraternal aura of the annual Wyoming Press Association meetings, and that he enjoyed giving philosophical advice to his apprentice printers.³⁴

An examination of his newspapers shows that Slack was in the front of the fight for statehood and in the crusade for free textbooks for Wyoming schools, that he was active in the formation of the Wyoming Editorial Association which at one time he headed, that he was the organizer of the Pioneer Association from which stemmed the idea of holding annual Frontier Day celebrations in Cheyenne, that he was an advocate of water, sewer, and electric street lighting systems for the Magic City, and was a strong champion of higher salaries for public school teachers.

Chaplin says that a few years before March 23, 1907, the day on which Slack died, he "seemed to come to a realization of the necessity for accumulating some money to leave his family."³⁵ Hitherto he had put his profits back into his newspaper, so that he had made only a "bare living" for himself and his family.³⁶ At the turn of the century, then, Slack began "erecting not only a number of medium-sized office buildings on the southwest corner of Capitol avenue and Seventeenth street, in Cheyenne, but . . . also . . . a large and commodious building just north of the Inter-Ocean Hotel on Capitol avenue . . ."³⁷ So it was that upon his death he was able to leave his wife and two daughters "a competence of about \$45,000."³⁸

CHARLES W. BRAMEL

None of the newspapers with which Charles W. Bramel was associated survived for any great length of time, yet Bramel himself should be included in any record of early Wyoming journalism if only for his incurable addiction to printer's ink. When, as has been shown, the *Laramie Daily Sun* did not prosper, Bramel sold it to E. A. Slack and began publishing the *Laramie Daily Chronicle*. When the *Chronicle* lost the county printing to the *Sentinel*, Bramel sold it and began publication of the short-lived *Laramie Daily Times*. As Chaplin was to remark later, the man was "so

33. Agnes Wright Spring, *William Chapin Deming of Wyoming* (Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1944), p. 95.

34. Chaplin, p. 23.

35. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

37. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 221.

38. Chaplin, p. 23.

constituted that it seemed impossible for him to keep out of the newspaper business."³⁹

Bramel was born in Virginia August 11, 1840, grew up in St. Joseph, Missouri, and graduated from Bloomington college, Missouri, at the age of eighteen.⁴⁰ After practicing law in St. Joseph for a number of years, Bramel, like so many other bright men of that period, resolved to seek his fortune in the new country opening up in the West. Accordingly in 1867 he went to the Colorado mining town of Georgetown, then booming, and there began practicing law.⁴¹ A year later he was elected probate judge of Clear Creek county, of which Georgetown was the seat. In 1869 Bramel moved to Laramie and there he continued to follow the legal profession. He was Albany county prosecuting attorney for two terms. During the sessions of 1874 and 1876 he served as a member of the territorial council of Wyoming.⁴² In 1877 and 1878 he was secretary of the territorial council, in his spare time interesting himself in the affairs of the *Cheyenne Daily Gazette*.⁴³ In subsequent years Bramel was a member of the Laramie city council, city attorney of Laramie, judge advocate on Governor John E. Osborne's staff, Albany county prosecuting attorney once more, and finally judge of the second judicial district, comprising Albany, Natrona, and Fremont counties.⁴⁴

Unfortunately for the historian, only one or two single copies of newspapers edited by Bramel have been preserved, making it necessary to turn to Chaplin for what meager information there is about his journalistic days:

Judge Bramel hit hard licks, but always acknowledged that he was unable to throw as much mud as Editor Hayford of the *Sentinel*. On one occasion while publishing the *Chronicle* he became engaged in a controversy with the Rev. Edmonston, at that time pastor of the Methodist church. One article appearing in the paper relating to Edmonston was headed, "A Pestiferous, Pious Politician Pointedly Peppered." The controversy ended in a street fight. Bramel had gone to the telegraph office to get some report and met the preacher at the corner of Second and Thornburg. A wordy war ensued until the divine shook his fist at the judge and said: "Bramel, I am not afraid of you." The remark was immediately followed by a blow from Bramel's right that sent the minister to the gutter. Upon his arrival at the printing office the judge nonchalantly remarked, "I licked the Methodist preacher while I was out."

Judge Bramel was arrested and fined for a breach of the peace, but the crowd assembled in the justice court immediately paid the fine as a testimonial of their regard and faith in his integrity.⁴⁵

39. P. 11.

40. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 162.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 162.

42. *Ibid.*, p. 162.

43. Chaplin, p. 12.

44. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 162.

From Chaplin's remarks and from the files of the *Laramie Sentinel* itself, it is possible to deduce that Bramel and Hayford, in the journalistic custom of the day, constantly exchanged insulting remarks about each other and about their respective newspapers. How serious these comments were in intent it is impossible to say. Yet at some period of their lives, possibly after both men left the newspaper field, they must have become friends, for when Hayford was given his Masonic funeral, Bramel was one of the honorary pallbearers.⁴⁶

EDGAR WILSON NYE

Of all territorial Wyoming newspapermen, Edgar Wilson Nye was the one who made the largest fortune and achieved the greatest fame. When he died of a stroke at the age of forty-five, the founder of the *Laramie Boomerang* was known all over the country as Bill Nye, humorist and author of fourteen books, and a popular lecturer who read his funny sketches on the same platform James Whitcomb Riley used for reciting his folksy poems, as a spellbinder of audiences even in Great Britain, and as a valued contributor to the *New York World*, for which he covered the Paris Exposition in 1889 at a reported salary of one thousand dollars a week. His admirers have made a national shrine of his grave in Fletcher, North Carolina.⁴⁷

Nye was born August 25, 1850, in Shirley, Maine, a small town he was later to recall with noticeable ambivalence:

A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that a casual meeting took place, which has, under the alchemy of resistless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason, I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.⁴⁸

Nye's father was a lumberman whose life was full of hardships. When only two years old, the son, pondering the difficulties of an existence that kept his father away from home for the duration of winter, took his parents by the hand, and, telling them Pisca-

45. Chaplin, p. 12.

46. *Laramie Boomerang*, July 31, 1902.

47. Bill Nye, *His Own Life Story, Continuity* by Frank Wilson Nye (New York: The Century Co., 1926), illustrations facing p. 408. This book is probably the best source of material on Nye because many of the *Boomerang's* bound file were destroyed by fire September 8, 1889.

48. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

taquis county was no place for them, he boldly moved the family to Wisconsin where the Nyes settled on a farm at Kinnic Kinnic.⁴⁹

Nye attended the River Falls Academy. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he decided to become a miller, "with flour on my clothes and a salary of \$200 per month."⁵⁰ Actually, the salary proved to be twenty-six dollars a month, and Nye, by his own account, was not very efficient, for "one day the proprietor came upstairs and discovered me in a brown study, whereupon he cursed me in a subdued Presbyterian way, abbreviated my salary . . . to \$18 and reduced me to the ranks. . . ."⁵¹

At the age of twenty-four Nye left milling to study law, but from all accounts he was unable to grasp the opinions of English jurists and found it difficult to digest the voluminous reports of cases in American law books. At length he turned to teaching school at a salary of thirty dollars a month.⁵²

During these later years in Wisconsin Nye dabbled in journalism, sending in personal paragraphs and funny stories to small-town newspapers published near Kinnic Kinnic. His first taste of fame came when one of the items was reprinted in the *Chicago Times*. The heady satisfaction of seeing his work in a large newspaper may have brought about a turning-point in Nye's life: when he was twenty-six he quit school-teaching and tried to get a job on the metropolitan dailies in both Minneapolis and St. Paul. He was not successful.

It was at this time, the spring of 1876, that Nye, unable to find a satisfactory niche for himself in the Middle West, boarded a train for Cheyenne, where John J. Jenkins, in whose Chippewa Falls office the boy had read law, was United States attorney for the territory of Wyoming. It was Jenkins who sent him to J. H. Hayford. The Laramie editor gave the newcomer a job on the *Daily Sentinel*, a job which Nye found congenial, if not highly paid:

The opportunity to do reporting came to the surface, and I improved it. The salary was not large; it was not impressive. It was not calculated to canker the soul. By putting handles on it every Saturday evening, I was enabled to carry it home by myself, the distance being short. I used it wisely, not running through it as some would have done. . . . He [Hayford] gave me \$12 a week to edit the paper — local, telegraph, selections, religious, sporting, fashion, political, and obituary. He said that \$12 was too much, but, if I would jerk the press occasionally and take care of his children, he would try to stand it. Perhaps I might have been there yet if I hadn't had a red-hot political campaign and measles among the children at the same time. You can't mix measles and politics. So I said one day I would have to draw the line at measles.

49. *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10.

50. *Ibid.*, p. 26.

51. *Ibid.*, pp. 26-27.

52. *Ibid.*, pp. 28-33.

I collected my princely salary and quit, having acquired a style of fearless and independent journalism which I still retain. I can write up things that never occurred with a masterly and graphic hand. Then, if they occur afterward, I am grateful; if not, I bow to the inevitable and smother my chagrin.⁵³

Chaplin states that as a newsgatherer Nye was not a great success, that his mind ran more to "lurid glare" than to facts. For a week at some time during 1877, Nye and James P. C. Poulton, city editor of the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, changed places just for the fun of it. But Nye, according to Chaplin, neglected the local items that were Poulton's specialty and that made the *Sun* "an exceedingly interesting local paper," so that "a week of Billy Nye was all that Colonel Slack, the editor of the *Sun*, desired. . . . Nye had no conception of the value of the personal item or the short paragraphs that go to make up the grist of news that makes a local paper popular with its readers."⁵⁴

After he had managed to pass the bar examinations in Laramie in 1877, Nye left the *Sentinel* to devote all his time to the practice of law. Later he engaged in mining, became a justice of the peace and United States Commissioner. In 1882 he succeeded Hayford as postmaster in Laramie. In addition to all these activities, Nye, as has been mentioned, was chosen by Laramie Republicans to be the editor and manager of their new newspaper, the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*. It was Nye himself who gave the newspaper its name in honor of a stray mule which he had adopted as a mascot.⁵⁵ Years after leaving Laramie Nye described his experience as editor of the *Boomerang* to a national convention of editors:

It wasn't much of a paper, but it cost \$16,000 a year to run, and it came out six days in the week, no matter what the weather. We took the Associated Press news by telegraph part of the time, and part of the time we relied on the Cheyenne morning papers, which we procured from the conductor on the early morning freight. We received a great many special telegrams from Washington in that way. And when the freight train got in late, I had to guess at what Congress was doing and fix up a column of telegraph the best I could. There was a rival evening paper there [*Laramie Daily Times*] and sometimes it would send a smart boy down to the train and get hold of our special telegrams. Sometimes the conductor would go away on a picnic and take our Cheyenne papers with him.

All these things are annoying to a man who is trying to supply a long felt want. There was one conductor, in particular, who used to go into the foothills shooting sage hens and take our cablegrams with him. This threw too much strain on me. I could guess at what Congress was doing and make up a pretty readable report, but foreign powers and crowned heads and dynasties always mixed me up. . . .

53. *Ibid.*, pp. 43-44.

54. Chaplin, p. 19.

55. *Bill Nye, His Own Life Story*, p. 77.

There were between two and three thousand people [in Laramie] and our local circulation ran from 150 to 250, counting deadheads.⁵⁶

In the third year after the founding of the *Boomerang* an attack of meningitis forced Nye to resign as editor and as postmaster. Late in 1883 his doctor told him he could not live in a town of Laramie's altitude. For a time Nye stayed with relatives of his wife in Greeley, Colorado; later he bought a small house in Hudson, Wisconsin, not far from his parents' farm. In 1885, his health restored, Nye began his public lectures and a weekly letter to the *Boston Globe*. Success followed success in this country and abroad until his premature death, February 22, 1896, in the imposing, towered house he had built for his family on Buck Shoals Hill, near Fletcher, North Carolina. The last thing he wrote appeared on the day of his death, and, by a coincidence, it contained this paragraph:

Sometimes it is perfectly tiresome waiting for a man to die so that you will feel safe in saying what you think of him, but if he happens to be a large, robust man, it certainly pays to do so.⁵⁷

ASA SHINN MERCER

There was not a hesitant, compromising bone in Asa Shinn Mercer. It was because of his utter fearlessness in printing what he thought to be right that he lost his thriving Cheyenne Weekly, the *Northwestern Livestock Journal*, and the home he had made in the capital city from which he and his family were virtually hounded. The story behind this expulsion is this: Mercer for some time had been concerned with the Johnson county range wars between the cattle barons and the grangers. The wars began in the eighteen-eighties. In October, 1892, Mercer printed in full a confession by George Dunning. The account gave in detail the means by which the Wyoming Stock Growers Association had hired gunmen, of whom Dunning was one, to kill off the settlers; it described in full the cattlemen's attack on and murder of a number of Johnson county ranchers.⁵⁸ In publishing the confession, Mercer showed great bravery, since his newspaper was written for and supported by the very people whom he was now exposing—the rich and powerful cattle lords. Mercer must have foreseen that the cattlemen would react, but he could not have anticipated the full extent of what these reactions would bring about: his arrest on a charge of criminal libel, his imprisonment,

56. *Ibid.*, pp. 80-81.

57. *Ibid.*, pp. 405-6.

58. A. S. Mercer, *The Banditti of the Plains* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), pp. 151-195. Actually it was members of the Association and not an official action of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.—Ed.

the seizure of his printing office, and the withholding by the Cheyenne postmaster of all copies of the paper containing the confession on the grounds that they constituted "obscene matter," and were therefore unfit to be carried by the United States mails. In a foreword to a recent reprinting of *The Banditti of the Plains* which Mercer wrote two years after publication of the Dunning confession, William H. Kittrell says that charging Mercer with obscenity was "an accusation palpably as false as charging Queen Victoria with lewdness or St. Francis of Assisi with disorderly conduct."⁵⁹ For the fact is that Mercer was the most proper of men.

He was born in Princeton, Illinois, June 6, 1839.⁶⁰ Little has been recorded of his early life before the summer of 1861, when he left Franklin College, Ohio, with a bachelor's degree, headed west to Seattle to visit his older brother, Judge Thomas Mercer, and fell in love with the Northwest.⁶¹ His first job was that of president and sole teacher at the newly-founded territorial University of Washington. He was engaged for five months, beginning November 4, 1861, at a salary of two hundred dollars.⁶² At the end of this period he ordered some printed circulars, hired two Indians with a canoe, and traveled about four hundred miles visiting all the logging camps he could find from Bellingham to Olympia, in an attempt to induce young men to go to Seattle and study at the university. By these personal efforts he recruited twelve additional male students.⁶³ To cut down the expenses of his students, Mercer ordered wholesale groceries from San Francisco and opened a boarding house where undergraduates could live for three dollars a week.

In 1863 Mercer made the first of his now-famous expeditions to the East to get young women to return with him as prospective wives for the white men of the West who were marrying squaws, a state of affairs that was said to be producing "outlaws."⁶⁴ The following year he returned to Seattle with eleven young women from Lowell, Massachusetts. Although he found jobs for all of them, soon they were married and starting families. Encouraged by his success, Mercer made a second recruiting trip to the East in 1865, but this venture was full of disappointments:

Lincoln has been assassinated. Mercer had intended to ask Lincoln for a discarded warship to transport his emigrants to the west coast.

59. *Ibid.*, p. xxiv.

60. Clipping file, University of Wyoming Archives.

61. Delphine Henderson, "Asa Shinn Mercer, Northwest Publicity Agent," *Reed College [Portland, Oregon] Bulletin*, XXIII (Jan., 1945), 21.

62. *Ibid.*, p. 21.

63. *Ibid.*, p. 22.

64. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

Now it looked as though there were to be no emigration. However, Mercer decided to see the governor of Massachusetts and President Johnson. But it was not until General Grant had heard his story that Mercer received any active support. It has been said that Grant, as an officer stationed at Fort Vancouver, had missed the feminine touch. Anyway, Grant saw to it that Mercer received an order for a ship. Now the promoter met with a second disappointment. Quartermaster General Meigs failed to comply with Grant's order. The legend goes that Meigs was in a bad humor when Mercer called on him. Later the Quartermaster General changed his mind and offered to sell the 1600-ton steamer *Continental* to Mercer for \$60,000. Although this was a good buy, the latter did not have the money. Ben Holladay, ship and railroad king, quickly took advantage of the opportunity to buy the steamer at such a bargain, and agreed to transport five hundred emigrants at a reasonable fee. Mercer was now ready to launch his campaign. The publicity he received was enormous. . . . Mercer . . . collected about one hundred passengers in all. . . . Because Mercer had failed to get the number agreed upon in the contract, Holladay considered it void and demanded the regular fare from the one hundred passengers.

The *Continental* sailed February 6, 1866, and reached San Francisco ninety-six days later. . . . Mercer spent his last three dollars on a telegram to Governor Pickering asking for money to transport the women to Seattle. . . . Much to his dismay the governor sent him a telegram (\$7.50 collect) praising him for his effort. . . .⁶⁵

Mercer was able to get out of his difficulties only by selling some farm machinery he had bought in the East with funds entrusted to him for that purpose by a number of Northwest settlers. He was able to land his charges in Seattle finally, but his troubles were far from being at an end. Easterners who had paid him for passage on the *Continental*, but who had decided not to travel west in the ship, brought attachment suits against him. It was said that large sums of money that had been given him by relatives and friends for different purposes had all been diverted into the emigration scheme.⁶⁶ But, according to Miss Henderson, Mercer was well thought of by the people of the Northwest despite all the criticism, and eventually Mercer Island was named in his honor.⁶⁷

After settling his second group of emigrant women, Mercer, who by now had served a term as joint councilman in the Washington territorial upper house assembly, moved on to Oregon where, according to Bancroft, he built the first grain wharf in Astoria and "originated the project of shipping direct to the east by sailing vessels."⁶⁸ The governor of Oregon appointed him special com-

65. *Ibid.*, pp. 26-7.

66. *Ibid.*, pp. 27-8.

67. *Ibid.*, p. 28.

68. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Bancroft's Works*, XXV, *History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming, 1540-1888* (San Francisco: History Company, 1890), p. 799 n.

missioner of immigration.⁶⁹ Mercer wrote a number of pamphlets on the new country, and in 1875 he began publication of the *Oregon Granger*.⁷⁰ But a year later, for reasons unknown, he left Oregon for Texas where he lived in cattle towns for seven years, busily publishing four newspapers: the *Wichita Herald*, the *Vernon Guard*, the *Bowie Cross Timber*, and the *Mobeetie Panhandle*.⁷¹

In 1883, again for reasons unknown, Mercer sold out his Texas interests and went north to Cheyenne, where, as has been shown, he began publication November 23 of the *Northwestern Livestock Journal* in partnership with S. A. Marney. The *Cheyenne Democratic Leader* of July 22, 1884, described Mercer as "a gentleman who is above the medium in size, of comparatively little rotundity, but with a wealth of golden hair confined principally to his face, and like angels' visits on the top of his head."

Apparently, all went well for Mercer until the day he published the Dunning confession. It is not possible to know, as Kittrell says, that he rued the day he did so,⁷² since no evidence has been found recording any such regret. Moreover, since Mercer was apparently a man of principle, it is hard to think that he repented his action, especially since on the title page of *The Banditti of the Plains* he wrote that the Johnson county range wars were "the crowning infamy of the ages."

When he was forced to leave Cheyenne, he took his family to Hyattville in northern Wyoming and settled on a ranch which he was to develop into "one of the finest in the state."⁷³ There, in virtual obscurity, he spent the last twenty-three years of his life. When he died August 10, 1917, the *Buffalo Bulletin* passed over Mercer's Cheyenne ordeal and made no mention of his authorship of the controversial *Banditti*, but said with the conventional kindness of the day that during his Wyoming residence "Colonel Mercer has been actively engaged in the arduous occupation of trying to build up and develop the great country of his adoption, and his efforts will live forever."⁷⁴

MERRIS C. BARROW

A man of vast energy often in trouble of one kind or another, Merris C. Barrow began his newspaper career as a printer. Born in Canton, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1857, the son of a Christian Church minister, Barrow lived in Missouri and Nebraska before he

69. Henderson, p. 29.

70. George S. Turnbull, *History of Oregon Newspapers*, (Portland, Oregon: Binford & Mort, 1939), p. 295.

71. Henderson, p. 29.

72. *The Banditti of the Plains*, p. xvi.

73. Clipping file, University of Wyoming Archives.

74. *Ibid.*

settled in Wyoming.⁷⁵ It was in Tecumseh, Nebraska, that he learned to set type, a skill that eventually led him to lease for a short period the *Tecumseh Chieftain*. At some time in 1878 he became a United States postal clerk, working on trains out of Omaha; shortly after the appointment he was transferred to Laramie, sorting mail on trains between that city and Sidney, Nebraska.

Barrow's first serious misfortune occurred in January, 1870, when he was arrested on a charge of robbing the United States mails. Leading citizens of Laramie provided bail and Barrow was eventually acquitted, yet the arrest plagued him all his life and gave rival editors the ammunition with which they were always able to humiliate him in the relentless battles of words that were characteristic of frontier journalism.⁷⁶ On the other hand, this early trouble returned Barrow, now a husband and father, to the newspaper career he was to follow until his death: he was given a job, pending his trial, on the *Laramie Daily Times* as compositor and reporter. After his acquittal he was made its city editor. Chaplin says that Barrow "was a good news gatherer and made the *Times* a very readable paper."⁷⁷

Early in 1881 when he learned that Bill Nye was planning to start the *Boomerang*, financed by a number of Laramie's leading citizens to combat the influence of the Democratic *Times*, Barrow, himself a "stalwart Republican,"⁷⁸ applied for and was given a job as compositor.⁷⁹ Six years later when he had established his newspaper, *Bill Barlow's Budget*, in Douglas, Barrow, with his own characteristic kind of humor, described in it the birth of the *Boomerang*:

A small room above a boot store, a Washington handpress, on which have just been placed the forms of what constitutes the first number of the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*. Bill Nye—then a comparatively unknown man outside of Laramie—stands near, a smile of eager anticipation on his genial phiz and his "high forehead" shining like a mirror. Beside him Bob Head, the city editor, More Kingsford, Billy Kemmis and myself—"Slug 2," "slug 3" and "slug 4"—bring up the rear, interested but not excited. Will Chaplin, the foreman with his hand on the tympan awaits the inking of the forms which is being done by Jimmie Mulhern, the devil, under the immediate supervision of George Garrett, the job printer. The tympan falls with a bang, the bed slights beneath the platen, the devil's tail plays with a double knock against the press-post, the bed returns to the end of the

75. Prine, p. 12. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 499, gives the date of Barrow's birth at 1860. However, Mrs. Prine's date is doubtless correct, since in writing her life of Barrow she had access to family records.

76. *Ibid.*, pp. 19-20.

77. Chaplin, p. 24.

78. *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 500.

79. Chaplin, p. 24.

track, the tympan is raised, and Chaplin, with a smile, hands Nye the first paper.⁸⁰

When illness forced Nye to resign from the paper, Barrow took on the editorship, a post which he held until early in 1884, when, for reasons which this study has been unable to determine, the *Boomerang* management fired him. Barrow himself only hinted at the story behind the dismissal in the *Boomerang* of March 19, 1884, the last issue under his editorship:

With this issue the writer retires from the position of chief mutilator of truth on this great moral and religious journal. Though not as old in the harness as some of our newspaper brethren, we have experience enough to warrant our remarking right here, that it is a thankless job—that of editing a paper. It is a “demnition grind,” which wears out body and soul. We drop the [pen] . . . mentally resolving rather than resume it again, to wield a long-handled pitchfork or shorthand writer in some second-class livery stable, or monkey with brake wheels at \$65 per month . . .

Barrow's next job was as editor of the Rawlins *Wyoming Tribune*, mentioned earlier as a Republican newspaper established in September, 1884. Although he remained with this paper for only eighteen months, he is said to have “whooped her up plenty,” to have made it “a treasure and necessity in scores of homes in and out of old Carbon county,” and to have reached six hundred “good-natured and patient” readers.⁸¹

According to Chaplin, it was in Rawlins that Barrow was first “seized with the idea that the Northwestern Railroad [at first incorporated as the Wyoming Central Railroad Company] was going to bring central Wyoming rapidly to the front.”⁸² Early in 1886 Barrow, using some money his wife had only recently inherited, bought printing equipment and supplies in Chicago, had it shipped by rail to Chadron, Nebraska, which was as far as the railroad had been built at that time, put the machinery on a mule train bound for Fort Fetterman, and on June 9, in a small shack that was later used as a chicken coop, printed the first number of *Bill Barlow's Budget*. In August he moved the plant to nearby Douglas.⁸³

From its beginning the *Budget* was popular with its readers. As the town grew, so did Barrow's newspaper: in the spring of 1887 he was able to order a thousand pounds of new type and machinery; in the following September he enlarged the building housing the plant. As Douglas continued to grow, Barrow became its town clerk, a member of the school board, and, finally,

80. *Bill Barlow's Budget*, March 23, 1887.

81. Prine, p. 25.

82. Chaplin, p. 24.

83. Prine, pp. 34-35.

on May 13, 1890, its mayor. In his editorial columns, in the meantime, he had pleaded for an up-to-date water system, a fire department, and campaigned for cleaning up the town and for planting trees and shrubs; he had, as noted previously, waged fierce battles with rival newspapers and blazoned abroad their deaths. But busy man though he was, he seldom lacked the time or space in which to proclaim the virtues of Douglas as a community with a future, and of the *Budget* as a newspaper without peer. The following item is a typical example of Barrow's exuberance:

Envy, jealousy and anger may prompt the assertion that Douglas is a dead town; but the *Budget* itself—every issue of it—proves conclusively to the contrary. No "dead town" could support a newspaper as the *Budget* is supported; no "dead town" could long maintain such an establishment. In fact the history of the *Budget*, dating from the hour of its birth, furnishes ample evidence that the town of Douglas is alive, wideawake, growing and prosperous. The paper has made money from the day of its inception. While two would-be rivals winked out through sheer starvation, the *Budget* prospered . . . Hence I maintain that the *Budget* is a monument erected by the people of Douglas and central Wyoming which stands today as indisputable evidence of their own prosperity.⁸⁴

Very often, however, Barrow could be bitter and would name names in the columns of the *Budget*, a personal indulgence that led to the beating and threatened ducking mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

In January, 1904, he began publication of *Sagebrush Philosophy*, a thirty-two-page monthly magazine containing jokes, maxims, and humorous articles on topical events and national figures. A little over a year later he told his readers that the magazine had achieved a national circulation of twelve thousand copies, and that advance orders were increasing beyond that figure.⁸⁵ His readers and his friends, including Chaplin, were comparing his style and humor with that of Elbert Hubbard.⁸⁶ He continued his writing until his death of heart failure October 9, 1910. The citizens of Douglas showed the esteem in which they held him by closing the schools and giving him the biggest funeral in the town's history.

Eight years before his death Barrow had written in the *Budget*:

The Wyoming newspaper man is an optimist, if there ever was one. Even in his sober moments—and he has 'em—he sees things. Given a country store or two at an isolated cross-roads and he builds a city; . . . a forty-dollar addition to your modest shack makes it a mansion, and his town is the only town, and the best ever. He is

84. *Bill Barlow's Budget*, March 21, 1888.

85. Prine, pp. 157, *et. seq.*

86. Chaplin, p. 24, and Prine, pp. 178-9.

always willing to fudge a little in handling cold fact, and as prophet he simply skunks Elijah and all his ilk. . . . Of necessity he is sometimes a liar; but to sorter toy with the truth in prophetic spirit for the good of the country or community in which he lives is with him a labor of love, and by reason of a special dispensation granted him direct from Deity, these trifling idiosyncrasies which we of the profesh term "essential errors" are not charged up against him in the Big Book. In many cases he is snubbed and sinned against—by the man who has mental mumps, the mossback and the miser—of whom we do have a few rare specimens . . . when he sets out to paint the rose for you, his pencil can cough up colors they've never yet been able to find in the kaleidoscope.⁸⁷

It was a description that fitted not only Barrow himself but all the other Wyoming newspapermen, who, amidst the worries and triumphs of political campaigning, despite disasters and threats of disaster, composed, printed, and distributed their newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the new frontier.

ADDENDA

Information from our readers relating to WYOMING'S FRONTIER NEWSPAPERS in the October, 1961 *Annals of Wyoming*:

Mrs. Leland Harris of Lovell has written in regard to one early newspaper that was not mentioned. It was the *Otto Courier*, published in Otto, Big Horn county, editor, Lou Blakesley.

The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has in its files one issue of the *Otto Courier*, Vol. 5, No. 48, for October 1, 1898.

Elsa Spear Byron, of Sheridan, writes relative to the *Big Horn Sentinel*. On page 158 of WYOMING'S FRONTIER NEWSPAPERS it is stated, "— the *Big Horn Sentinel*, a forerunner of the present *Buffalo Bulletin*, made its appearance in 1887." Mrs. Byron says, "This is incorrect. Mama [Virginia Belle Benton Spear] says in her diary that the first issue of this paper at Big Horn was Sept. 13, 1884. I do not know the exact date when it was moved to Buffalo, but I have a copy of it (*Big Horn Sentinel*) published in Buffalo with the date Aug. 7, 1886."

W. L. Marion, of Lander, in reference to northern Wyoming's early newspapers discussed on page 155, writes, "On January 1 of the same year, 1883, Isaac Wynn began publishing the *Wind River Mountaineer*— he published it for two years, and then sold it to Ludin. Wynn went to California, was there for two years and then came back to Lander and started publishing the *Fremont Clipper*. He and his son Ed published it until old Isaac died in 1898. Frank Smith took over the ownership with the help of his brother-in-law, O. L. Knifong.

"Carl Graves entered the picture, and in 1904 John W. Cook bought out the paper and changed the name from the *Fremont Clipper* to the *Wyoming State Journal*.

"—the *Wyoming State Journal* was never published while Wyoming was a territory, consequently the *Journal* and the *Clipper* were not contemporary. The *Clipper* was the dad of the *Journal*. Cook published the paper until he sold it to L. L. Newton. L. L. turned the paper over to Ernest [Newton]

87. *Bill Barlow's Budget*, Oct. 19, 1903.

about 1939. Ernest sold it to Edward [J.] Breece and he in turn sold to Roger Budrow, the present owner and publisher."

It is difficult, on the basis of newspapers available in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department for this early period, to completely follow the various changes in publishers, editors and titles, but the papers on file show the following history of the present *Wyoming State Journal*:

The *Fremont Clipper* was published from Sept. 17, 1887 (Vol. I, No. 4) to April 10, 1896 (Vol. IX, No. 32). Isaac Wynn was the first editor, with E. R. Wynn assistant editor for a time. The publisher for most of that time was the Clipper Publishing Company.

The Clipper, published from April 17, 1896, (Vol. IX, No. 33) through Jan. 29, 1904, was published by the Clipper Publishing Co.

Editor of *The Clipper* from July 30, 1897, to Aug. 25, 1899 was C. G. Coutant. W. E. Coutant and C. E. Hank were managers during that time. W. E. Coutant was listed as publisher until January 17, 1902, with Frank S. Smith as editor and proprietor, and O. L. Knifong as city editor.

The Lander Clipper was published from Feb. 5, 1904, through Nov. 18, 1904, with Frank S. Smith as proprietor. After Nov. 25, W. A. Hoskin was manager. From Feb. 25 to May 5, 1905, Smith alone was listed, as proprietor. From May 5 until Sept. 1, 1905, N. H. Lewis was the publisher and Smith was proprietor. John W. Cook then became editor and proprietor. The last *Lander Clipper* was published on April 5, 1907.

On April 12, 1907, the *Wyoming State Journal and Lander Clipper* first appeared, with Cook as editor and proprietor. The first issue showing only the *Wyoming State Journal* in the masthead is for Sept. 4, 1908 (Vol. XXII, No. 2) with Cook shown as editor and publisher.—Editors.

Girlhood Recollections Of Laramie in 1870 and 1871

By

NANCY FILLMORE BROWN

The following article is one of a series of reprints from early volumes of the *Annals* which are now out of print. It first was published in the *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 1, No. 3, January 15, 1924.

"We shall not travel by the road we make,
Ere, day by day, the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break
We shall be come to where the cross-roads meet.

For them the shade of trees that now we plant
The safe, smooth journey and the final goal,
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant---
For us day labor; travail of the soul.

And yet---the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us the Master-Joy, O Pioneer:
We shall not travel but we make the Road."

—Friedlander.

It seems only a very short time ago yet five decades have passed since that memorable tenth day of June, 1870, at about two p.m.--- and a gloriously bright, sunny day it was, when our family of eight members arrived in Laramie. We came for a visit but that visit has proven a sojourn of more than fifty-three years on my part. I am the only member of the family whose lot has been cast on the crest of the wonderful Rocky Mountains; I alone am left to tell what to me is a most interesting experience.

My father, Luther Fillmore, and my only brother, Millard Fillmore, had preceded us; my father about two years before and my brother a few months. Fresh from college and just past twenty-one my brother came and plunged boldly into a very tragic experience which hurried our coming. After being here a week or so my brother for some reason was sent out over the Union Pacific Railroad as a special conductor. He was to make only the one trip---and a memorable one it was. A few miles east of Fort Steele at a station I think then called St. Mary's, two soldiers who had been out hunting and tired of walking got on the train to go to

Ft. Steele. One of them had money enough to pay his fare, the other had none and was told he could not ride, so the train was stopped and he was put off. My brother and the soldier friend stood looking out of the door window of the car, my brother in front, when the soldier from the outside fired through the door shooting my brother through the thigh, making a flesh wound. The same bullet passed into the body of the soldier friend, killing him instantly. The train was quickly run to Ft. Steele where my brother was taken to the Army Hospital until he recovered.

One day I was standing with my brother on the hotel platform when a fine looking man came along. I asked who he was and was told that he was Judge Brown, the lawyer who defended the soldier that shot my brother. I immediately said, "I never want to meet him." Strange to say in about four years' time I married that very man and we are expecting to celebrate our golden wedding next year.

I have realized more and more as the years have passed what a trying ordeal it was for my dear mother to come out to this strange and new country, almost fearing she might have to make it her home, and I, fearing we might not. The pioneer blood of ancestors was coursing through my veins and I longed for adventure. Coming from an old aristocratic town, as old as Philadelphia, it was quite remarkable that conditions in this new country pleased and satisfied my father, my brother and myself. My three sisters were too young to care about the change. Of course we were lonely many times but I can truly say I have never felt regret. There were no trees or flowers to greet us and we missed them more than I can tell, but we had the wonderful mountains and beautiful hills to behold. I had seen great mountains but never such hills. They were a constant source of wonder and delight and I can say after fifty-three years of acquaintance with them they have never lost their pristine beauty to me. I truly believe much of my happiness and joy have come from lifting my eyes unto them. We went on a picnic to them a short time after we arrived. We went in government ambulances with an escort of soldiers and had a beautiful day. I forget the members of that party excepting one, Mr. Joseph Cornell, the Episcopal clergyman. I suppose I remember him because of a lapsus linguae he made. I asked him why we were so long getting to the hills, they seemed so near. He said, "The reason is, that the 'lead devil' of the plains causes them to seem nearer than they really are." Of course he meant "dead level", everyone laughed and so did I, immoderately. A girl of sixteen can see almost too much fun in things.

We were always afraid of meeting Indians somewhere but we never did. In fact, I have never seen one in or near Laramie excepting those who have come with exhibitions of some sort. There was an Indian scare soon after we came at Lookout Station. The Indians came into the place consisting of a telegraph station

and section house. No one was home so the visitors did all the mischief they could, pouring molasses into the feather beds and emptying all the groceries they did not want over the floor. The people living in small places like Lookout had cellars or rather tunnels concealed into which they could hide, something like the cyclone cellars people have nowadays.

The mountains at the west of us were majestic and glorious. The wonder and beauty of the Laramie Plains have ever increased to me until now I am not happy away from them. I recall how beautifully green they were when I first saw them and when I first rode over them and saw the thousands of head of cattle—one time five thousand head together, my wonder was almost beyond me.

The antelope we saw at that time in large herds were a magnificent sight. They were graceful and beautiful. The prairie dogs were new to us, their little villages seemed everywhere. I was always looking for the little owl and rattlesnake I had heard burrowed with them; but I never saw them tho I know they did all live together in the early history of this country. The antelope I had seen before for we owned two in our home in Pennsylvania--- Bill and Eliza great pets that my father brought to us on his first visit home from this country. They became so domesticated they would do all sorts of things for us. They [would] rather be fed from our hands than [any] other way. People were always coming to see them but they were very exclusive and knew only our family. They were very funny when we would tie a straw hat on Bill and a shaker on Eliza, immediately they would trot proudly off to make us laugh and run after them. Over fields and brooks we would fly and then all lie down together to rest. We felt very sad to give them up. Father presented them to Governor Packer of Pennsylvania for his beautiful private park. I always felt so sorry when I saw the beautiful herds of them that Eliza and Bill had ever been taken from their native haunts. To see them in such numbers and so beautiful seemed like a fairy tale come true. Fortunately the Fillmore family were all lovers of nature. Everything we saw here seemed to us the very desire of our hearts.

I recall our first visit to the Hutton and Alsop ranches. It was at the time of the summer round-up and such a sight as that was. I remember Mr. Edward Creighton of Omaha was one of our party. It was through him I believe that Mr. Hutton began the business of cattle raising. At that time the breed of cattle here was entirely Texas—their long, wide spreading horns were very threatening. They stood in groups curiously looking at us. I never felt comfortable near them. I expected them to start running at us. If they ever had it would have been good-bye to us.

The first visit to Mr. Hutton's ranch was wonderful but the next one was even more so for we found out what ranch life really was in those days. When Governor Campbell and his lovely Washington bride came they were taken out to visit Mr. Hutton's ranch.

I was invited to be one of the party. I felt quite like an old timer---'sour dough' they call them in Alaska---showing Mrs. Campbell about the place. I remember she asked me a great many questions. I think I answered them all satisfactorily and felt quite puffed up with pride. Finally Mrs. Campbell said, "I wonder if we could have a glass of milk?" I said, "Oh, yes, of course." I found Mr. Hutton and asked him if we might have some milk and bread. I never will forget his astonished gaze when he said, "Milk? Why we never have milk or bread. We always have biscuit. Go and see if there are not some cold ones in the cupboard." We went on a voyage of discovery. All we found was half of an uncooked ham. We both exclaimed "Old Mother Hubbard." I asked Mr. Hutton why they never had had milk with thousands of cows around. Surprised at me again he said, "We never had time to milk a cow. And besides the calves must have all the milk there is." There were a number of men standing and lying in the shade of the corrals. After a good dinner they were resting. The cooks were in the bunk house asleep. Mr. Hutton insisted upon calling them and having a dinner cooked for us but we would not hear to it. After that time we always took our own lunch basket with us for we learned the business of a ranch in those days was raising cattle and nothing else. Ranching was then in its infancy. Women were rarely seen about at all. Today, ranches have become lovely country homes---some of them almost luxurious.

Mr. Hutton was a peculiar man and a most unique and original one. He was as interesting to us children as Santa Claus. He and my father became very dear friends. His presence in our home was always hailed with delight. He was one of the very bright spots in our new life and was as unusual as the many other things we had met. He truly belonged to the Laramie Plains. He was a part of them. If his business ability had been half equal to his good humor and kindness of heart he might have been a great cattle king. I doubt if any man ever had a better opportunity. I shall never forget his merry laugh and twinkling blue eye or the splendid philosophy of his life which was enough to make him envied. It never seemed right to me that he died a poor man. Some one said to me in the early days that Charlie Hutton was his own enemy and the only one he had. I hope some one who knew him better than a young girl could write a sketch of his life. I know that he came out here from Iowa before the Union Pacific Railroad was built and was employed in building the Western Union Telegraph line.

Dr. Latham was also a most interesting character whom I recall of the early days. He was a tall, erect person and was the Union Pacific surgeon in charge of the hospital here. He was full of anecdotes and a charming talker, a man of culture and education. He and his lovely wife helped us to be happy many times after the novelty of arriving was over. He too is a man who could be

well written up. Years after he left here I met him in California. He was then managing Mrs. Hurst's large estate. Previous to that, after leaving here, he held some important educational commission in Japan.

We lived for some time at the Union Pacific Hotel and enjoyed it very much for the proprietor, Mr. Philo Rumsey and his sons, Captain Henry Rumsey and James, or Jim as we called him, did everything possible to make us feel at home. We have always felt very grateful to them. Mr. Henry Rumsey's wife was a most charming woman, one I shall never forget. Edith, the sister of Henry and James, was near my own age, though much more sophisticated than I. My life had been spent in a quiet, Quaker town, and school. I had had never been out in society and Edith, it seemed to me, had always been in society. She had quite a charm of manner and we were good chums. The other girls of my acquaintance in the early days were Alice Harper (Mrs. Robert Marsh) and her sister, Nellie (Mrs. John Gunster), Eva Owen (Mrs. Stephen Downey), and her sister Etta (Mrs. Roach), Hattie Andrews (Mrs. Phillips), Cora Andrews (Mrs. Brees), Ella Galbraith (Mrs. Charles Stone), and Minnie Arnold (Mrs. Eurgens), and Maggie Ivinson (Mrs. Grow). I also recall Nellie Hilton (Mrs. Locke). Her father was a physician, also a Methodist preacher.

One of my very early recollections is of two beautiful brides calling upon us, both gorgeously attired. Their distinct types interested me. Mrs. Donnellan was a handsome brunette and Mrs. Abbott a perfect blonde. I remember in detail just how they looked and fascinated me. They both became very dear friends of mine in later years.

One of the very interesting events of our first summer was seeing several trainloads of Chinamen pass through Laramie. They stopped long enough to cook their rice which took them an incredibly short time. We watched them with great curiosity and interest. When the train stopped almost instantly the cooks jumped from different cars along the train with large kettles. They quickly built fires and boiled water into which they poured quantities of rice and it seemed no time until those kettles were filled to overflowing with large kernels of cooked rice. Then out of the cars came forth swarms of Chinamen all sizes, each with his bowl and chop-sticks. They were served with all they could eat and how quickly they did eat it! The chop-sticks played a tune, and how they all jabbered at once all the time. They soon began piling back into the cars and seemed like a swarm of bees. Finally all was quiet and the cooks cleaned out their kettles quickly and jumped onto the different cars from which they came out. Not a word had been spoken by those cooks that I could see. They attended strictly to business. The discipline of that occasion was truly marvelous. After they had gone I could hardly realize what

I had seen. I felt as if the earth had turned over and I had seen China on top. Those people in their native dress with their large hats and hair in queues were too much for my imagination.

Those Chinamen were being taken to New England where they were going to work in shoe factories and the men in charge told us they had eaten only rice seasoned with salt, no sugar or butter or tea, from San Francisco to Laramie, and that their diet would be the same to the end of their journey in New England. Some time after this I met Ah Say, the agent and interpreter for the Chinamen employed on the Union Pacific Railroad. Ah Say was often in our home in consultation with my father. He was a gentleman, intelligent, and most interesting and spoke very good English. He was always bringing us presents of Chinese fruit and nuts and very often more costly and rare gifts. He came one day looking very happy and said he was soon to be married and wanted us to see his wife some time. He told me rather quietly that she was a little-footed woman. I suppose he did not want to boast too proudly of his great fortune so told only me about it. I always hoped we might see Mrs. Ah Say but it was never our good fortune. I believe they lived in Evanston upon their return from China, but my father had become a cattle man before their return. Chinese were not very long employed after that time but I know they served very faithfully and satisfactorily while they were permitted to stay.

We met many noted people in the summer of 1870. Most of them from New England who in some way were interested in the Union Pacific Railroad and were going over it to see whether it was a reality or a myth. I recall one party in particular which we were invited to join on a trip to Salt Lake City. My father and mother and I went with Colonel Hammond in his private car on that occasion. Colonel Hammond was an officer of the Union Pacific Railroad. Our party consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Hurd of Galesburg, Illinois, and Mr. and Mrs. Meade of Quincy, Illinois. We had a wonderful time, the whole trip particularly through Echo and Webber Canons was interesting to us all. When we arrived at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young gave a reception to the party and we were taken about the city in royal style. In the evening we attended the theater and saw Brigham Young come in with all his wives (it was said). I really think all nineteen were there. The husband looked perfectly composed and the wives not at all disconcerted. The play I forgot all about but the circumstances attending it I never can, they were too unique. I had always thought of Brigham Young as sort of a Bluebeard but after seeing his kindly face and pleasant smile concluded that he was just trying to be another King Solomon. I have made many trips to Salt Lake City since but the thrill of the first visit has never been eclipsed.

Laramie was a queer looking place in the early days, no trees

or flowers, but one thing it did have that was most attractive was clear, running water along either side of the streets much like the beautiful brooks at home. On a quiet night one could hear their merry ripple. Most people used the water from them for ordinary purposes but for drinking we had water brought from the river which was quite expensive. People often sank barrels in the ditches and so had a quantity to dip from but those barrels were very treacherous on a dark night, one was liable to step into them. My sister-in-law, in getting out of a carriage one night very agilely jumped right into one. The worst of it was she had on a beautiful new gown her mother had sent her from Philadelphia. She was a sorry sight when we got her out, and her new gown completely ruined. I often got my feet wet stepping into the ditches but never got into a barrel. There were no sidewalks to guide one and the ditches were level with the streets so it was quite a feat to keep out of the water. I often wonder now how mothers ever kept their children out of those attractive ditches for there were no fences around the shacks or houses people lived in.

The houses had tent backs and pretentious frame fronts, something like the ones I heard Bishop Robert McIntyre describe as houses with Queen Anne fronts and Mary Anne backs. They were certainly unique and interesting.

The second week after our arrival I met Mr. F. L. Arnold, the Presbyterian minister. He called to know if I would play the organ for him the next day. He was to hold services at the school house which was the meeting place alternate Sundays for the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. I said no, I'd rather not. I was such a stranger he'd better find some one else, and he very pitifully said, "My dear child, there is no one else to find, for there is no one here who will play for me." My dear father was present and said, "Yes, she will play for you. She must do her part in this new country and that is one thing she can do." So I mustered up courage like a dutiful child and did my part, I finally ended by playing at all the services of each denomination that I have mentioned. They also had a union Sunday School for which I sang and played for I always had to do both. When the different churches were built I played at the dedication of each one. Mr. Mr. Arnold became one of the dearest friends of my life and my memory of him is most sacred. One Sunday after church he asked me to go with him to sing at Fiddler Bill's funeral. We started off, he with his Bible and I with my Hymn Book. We went to a little shack dirty and miserable in every way. The house was crowded to overflowing with the flotsam and jetsam of the town. I had never seen or heard of such looking people both men and women, bleary eyed and sodden. Mr. Arnold stood just outside the door and made a beautiful talk to those poor people. I sat outside on a sawbuck with a board laid across it and sang several times, too often but Mr. Arnold said afterwards he thought the singing would

do them more good than what he could say. I recall how miserably I felt because I was too dressed up. I apologized to Mr. Arnold for being so unsuitably dressed. (No doubt my subconscious mind had suggested sack cloth and ashes for the occasion.) Mr. Arnold and I had many experiences similar to that one but none that ever impressed me more seriously.

Mr. D. J. Pearce, the Baptist minister, came later in June. Mr. Pearce was a remarkable man, most industrious and earnest. He soon built a church on the site of the present attractive one and opened a school in the basement. He called his school Wyoming University. He was ably assisted in his work by his young wife and their school was a great credit to Laramie. I was a member of their Latin class, Mr. C. P. Arnold was also a member. If there were others I do not now recall them. Mr. Pearce was a man of vision. He told me our beautiful University of Wyoming of which our state is so justly proud would stand just where it does. There was a cemetery there then. I said, "Impossible, Mr. Pearce. It is Laramie's cemetery." He replied, "You will live to see that moved farther up the hill." So I have. I often wish Mr. Pearce could have lived to see our present University and be able to dream with us its great future.

Mr. Brooks, the Methodist minister, soon came and took charge of the Methodist services. He was a young unmarried man, wonderfully active and insisted upon very ambitious music. Since I was the only person so far who could or would play and sing it was rather hard on me. I never can understand why the people in Laramie would not sing in those days. I often shed tears over it. I believe people finally felt sorry for me for they did find their voices and helped me all they could.

Right here I wish to subscribe a tribute to a Mr. Crancall [*sic*]. He was a painter and a hard working man but when he could he always came and helped me at the Sunday services. He had a good voice and quite an understanding of music.

I remember Chaplain McCabe sang at the dedication of the Methodist Church. I assisted him. He had a wonderful voice and rejoiced my heart for he was the first singer I had heard since coming to Laramie. I think Bishop McCabe preached the dedicatory sermon. I am not quite sure about this, any way I heard him preach in the new church and recall his powerful sermon and wonderful stories. I also heard Bishop Joyce in the old Methodist church. He was one of the most saintly looking men I have ever seen, also I think the most powerful preacher I have ever heard. Methodist bishops have always impressed me as being great preachers.

Rev. Joseph Cornell of the Episcopal church was here when we came and the church built. My father often wrote us how he was helping to dance the roof on the new Episcopal church. Not being a dancing man we always laughed about his help. But our

dear friend Mrs. Ivinson told me that she had gotten father to take a few steps. Now we have the beautiful Cathedral standing near the site of the little old church of the early days.

The Catholic church was also built when we came and is the only one so far that has not been rebuilt. Father Cusson was in charge of it. He was a Frenchman and a man the whole town respected and loved. Laramie was a good town and striving upward all the time. The churches and the schools showed their influence.

Mr. Harrington was the principal of the public school; and my father was a member of the School Board. The building has been transformed into Root's Opera House and stands on the same site where it was erected. I think in some way it should always be kept as a memorial to the early work it was privileged to begin.

It is true there was still many saloons and gambling places left in Laramie. It was a common thing to hear some one call out loudly something about a key. It seemed to me sometimes like a song a man was singing inside the building but I soon learned it was a game they played called Keno. But those days did not last long. Public sentiment required at least more quiet in the places that were once so open and noisy.

The terrible days of lynching were past though I'm sorry to say two cases have occurred since that time that I remember, but the early cases were before our time.

The first large party of my life was one given by Mr. and Mrs. Ivinson shortly after our arrival. It was a great event to me and I recall it as a very beautiful one. I have attended a great many parties given by these same dear friends in the past fifty-three years in more spacious and costly surroundings but none more beautiful to me than that first one in 1870 when they lived over and back of their store. After all it is what we put into our hospitality of our very selves that seems to count most. My mother became somewhat reconciled to her exile in Laramie and gave the second large party of my remembrance in honor of my brother and his bride.

There were plenty of social affairs. It kept one quite busy attending them. I recall a reception given by the young men of Laramie in honor of Governor Campbell and his bride which could not have been outdone by anyone anywhere. Those young men were wonders particularly when they gave parties. Colonel Downey, Colonel Donnellan, Mr. Ora Haley, Mr. Charles Wagner, and Judge Brown were the moving spirits. Social life in Laramie as I knew it was of high and lofty character in those early days and my remembrances of it all are most delightful and happy.

In August of 1870 my father decided that we had better remain a year at least and occupy a new house the Railroad Company had built for him if he desired it, or in other words could persuade his family to remain. The house was a commodious one painted

white. It is still standing where it was built on the north side of Fremont and Second street.

When we were finally settled in our house we were very comfortable and most of us happy. I wanted a piano very much. The story of how I got it is to me very interesting and I think worth relating. A merchant in Laramie saw an advertisement in a New York paper of what he thought were toy pianos selling at nine dollars and seventy-five cents. He (good friend of mine) sent for two to be sent immediately by express. The firm sent one but advised having the other one shipped by freight. The one that came by express instead of being nine dollars and seventy-five cents was nine hundred and seventy-five dollars with express charges. My father bought the instrument for seven hundred dollars. I knew nothing about it until one day I came home from a visit I had been sent to make and found a beautiful piano in our home. My joy knew no bounds, it was to me almost a miracle.

When Mr. Sidney Dillon who was an old friend of my father's became president of the Union Pacific Railroad he persuaded father to come with him and help him in some plans he had for the reconstruction of the road. Father had suffered a serious breakdown in health during the Civil War and a change had been recommended for him by our dear old family physician, Dr. Reeves Jackson, (who by the way is the Doctor Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" writes of so humorously) so he with Mr. Dillon recommended the high mountain country as the very best possible change that could be made. Father liked the idea of going west so in a very short time he was off for what became his abiding place for several years.

Here he regained his health and was very happy particularly after he became the owner of a ranch and cattle. Mr. J. J. Albright, an old time friend of father's from Scranton, Pennsylvania, became his partner in the cattle business. Mr. Harry Albright, his son, came out with his charming family to assist father. Together they had a very successful and pleasant experience, but the cold winters and exposure told on father's health again and he was obliged to seek the more congenial climate of California.

If this simple story of mine will interest the readers of the Historical Bulletin I am very happy in having told it for them as well as for my grandchildren, for whom it was originally intended.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART VIII - SECTION 4

THE STUBBS CLAN

One of the most interesting sections of Johnson County in the early days was the Barnum community and the country located west of Kaycee behind the Red Wall. It settled up fast because of its rich native feed for livestock, its plentiful water supply and its rare beauty. The very nature of the place gave the inhabitants a community closeness even in the early days. A feeling of "substantialness" was there, as if the settlers were putting down roots and intending to stay. The cabins were sturdily built of unusually large hand-hewn logs, durable and tough like the people themselves.

Most of the homestead cabins and first homes had dirt roofs. While no doubt adequate, they were most annoying, for dirt particles were always falling down from between the cracks in the ceiling boards. This, of course, mattered little to the men; dirt sprinkling down on stove, table and food wasn't half as bad as being wet and cold or being out in all kinds of weather. But when wives began to arrive an end was put to this by stretching strong unbleached muslin across the room top to serve as a lower ceiling. The strips of muslin were stitched together and firmly tacked along the top sides of the walls. However, this did not prevent dirt from falling onto the muslin throughout the year and by spring the muslin ceiling would be full of sags and lumps no matter how tightly it had been stretched. While unsightly, it was much better than forever cleaning up ceiling dirt and floor dirt. Goodness knows enough mud was tracked in to keep any woman plenty busy without adding any from the ceiling. A part of every house cleaning job in the spring was taking down and washing the muslin and white washing the log walls. Each year or two men hauled more dirt for the roof tops. All summer sparse grass and weeds grew on the dirt roofs, and if a tall, high-dancing cowboy hit a sagging lump of ceiling he thought nothing of it.

There was no such thing at the old NH ranch, it being strictly bachelor quarters, and no one now remembers much about that dance in the summer of '94 (or '95) when Jim Stubbs paid



(Uncle) Jim Stubbs



Grandpa and Grandma Stubbs



Rap Harrell on 2 wheel "stacker cart"

Courtesy Blue Creek Ranch

Cassidy \$1500 in gold pieces for the Blue Creek ranch. The exchange apparently was the most important event of the evening. It was significant in that it marked the end of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang in the Barnum country; at least, it meant that they no longer had legitimate holdings on which to carry on their horse-raising operations and so no lawful reason for being there any more.

But this didn't mean that rustling days were over in the Hole-in-the-Wall. People always thought that Jim Stubbs was a U. S. Marshal or stock detective employed by the Cattlemens' Ass'n., or maybe privately hired by important big cattlemen to see who was branding what and just exactly what was going on up there behind the Red Wall. Some of the family think that the big cattlemen put up the money for Jim to buy the Blue Creek outfit, so they'd have a place to get their cattle out of the Hole-in-the-Wall, for this spot was a hot bed for rustlers and just everybody didn't have the nerve to meddle around much up there. And while Jim was not noted for bold or daring deeds, they felt his being in that locality had a good effect. William Deane (Billy)¹ and George Wellman² had both been sent earlier and had both been bolder and more daring men, but neither had lived long enough to accomplish much. One old-timer said, "It is my supposition that as a stock detective Jim may have hidden his 'tie-up' and there may be no record of it at all. I don't know of any arrests he ever made while there, or later, but I'm sure there was some connection until some time after he settled at Blue Creek. Pinkerton and other such detectives used to come to Blue Creek to see Jim."

1. William Deane (Billy) was appointed deputy sheriff in 1897 by Johnson County Sheriff Al Sproul, when the County Commissioners wanted a man to go to the Kaycee and Hole-in-the-Wall area as a special deputy to stop rustling activities there and make necessary arrests. "He was a nervy man, never had any fear of anything." In April 1897 he was at the Grigg post office and the Logan brothers of Cassidy's gang tried to kill him, but Mr. Grigg grabbed the rifle and the shot was fired into the ceiling. On April 13th Deane was at the Jesse Potts homestead a few miles west of Kaycee standing in the yard when a rustler shot him in the arm, breaking it, the second shot killed him, both fired from the rifle of the rustler hiding in a gulch to the north.

2. George A. Wellman was foreman of the Hoe Ranch located on Powder River below the mouth of Nine Mile, 50 miles south of Buffalo. In May 1892, shortly after taking over the foreman job, he was also made a special U. S. Deputy Marshal by Deputy Craig (of Gillette). Wellman's instructions as Marshal had been received in a letter from Marshal Rankin of Cheyenne. He was to take an active part in assembling evidence to prove that herds of absent cattlemen were being rustled. (All this to receive from Washington D. C. a declaration of martial law for Johnson County.)

Shortly after this while on his way to Buffalo from Powder River Crossing, when about 12 or 15 miles south of the George Harris ranch on Crazy Woman Creek, he was dry-gulched and killed. (Ed Star, an outlaw rustler who'd as soon shoot a man as a coyote, fired the fatal shot.)



Charlie Stubbs 1862

Courtesy Blue Creek Ranch

It was the habit of a few cow thieves in the late summer to drift cows with big, unbranded calves following them down to the mouth of Backus and Keith Creeks and Powder River Canyon and then cut the calves away from their mothers and throw the cows out over the rough trails, which left no tracks, then closing the trails and weaning the calves which now bore their own illegal brands. Jim, upon finding calfless cows of this kind would investigate and try to locate the calves before they were branded and turn them back with their mothers where they belonged, and then brand them according to the cows they were following.

Some of the most brazen rustlers up there added cruel tricks to the rustling game, like cutting out eight or nine month old calves and splitting their tongues so they couldn't suck the cows, and then hiding them out in little secret corrals and later branding them for themselves. Or if they met up with an obstreperous cow

who didn't handle so easy while being separated from her offspring, they'd just put a bullet through her head and leave her for buzzard food.

Speaking of Backus Creek Canyon and obstinate cows brings to mind the time some Barnum cowboys on fall roundup were working this canyon which is the last word in roughness and ruggedness. One cow critter was really wild, and they'd been fighting her all the way all day long and were getting plenty tired of her stupid antics. When they had her just about out of the canyon, she suddenly quit the bunch on the trail and decided to climb out over a ledge to the left. She was having a frustrating time of it, too, but after much slobbering and struggling and grunting she got her belly on the ledge and seemed about to teeter over the top, but couldn't quite make it. Church Firnekas, the cowboy who'd ridden onto another ledge above to head her off in case it was necessary, saw the predicament she was in and, crazy-like without thinking, quickly threw his rope over the cow's head hoping to help her on up; but before he could even blink an eye she jumped straight off the ledge and just hung there in mid-air as there wasn't enough rope to let her clear down to the bottom of the canyon.

Church was riding a Bar C horse called Tar Baby; he weighed about 1150 pounds and was coal black and had short sturdy legs as he was part Percheron. Tar Baby just stood there trembling, with his feet braced on that narrow place, and held that cow until Church could get out his pocket knife and cut the tight rope. The cow fell 30 feet and landed broadside on the rocky bottom and was killed. If either Church or Tar Baby had lost their heads all three would have plunged to death below. In a predicament of that kind a man's weight in the saddle is a lot of help to a horse, and Church, addlepat and nervy at the same time, knew it and stayed in the saddle. After it was all over, all he said was, "By the gods of war, (his favorite expression) a man must be plum out of his mind to pull a stunt like that and, by God, ought to have his head examined," and rode off down the mountain behind the herd singing "Cremation of Sam McGee" through his nose.

Church was always roping something. When at the ranch and he'd open the gate to let the milk cows' calves out, "they'd lay back their ears and run like hell for the nearest brush before he could rope them."

Church was always pulling something like that and sometimes it wasn't really his fault; like the time in Powder River Canyon when his horse spooked and started bucking where there wasn't any place to buck, so he just dumped off into a big deep hole in the creek. Church and horse both disappeared in the water, the hole was that deep. The other fellows thought sure both were "goners," but pretty soon up they bobbed and the bronc climbed

out on the other side with Church still astride, and went along as if such happenings were of daily occurrence.

Barton Jefferson Stubbs and Sally Avery, born and married in Georgia, were the parents of the Stubbs clan. They had eight children, Rachel, James, Charles (Bud), Martha Sarah (Sally), Elizabeth, William Avery (Bill), Amelia and Isaac (Ike). Sometime through the years the family moved to Texas; maybe some of the children were born there (no one remembers.)

When a young man in the early 1880's, Jim came north several times with Texas Trail herds. Later the whole family moved to eastern Wyoming and settled near Lusk, about 20 miles north, at the Hat Creek post office. The boys, Jim, Bud and Ike, worked out as cowhands most of the year and supported the family. Bud and Jim worked for the 4J outfit, Bud as shipping boss who went to Chicago with the beef, and Jim as roundup wagon boss and trail boss when Keelines trailed cattle up from Texas. They were handsome young men. Bud cut quite a figure walking up the streets of Lusk "with his spur rowels rolling along behind him like wheelbarrow wheels, they were that big." Bud always said, "Whenever you patch up a bridle rein you've ruined it." He was just that fussy about his things.

Jim was a six-footer and rather heavy set, very slow motioned and seemingly easygoing, but had an air of authority about him that gained him respect wherever he went. He had a good business head on his shoulders and knew all along "where he was going and what he would do with his life." He had a way of always chuckling to himself as he went about his work, a likeable, intimate sort of habit that inspired confidence and good will. Bud and Jim were both good reliable men, "as honorable and good men as could be in those times when everything was a battle, when a man had to fight for everything he got, when every bloomin' thing was a struggle and hard work, when both nature and people made lots of trouble." They saved their money; they didn't throw it around, as soon as it was earned, in loose living like so many did. They weren't like the cowboy who said to the saloon keeper, "Leave me alone, will you, this is my money I'm drinkin' up - when I get broke I'll go back and make a good hand." And this type did go back and make a good hand until next pay day; but he never put any roots down or left much of a mark to justify his existence on this earth. Bud and Jim felt a sense of responsibility toward their family. There was always some of them needing something.

Around 1897 Jim came into Johnson County and bought the Billy Hill ranch over on Red Forks, now the upper end of the Alfred Brock ranch. (Tom Gardner was living where Brocks now live.) The old folks and Bud and Ike then moved up here and were there when Jim bought the Blue Creek spread. After

buying it he leased the place to Billy Brock (an uncle of J. Elmer) and the Stubbs continued living on the Red Fork place.

At this time a fellow called "Latigo" was homesteading the land about 50 yards above the lower Blue Creek bridge. Some of the buildings he put up are still there. Latigo was sandy-haired, and rather stoop-shouldered and didn't associate much with anybody - and nobody knew much about him, so just called him Latigo and let it go at that. When he proved up Jim bought his 160 acres for \$300 and added it to his Blue Creek holdings.

A few years later Billy Brock bought Jim's Red Fork place and the Stubbs clan moved to Blue Creek. The Stubbs and their nephews, the Taylors from Texas, have been (and still are) an important part of the Barnum community. They surely are a mixed lot for character study and have added much to the local color of the area.

Around 1875 Sally Stubbs married John Wesley Taylor, a buffalo hunter on the Cherokee Strip. He went to the Great Staked Plains in the northern panhandle of Texas and helped kill the last of the great herd of buffalo in that area. Sally's folks objected violently to this man John Taylor, for in Texas a buffalo hunter was considered flighty and not likely to settle down long enough to make a woman a good husband. So, loving each other like they did, they were forced to elope. They took off horseback one night and father Stubbs sent brother Jim after them. He was hot on their trail and all for nipping this affair in the bud, until they came to the Red River which was slightly swollen and not particularly good crossing at any time at that point. When Jim saw them abandon one horse, which they likely thought unfit for such a swim, and both take to the churning water on one horse, he gave up and turned back, thinking (and rightly) that if their love was that reckless and heedless of consequences he'd just be wasting his time to ever even think he could bring them back and prevent this thing; for there'd always be another time and another place and another plan. He couldn't understand love like that, but he came to respect it that night. So, the wedding ceremony was performed some place north of the Red River without benefit of family.

Sally and John had seven children, Ed, Will, Bert, Rose, Emma, Homer and Talton, of whom we'll hear more later. Rose, when still a small child, was blown away in a cyclone. The Indians warned the white people that a cyclone was due and coming, that every twenty years it came without fail, but nobody took this omen seriously. However, right on time it came and went and took little Rose with it, never to be seen again. Some of the Stubbs felt that this was a punishment inflicted upon Sally for having so openly defied her family and married a buffalo hunter. In fact, the Stubbs were always inclined to have it in for the Taylors—not in big things that really counted, for they at heart

were a clannish people, but in little obnoxious, spiteful, trifling ways that'd get under a fellow's hide. They acted at times as if they were hoping to see some of that buffalo hunter's blood showing up along the line, so they could pounce on it and have sound reason for proving that Sally's marriage was bad.

Amelia Stubbs married Sumner Richardson at Lusk some time around 1890. A few years later he was killed by a bolt of lightning, and Bill and Ike moved Amelia, her son and household goods and cattle, up into Barnum country where she took up a homestead over south near the Hole-in-the-Wall. She was the first woman to live in those parts, which was quite a distinction, people said.

Ike Stubbs took up a homestead over south, too, about 100 yards from where Eagle Creek and Buffalo Creek come together. He built a two-room cabin covered on the outside with red tin—so the place was always called the Red Cabin, and became quite a landmark in the community. People would say “over by the Red Cabin” just like they said “over by the Pumpkin Buttes.” It stood by the road on a bleak and lonely spot where in the summer time the sun boiled down unmercifully on the red dirt and the red tin. To its back was Eagle Creek Canyon and trees and water, but a place not easy to get in and out of. It did, however, make a beautiful background if one took the time to look.

That's the way ranches spread out and became big outfits in those days. Relatives and friends (and sometimes just people) would take up homesteads and when they proved up, they'd sell to the ranches.

Ike was the “most human of the Stubbs,” the most likeable and also the tallest and darkest. He had a black mustache and was more inclined toward feminine company than the others, and he didn't mind at all getting roaring drunk and shooting up the town at times. He also was a bronc rider and a good one, too. In later years he fell in love with a school teacher who taught at Willow Creek (over south of Buffalo Creek). She was neither young nor beautiful, but Ike wanted to marry her. He'd bring her to the dances and seemed to enjoy her company a lot. Most of the people were of the opinion that she was horrible. They made fun of her looks, because of her big large nose and tall skinny frame. Some of the cowboys nicknamed her “Old Roughlock,” the inference being that such a nose would make a good roughlock for blocking a wheel going down a steep hill. This was rather farfetched, because all of the Stubbs had bigger than normal noses and nobody remarked about them. Anyway the older Stubbs brothers thought Ike shouldn't marry - “Boy, discontinue this idea of marriage, for how can you take care of her? As soon as she gets you hooked, she'll always be wantin' something, that's the way a woman is, always wantin' something.” Being older they felt that Ike should always be ready and willing to take their

advice on any and all subjects. Whether Ike got too tired of listening to this perpetual dictating and felt he couldn't stand it any more or for some other reason, nobody knows, but one night when he and Bud were over at the Red Cabin (this was after their mother had died) Ike got up and said, "I'm going where mother is," and went outside by the door of the cabin and shot himself in the head. Ike was closer to his mother than the other boys, and he worried a lot about her and I imagine she did have a hard time of it with her bachelor sons. In discussing Ike's suicide with an old-timer, I remarked that overly bossy older brothers didn't seem a very logical reason for a man's killing himself, and the old fellow spoke right up and said, "Well, you didn't know the Stubbs. The Stubbs were Stubbs and you can't get around that."

It seemed at times that the Stubbs couldn't stand each other. When they'd go to town, or any place in fact, even just to the mail box, they'd ride apart, a mile apart maybe, Bud, then Bill and Jim bringing up the rear, or vice versa. When they got to town they'd all stay and eat at different places or at different times.

All the Stubbs men as they grew older became slightly stoop-shouldered, big-faced, big-nosed and heavy-headed with little to show in way of a neck; their heads seemed to sit on their shoulders, Bill more so than any of the others. While the other three boys were fundamentally honest and law abiding, Bill was not. He was always on the fringe of society, that is respectable society, and ornery and mean as the day was long. As one fellow said, "Bill Stubbs was the meanest man on earth if he didn't like you, but if he liked you and you remembered not to cross him in any way, there was no end to what he'd do for you." Another one remarked, "When Bill was in a sociable frame of mind he could be the most entertaining liar you ever met." Bill's favorite expression was "By doggies" - he began every sentence with it and sometimes put two or three in between; it was one entirely original - no one ever heard it used by anyone else. Bill had a big hearty laugh and could be most jovial at times and likeable for the moment, thoroughly likeable.

When he first came to Blue Creek he was married to a woman "off the row." She was quite nice looking, and quite willing and ready to be a good wife and housekeeper for Bill. But she was neat and clean, and Bill was not, as a usual thing. The first thing they quarreled about was Bill wouldn't take his socks off when he went to bed, said his feet got cold. When she finally did get him to remove them they'd be so dirty and sweaty, next morning would find them as stiff as if they'd been shellacked (and smell, how terrible they would smell). When dry they were so brittle it was just like stepping on egg shells. That's why men didn't want to take them off.

Which brings to mind an old fellow who lived up the slope who used to ride by Blue Creek on his way home in the afternoon;

he'd sit and visit until supper time and then decide to stay for supper (anybody was always welcome); then he'd light up his pipe and sit around and smoke and talk until bedtime and say he guessed he'd just stay all night, since it was so late. This didn't bring any repercussion until one time, after a visit of this kind, a hired hand came in early to breakfast mad as a hornet and said, "If that old codger ever comes here and sleeps in the bunk house again I'm quittin'. Last night the old fool came in stumbling around in the dark walkin' over everybody's boots and blamed if he didn't bust the whole toe-end outa my best sock."

Bill and his wife lived in a sheep wagon down in the pasture between the Latigo place and the Blue Creek ranch. One time in a spurt of generosity Bill bought her a nice, high priced sewing machine, which was a mighty fine thing to own in those days and she was very, very proud of it and happy with Bill because he'd bought it for her. One day Bill came in with a pair of heavy denim overalls and wanted her to alter them a bit on the new sewing machine. She sweetly but flatly refused saying that the cloth was too heavy and she feared to damage the machine if she tried to sew it, but hastened to say she'd sew it by hand right away, which would really be better and stronger. But Bill didn't think so, and puffing up in typical Stubbs style, lugged the machine all the way out to the wood pile and proceeded to chop it to pieces with the axe, which in turn so disgusted Mrs. Stubbs that she took the stage next morning and left Barnum forever.

She later married a stockman in Montana and together they built up a 75,000 sheep business. Everyone said she had the business head of the family - anyway they prospered and became very well-to-do. One time while visiting back east in Vermont they became acquainted with a man who thought he was in the sheep business in a big way himself. He proudly stated that he ran 500 head of sheep. The Montana man spoke up with his thumbs in his suspenders and said, "Hell, man, I have more sheep dogs than that."

Bill didn't stay at Blue Creek much - went here and there and from time to time pretty regularly got mixed up in shady deals, like the time down in Box Butte County in Nebraska in the early '90's when a man by the name of Watson had a contract for furnishing beef for a grading crew on the Burlington railroad. Bill and a partner (whoever he was) subcontracted from Watson to do the rounding up and butchering. Bill kept the crew well fed during the summer and when fall came he found that Watson had collected and spent all proceeds from the railroad pay; and Bill and partner found that they were flat broke.

Now Watson was the owner of a better than average race horse, so Bill and partner purloined the horse, moved him 200 miles up to Lusk, Wyoming, matched him in several races and made some quick money. When they stole the horse they killed the other

horse in the barn and burned the barn down, dead horse and all, to throw off suspicion. Jim Stubbs, so the story goes, was sent a warrant for Bill's arrest, but Jim turned the job over to another stock detective, as he did not want to be a party to sending his brother to the pen. Anyway, that's where Bill went for a year.

Another time Jim got a \$200 reward for turning Bill in for more horse stealing, and then turned right around and used the reward money to hire a lawyer to clear him of the charge. (It was the same lawyer Cassidy used when he needed legal help.)

Later Bill was again sought by the law, being described as a "long, lean, lantern-jawed, big-nosed, thick-necked renegade, the ugliest man in Wyoming." Bill said, "By doggies, that's the first time I've heard of a man being arrested for his looks." This time he hid out in a dugout in the Hole-in-the-Wall somewhere and the law didn't find him.

Another time while evading the law he received a shot in the leg which broke the bone. This time he hid out in a haystack all winter until the leg healed. His friends brought food to him at night.

As can be surmised he was pretty much the renegade of the family, but lived to be 100 years old (lacking only three days.) He often told of how when a young boy he sat on a rail fence and watched Sherman's army march on Atlanta.

Grandpa and Grandma Stubbs were real characters, too, very individualistic. The family said that in later years Grandpa was scared to death of Grandma; said "she'd eat a man for breakfast," she was that bad-tempered at times. Her disposition was like a barrel of gunpowder and one never knew what would touch it off, or when. The Stubbs men were confirmed bachelors at heart and no doubt she had to use stringent measures to get her just dues, and make a noticable place for herself in the household. It gets pretty monotonous being just taken for granted; makes a woman develop all sorts of complexes, at times.

One old-timer said, "They all stepped down on old man Stubbs a little," and when things got too unbearable and out-of-hand, he'd just hitch his yellow ponies to the old buckboard, throw a bed roll and some grub behind, and take off for Texas. It'd usually take him a couple of years to make the trip and when he got back everyone, including Grandma, was glad to see him again.

The old fellow made himself useful around the ranch—he'd raise a nice big vegetable garden in the summer and do a lot of coyote trapping in the winter. He was painfully and annoyingly frugal—he'd gather up all the horse hair he could find around the corrals and barn and put it in sacks. He'd pick up all the rusty nails and bolts and pieces of wire and string, thinking they'd come in handy for something some time. One day he came in lugging a water-soaked cowhide carrying the wrong brand (a rustled cow). Bill had had his hired hand grubbing willows and sage brush half

a day along Buffalo Creek trying to burn the hide up. After much sweating effort they saw that the green, bloody hide was not going to burn, so they carelessly threw it in the creek. But the water wasn't high enough to float it out of sight and in a day or two here came Grandpa who spied it and fished it out and toted it home, saying, "By God, now boys, there's no sense in wasting all this good rawhide."

Grandpa had a little brown mare that he rode. He was short-waisted and long-legged and didn't exactly make a pretty picture on the little horse, looked awkward and out of proportion, but they got along fine. Grandpa'd ride her to Buffalo with a couple of gunny sacks of coyote hides and horse hair tied on to sell. When 82 years old he was still riding her around. One day he happened onto a sheep wagon while riding on the mountain and the herder didn't know who he was; so he introduced himself thus. "Howdy, sir, I'm one of the Stubbs boys."

Grandma Stubbs was rather big and tall. She had a room of her own built on extra. The partition walls hadn't been put clear to the ceiling, so there was a space of several boards' width left at the top of the side adjoining the other room. Grandma always kept her door securely locked (and carried the key in her apron pocket) whether she was in or out of the room. This began to puzzle Grandpa, for he couldn't figure out why she'd have to lock the door, unless she had something in there she shouldn't. So one day when she was gone his snoop instinct could be denied no longer, and he decided to climb over the partition space at the top and see what (if any) little trinkets she had collected. He and Tommy Porter, another old fellow there, got a ladder and climbed over, getting down inside with considerable difficulty. To their keen disappointment they found nothing, absolutely nothing, to warrant the locking of the door. Suddenly realizing that they'd probably stayed in forbidden territory too long already, and fearing Grandma's return, they hurried too fast climbing out and tipped the ladder over. So there they were huddled astride the partition top with no way to get down. Luckily one of the boys returned before Grandma did, or Grandpa likely would have been compelled to set out for Texas again to save face.

When Grandma got mad at the boys or Grandpa, or anyone else for that matter, she'd lock herself in her room and pull down the blinds and stay in there not making a sound or even answering anyone for days at a time, until Jim would lug in a ladder and climb up and look over the partition to see if she was still alive. She liked this kind of attention; it made her feel important; it was good to have someone finally worrying about her.

When Jim got older and his rheumatism got to bothering him, he'd pack up and go down to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and spend the winter months and take the hot mineral baths. By this time the Taylor boys, his nephews from Texas, had arrived and were

getting located in the cattle business and he could leave knowing things would be taken care of at home.

Johnny Tisdale was cowboying for him at this time, and he'd take Johnny down to Arkansas with him each winter because he liked him and enjoyed his company. That's the way the Stubbs were, big-hearted and generous to excess if their mood was right. Like the time during a hard, long winter, Jim sold hay he himself needed and could use to his neighbors down the creek who were completely out of feed and having a hard go of it to even make food ends meet. Jim sold them enough hay at \$4.00 a ton to get them through the rest of the winter—he was like that—a good citizen and a good neighbor, solid and dependable.

Jim and Johnny had exciting times in Hot Springs, it being a favorite winter resort town for cowmen and outlaws alike. It was here Johnny met up with Ross Gilbertson, who was in the cabin above the Bar C with Nate Champion the time big cattlemen first tried to kill him. Ross was now in the saloon and dance hall business sporting a big diamond ring and fancily attired. However, he was decidedly reluctant to discuss how he'd promptly rolled under the bed when Nate was fired on and made no attempt to help him. This was where the Johnson County Invasion was hashed and re-hashed and feelings ran high and heated arguments sprang up among the winter guests as it did in Johnson County itself, for here were a lot of the men who'd been participants on both sides of the fence, and most of them knew what they were talking about, which made the talking a little dangerous.

Here it was that Johnny gained applause and renown as an exhibition bronco-buster. These rides were made on the stage of the opera house. It wasn't exactly easy for either the horse or the rider to be cutting up bronc riding capers on a slick floor, but Johnny was a showman and a good rider and afraid of nothing on earth. He'd already had practically every bone in his body broken at one time or another, and was used to riding the most knot-headed horses on the range, so what did this matter? What did he have to lose? One more broken bone or a cracked head wouldn't be much of a catastrophe to Johnny. He'd already been through the mill.

It was here that Jim, when 70 years old, met his future wife, Aunt Lois, as everybody called her at Barnum. She was a nurse, probably employed at some of the health establishments (hot springs or bath houses). Anyway, he met her and enjoyed her company upon many occasions, however never with the slightest matrimonial intention. Bud and Jim both liked female company, but backed off from any responsibility along that line. They liked women all right, but didn't want to be obliged to support one. Bud said he figured "women wanted to get married only so they could cast their burdens on a man." But Aunt Lois was very sweet and unassuming and was very good to Jim.

One winter she told him sadly that she'd always wanted to see Yellowstone Park; she'd heard it was so beautiful, but it was so far away, and she knew she'd never get to see it. She was so wistful and sort of forlorn that when spring came Jim decided he'd just take her to the Park—after all it wasn't much to do and he'd probably enjoy seeing it himself. When they got to Blue Creek they hopped into his Model T Ford and took off for the Yellowstone country.

When they returned via Casper Jim drove up to the depot to buy her return ticket to Arkansas, but Aunt Lois became very firm in her refusal to return to Hot Springs alone. Very gently she told Jim that she felt that he had put her, all unintentionally, of course, in a rather compromising position and she thought under the circumstances, being a true gentleman, he should by rights marry her. Jim, completely taken aback at the mild rebuke, thought the situation over awhile and decided that she could very well be right; so out of the kindness of his heart and with no further pressure, he married her. After all, what did a man of 70 have to lose one way or another, and she was a sweet little person.

So they went back to Blue Creek, but Aunt Lois didn't particularly like country living and she wasn't a very capable housewife, so they took to spending more and more time in Arkansas, coming to Blue Creek only a short while each summer.

When folks came to visit Aunt Lois (the door of the two-room cabin opened into the kitchen) she always smoothed down her hair and her apron and said, as if realizing it for the first time, "Oh! my, I don't know why this kitchen floor is so dirty—I swept it good day before yesterday."

Jim died in Arkansas when 84 years old and his body was shipped back to Buffalo for burial. He had by this time sold his Blue Creek ranch to his nephew Ed Taylor. Aunt Lois, much to the family's disgust, took her widow's third of Jim's estate plus two wheat farms in Kansas which he owed. The relatives thought she'd just married Jim for his money and maybe she had.

Before Jim died he'd said to Ed, "I've taken the lead for the Stubbs family and you're going to have to take the lead for the Taylors." And Ed did (more of him later). One old-timer said, "If it hadn't been for Jim all the Stubbs would have starved to death. Wherever he went his relatives followed and he found places for them and staked them to ranches, etc. They paid him what they could and he crossed off what they couldn't pay." He always stood by ready and able to help when times were tough. He had a keen, level-headed business sense and made money with no apparent effort to do so. (Ed Taylor had the same knack.) Jim never hurried around setting the world on fire, but always got things done at the right time, even if it did appear as if he weren't overly hard working, or too ambitious. As I said before

he was a man who knew what he was going to do and did it. The only thing he hadn't planned on was marrying Aunt Lois.

The first time the Barnum people saw Rap Harrell, a half-breed Pottawatomi Sioux Indian, was when he appeared at Blue Creek carrying the deed to the ranch. Cassidy was unable to deliver it himself and told Rap, "Now don't give this to anyone but Jim Stubbs. Deliver it personally, no matter where you have to go to do it, so there'll be no trouble and no mistakes made." Cassidy trusting Rap this way made people feel right away that he was honest and reliable and he was, and soon afterwards he became a permanent fixture in the Barnum country. His real name was Lemon David Harrell. He was called Rap because one winter he'd lived with an Arapahoe squaw on the Indian Reservation; this when times were tough and he couldn't get a job. When work was scarce and money short, Rap would work any place for just his room and board.

At one time he was a freighter for the government, and while doing this he was in the Wounded Knee Battle. He said it was such a horrible experience that, when he saw a squaw run up with a big butcher knife and cut the nose off a soldier, slashing open his whole face, he "just cut me a mule out of the traces, jumped on and went to whipping and took off. Couldn't stand any more of it."

During Invasion time Rap was working for the Ogallala outfit getting out logs on the Pine Ridge. After Ed Taylor got Blue Creek, Rap and his brother Ray took up homesteads on the Dry V over in the Hole-in-the-Wall country, and when they proved up Ed bought the land and gave them jobs on the ranch and gave them a start in cattle.

Rap was a rather slight, five-feet-seven-inches, 140-pound man, dark-complexioned with one bad eye. He said he fell in a camp-fire when a small boy and burned the eye, which caused the upper lid to hang down and droop in a peculiar way, and the lower lid also hung down and open, showing the red inside. He had no control whatever over the eye. Folks said it looked like an eagle's eye and the Indians called him "Eagle Eye."

When at Blue Creek Rap had a black mustache shot with gray and he was plenty dirty most of the time. He smoked a pipe which seemed constantly in his mouth. He ordered his tobacco out of Kentucky—"long green" it was called. It came in long leaves and was so strong one whiff would make a bull blink his eyes. Rap would tear off pieces of the stuff and put them in his hip pocket along with his false teeth and pipe. Sitting, riding and moving about working, ground the leaves up fine enough for pipe smoking. Rap was one to avoid all extra exertion at all times—that was the Indian in him. He was slow-moving and unexcitable. He had a pleasant, soft, low monotone sort of voice and used pretty fair English. He really was quite intelligent, lots smarter

than Ray, who was taller and cleaner and looked more "Indian-y" in spite of his blue eyes.

Rap could argue current events and politics; he was a man "who worked on his reading and was a good talker," and he had good, sensible ideas about things. He and Bud Stubbs used to argue about the Johnson County Invasion, one on one side and one on the other. Bud liked nothing better than a good argument; he would argue about the most trivial subjects just for argument's sake, argue and spit. He used to lift up the lid on the side of the cook stove, and spit inside. This was a long, narrow opening, only wide enough to put in a whole stick of cookstove length wood; which was much handier than trying to poke a piece of long wood into a round stove-top lid opening. Bud would get so excited arguing, nine times out of ten he'd miss the opening and hit the pancake griddle on top of the stove. This was really very funny unless you had to eat the tobacco-spewed hot cake; but ordinarily out-of-doors working men weren't too particular about their victuals.

Along about this time a lot of the Barnum cowboys were playing the rodeos which usually took more money than they won, so they'd borrow the money from Rap and pay him back when they got it later. He automatically became their banker. People used to say they "didn't know where Rap got his money, but he always had some." One reason was that he never spent much money himself; if he had \$500 he'd spend \$100 and save \$400. Also he'd built up a nice little bunch of cattle, had the money from his homestead, and he'd bought a couple of rental properties in Casper which brought him a monthly sum. This, of course, was when he was old and was just "chore boy" at Blue Creek for his board and room.

Rap used to drive a stacker team during haying season, but he refused to walk back and forth behind the teams like most men did; so Ed rigged up a two-wheeled cart for him to use. That was the Indian in him coming out again.

About the time Rap took up his homestead a little slim-built fellow by the name of Frank Spangler took up one on the Ghent slope. He was a queer one with small, sharp, beady eyes. He liked to roam around prospecting for gold, and also he was always trying to put into practice his own religious philosophy. He was one of those kind of fellows who believed in giving every single living being a fair chance. He wouldn't shoot a coyote unless he was running and had a fifty-fifty chance of getting away. He was an excellent shot with a rifle, too, and even a fast-moving coyote didn't have much of a get-away chance if Frank really intended to kill him.

Spangler had an old horse which he said was a "one man horse." He was a chunky animal and ornery-natured, and if he didn't feel just right would buck viciously for a short distance. He didn't

pull any tricks, though, bucked the same every time and no cowboy in his right mind would ever want him, for as a mount he had very little to offer. However, every fellow who went by heard the same tale, "I'll give you this horse if you can ride him 50 yards away from the corral." All newcomers to the Hole-in-the-Wall and others besides took up the challenge; and some stayed on and some didn't, but nobody ever took the horse. Frank liked this idea of his because he felt that he was taking a fifty-fifty chance of losing the animal.

Spangler was also full of peculiar ideas about food. Off and on he'd go on a special diet of his own concocting. One time he went on a pecan and banana diet. He'd bring out five pound boxes of pecans and fifteen pounds of bananas at a time and that's all he'd eat until they were gone. But in spite of all his theories about proper food intake, he always felt poorly and complained about it incessantly.

One night Rap stopped by the cabin and old Frank was in bed, but at once began grumbling about his aches and pains to such an extent that Rap thought maybe the old fellow was in a bad way. So he sat there with him, not knowing anything else to do, and pretty soon all was quiet in the bed. Rap said, "When he quit complainin' and laid so still, I figured he'd died, so pulled the sougan up over his face and rode home thinking we'd have a burying next day, but we didn't."

As more people began coming into the Red Wall country—homesteaders, school teachers and wives—homes and school-houses just weren't large enough for dance crowds; so the Barnum people decided to build a community hall big enough to accommodate all their needs along that line. L. R. A. Condit donated the site for the building, a part of the Coppington place, north of the road just outside the entrance to the valley.

As we think of these Barnum people a quotation of Channing comes to mind, which says, "No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another."

(To be continued)

Wyoming Memories

By

DICK J. NELSON

After living forty-three years in that 'splendid'
state that lies above - Wyoming -
And now being retired and reaching that point in
life some call life's 'gloaming',
I enjoy going back into my gallery of memories
to live again the wonderful past,
To recall happenings, people, places, and thoughts
that will always last;

To reverie in a mood of my early manhood time,
Of friends, neighbors, and conditions that now
seemed always sublime,
Of ranches, cattle, hills, valleys and flowers
as nature displayed her best,
Of the sun and moon which rose and set among the
mountains highest crest,
Of antelope, deer and elk, well nourished on
luscious grass,
With a background of dark green timber reflected
as if in a polished looking glass
In the snow-made streams that flowed from their
canyons grand, that wind
Until the Snake, Green, Powder, Big Horn, Platte,
Tongue, Cheyenne, and other outlets they find;
Of the men who rode the range
With their 'strings' of horse-flesh tough from
which to make a change,
Of the 'beef round-ups' and the drive to the railroad
pens,
Thoughts of this vanishing spectacle will not fade
until my life ends.

I see again those cowhands who rode with poise and grace,
Roping, branding and in the 'to the Chuck Wagon race'
In their incomparable outfits - boots, spurs, chaps,
six guns and the famous Stetson hats -
They rode and dressed, not for display,
But did far out-class the great Cinema stars of today;
And too, I see, the livery stables which were the
rendezvous for men.

I remember those wide-open dramatic 'cow towns'
that never locked a door
Twenty-four hours round the clock and many could
have used more,
And the plenty that was doing - excitement galore,
The people - a mixture of creed and class -
The 'dealers' in the many games of chance,
with cunning and skill unsurpassed,
The 'gun plays' - feuds, loves and hates often
settled by 'range land law'
The one who survived was the fastest on the 'draw'.

Then too I remember the coming of the railroad's
revenue hunting rails,
With trains to replace stages to carry passengers
and freight, and to expedite the mails,
The 'kids' that hired out to the railroads to fire
and brake
Soon to get promotion to 'pull the throttle' and
the train tickets take,
The men who worked in the shops, on the track,
and the clerks at office desks,
Alert, efficient, politely answering questions
and carrying out patrons requests,
The dispatchers, the train and engine men of
each crew
Who fought severe elements and conditions to have
their trains arrive when due.

Now I think about the people on the ranches
and in the villages and towns
Who served in the banks, offices and stores -
And those unforgettable country doctors -
Thoughts of all these people and up my estimation soars
Of the men and women who were honorable, trying
a life of helpfulness to fulfill,
People of sterling qualities and characters
displaying their good-will
There were those with hearts of gold
All honor to the many whose virtues went untold.

Now my reverie has passed.

I can vision that great state of today with its
unbelievable contrast,
Oil wells, refineries, banks - money flooded -
Cattle, sheep, horses - all blooded -

Mills, factories, mines, transportation, schools
and churches - the best -
Yes, Wyoming is now an outstanding progressive state.

Just thought I would write from my 'back log' of
wonderful memories, a heritage from the past,
Before it is too late.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

EDNESS KIMBALL WILKINS

More and more the people of Wyoming, in areas all over the state, are becoming aware of the priceless (and glamorous) historical heritage we have within our borders. Our history in recent years has been brought into the world-wide living room of every person who owns a television set. Western stories have been featured, many of them mentioning the colorful names of Wyoming towns, creeks, mountains, ranches, law officers or badmen. The rough appearance and furnishings of our early day saloons have been glamorized into very large, handsomely furnished barrooms, with mahogany bars and glittering crystal chandeliers. "Maverick" has become the symbol of those long-ago gamblers who were once an important part of our citizenry.

It is not only in the "Westerns", however, that Wyoming is televised. Recently, in one of the most moving incidents of a popular doctor-hospital series, a famous scientist-explorer was asked what he remembered as the most beautiful place in the world. His description of a lovely little valley in the Tetons was one that every one of us who calls Wyoming "home", should obtain and treasure in our hearts forever.

Wyoming's stories, traditions and folklore must be written down so that it will be available as a reservoir of information for use and guidance of future researchers and authors. Every item of pioneer life that has been told by our forefathers or their friends should be noted for posterity. Verification of dates and details can come at a later time, but it is urgent that all of these "tales our fathers told" be put on paper before they are forgotten. The suggestion has been offered and I relay it to you, that you should carry a small notebook in your pocket or purse, and jot down every bit of information that comes into your mind.

I have such a book, with the title "Unwritten History Notes." Each time I open it, I am surprised at the amount of information I have entered, and the variety of subjects. For instance, there is a list of some of the old-timers who had descriptive nicknames; and some notes about the first "hospital" in Casper; a hilarious incident about Sam Bass, when my father and some of the boys framed Sam; notes about the "phantom ship" that sailed up the Platte, and was visible for about two hours, having been seen by

many people. (It was just about the time of the spinal meningitis epidemic among the children of early Casper). There are many interesting details about Cattle Kate and Jim Averell and A. J. Bothwell, the final item being that the skulls of Kate and Jim were sent to a medical school for examination to see if they were abnormal. (Those were the days of phrenology.) From the details, and the source of the story, I am certain it was true.

Here is an instance of how fast and completely our way of life has changed, and how the details of an earlier age can be lost from our memories. A Casper woman wanted to refer to the iron weight that was used in "horse and buggy" days to keep a horse or team standing without being tied. You doubtless remember seeing the driver get out of the wagon or buggy, lift out the iron weight that was fastened to the bridle by a long leather strap, and drop it on the street or edge of the board sidewalk, thus tethering the horse. But what was it called? The inquiring lady asked many people without getting an answer. She wished she could find an old-time catalog of harness, saddles and other necessities of transportation used in the pre-automobile era.

Do you remember those long, plodding string-teams that freighted supplies from the railroad terminals to other isolated parts of the State? Only a small number of people are now living who saw that method of transportation and remember the details of the intricate harness, the types of wagons, the long bullwhip that snaked out across the backs of eighteen or twenty or more horses, to snap at the lead team; the descriptive language of the freighter when the wheels sank down into the heavy sand, and the horses leaned into the collars and pulled until their sides heaved with the strain - and the wagons would not budge. One summer afternoon when I was very small, I attended a birthday party of a little wind and sun-browned girl. Clutching a present, I remember climbing up into the "cooster" wagon that was her home. The wagons were "parked" on land now occupied by a fine business establishment just south of the Trigood Oil Company building, on South Center and Railroad. Fortunately for future researchers, one of our historian-ranchers has been gathering on paper the details of those freighters and their way of life.

Stories handed down by the earliest settlers in central Wyoming have placed the Robert Stuart cabin in a slightly different location from the site near Poison Spider Creek as interpreted by several editors, from Stuart's Memoranda. The location pointed out by the pioneers almost a century ago, appears logical and fits into the pattern of distances traveled and of Stuart's description of the scenery and surroundings. It will be a fine addition to our historic landmarks if the stories from the early settlers finally determine the exact spot of the first white man's cabin in Wyoming.

Word has come from the Esther Morris Commission that plans are developing for placing the Esther Morris statue at the State

Capitol, and the Wyoming Historical Society will be invited to cooperate with the Commission in planning and carrying out the details of the ceremony. The date will probably be sometime in June. It is expected to be an impressive event, exemplifying the achievements of Mrs. Morris, and giving our people who visit Cheyenne an opportunity to see a replica of the great work of art that represents Wyoming in our national capitol. We anticipate that the dedication will be one of the most important historical events of recent years, and hope that it will be attended by all citizens who are interested in Wyoming's proud history of equality.

Many incidents in the Esther Morris story were written and told after the passing of time. They have, however, rounded out the picture of those stirring events, and have added interest and understanding to the parts that were recorded during Wyoming's first territorial legislature, emphasizing again how important it is that each person should write down the stories he heard in earlier years from the pioneers who helped in the building of Wonderful Wyoming.

Book Reviews

Recollections of a Piney Creek Rancher. By Fred J. Todd.
(Quick Printing Co., Sheridan, Wyoming. 1961. illus. 85
pp. \$3.50.)

This is a story with around thirty photos of Hard Leather Rides, Sagebrush Trails and other experiences of a typical cowhand who came to Wyoming in 1901 to fence in a ranch, marry and raise his family on Lower Piney Creek near Sheridan, Wyoming.

Gladys Wilcox who was to be his bride was a young school teacher who left Missouri to come West. They were married in November 1906 and after a short honeymoon in Missouri returned to Wyoming in February 1907 to establish their ranch home.

It is an excellent story of their humble beginnings, the trials and tribulations encountered in those early days of ranching, and it should be most interesting to all who read it, not just the folks who happened to have lived on or near Piney Creek.

Because the book spans fifty-four years of happily married life there is much to tell of many celebrations, hard work, violence, outlaws, long winters, roundups, runaways, stage coach trips, rodeos, "Odds and Bits," along with some interesting things about two of Wyoming's Ghost towns, Ucross and Ulm.

Fred and his wife Gladys were of the plain ordinary stock of pioneer homesteaders who settled the hills of northern Wyoming during the first half of the century, and he felt his greatest accomplishment of all was the happy life with his wife and seven children.

This is the type of writing we are happy to see and hope that it may encourage others over the state of Wyoming to write about their families and early life in their respective communities.

The first edition of this book, which started out only as a private printing, has completely sold out. It proved so popular that the Sheridan Library has limited its lending to one week. A second edition is to be printed with only a few stories added to the "Odds and Bits" section and should be on sale sometime in May. It may be purchased at the Sheridan Stationery Store in Sheridan, Wyoming, or The *Buffalo Bulletin* office in Buffalo, Wyoming.

Cheyenne

RUTH J. BRADLEY

The Family Band. By Laura Bower Van Nuys. (Lincoln. The University of Nebraska Press. 1961. 256 pp. \$4.50.)

Music made by the members of Calvin and Keziah Bower's family band echoed from one boundary of Dakota Territory to the other. Having migrated from Wisconsin to Vermillion, D. T. in 1870, the Bowers and their eight children, comfortable and fairly prosperous, considered themselves settled until in 1881 two events occurred which changed their lives completely. One was the great flood of the Missouri in April which wiped out nearly the whole community including the Bower home and possessions. The other, which had, perhaps, an even greater influence on the family, was the marriage of their beloved oldest daughter, Od (Rhoda Alice), to Joseph B. Gossage, proprietor of the Rapid City *Black Hills Journal*.

With little left to bind them to Vermillion and a desire to be near Od drawing them toward the hills, around June 20, 1885, the family, having said their many goodbyes, turned westward via covered wagon loaded with a minimum of worldly goods. A melodeon was one of the few articles of furniture they carried with them.

Northwest through the Crow Creek Indian Reservation to Pierre and thence west to Rapid City they journeyed, traveling slowly. At Tripp they picked up the Rose family whose mother, Maria, was Keziah Bower's sister. There were six Rose children. From this time, the evening camps were more delightful than ever with games and much music and singing.

They stopped in Rapid City only long enough to be welcomed by Od and her husband, then headed for lower Battle Creek thirty-five miles south and a little east to Papa's claim. As many close relatives either followed or preceded the Bowers to this vicinity, they had a well "related" community.

It took fortitude, ingenuity and a great deal of tolerance and good humor, not to mention back-breaking labor, to weather the next few years, but weather them they did. The catalytic agent was the family band which included even Laura, the drum-beating youngest. It took some juggling of the family finances to get the band ready to perform, for without presenting a concert they could not become known, yet they could not possibly play a concert with old, dented instruments. Father finally solved the problem, procured the instruments, and practice sessions went on every spare moment. The extra money they earned helped considerably but one feels they would have had the band whether it had profited them or not. It was a source of pleasure to family, friends and relatives.

The writer, Laura Bower Van Nuys, was the youngest child.

She gives an endearing picture of the closeness of her family life, the personalities of her parents, brothers and sisters, as well as many fascinating moments of the early history of nearby places—Rapid City, Custer, Sheridan, Keystone and Hot Springs—as various members of the Bower clan lived in these towns. Her story reminds us that while pioneer life may have been a struggle for survival, it was also a time of celebration, gaiety and sociability which made the hard work and sorrows of living somehow worth remembering.

The Family Band is Volume V in the Pioneer Heritage Series.

Newcastle, Wyo.

ELIZABETH J. THORPE

These Were The Sioux. By Mari Sandoz. (New York: Hastings House Publ. 1961. 118 pp. illus. \$3.50.)

If the white man could have understood the Indian mores, certainly he could have learned much from him and perhaps benefited in his own customs and beliefs had he accepted some of them. Certainly such an understanding might have made unnecessary much of the tragic history of the Indian wars on the western frontier. The Indian, far from being a wild man, had an unwritten law and a fine nomadic civilization of his own which is seldom understood.

Mari Sandoz, who lived among the Sioux as a child, learned much from them, and as she grew older she developed a deep respect for these people.

In this small volume Miss Sandoz covers the customs and beliefs of the Indian, particularly the Sioux, from birth to death. In simple and understanding words she states the belief of the Indian and gives an explanation of the why and wherefore of his belief. No one who wishes to study Indian character and life can afford to overlook this study.

The book is attractively illustrated with sketches from the works of Amos Bad Heart Bull and Kills Two, both Oglala Sioux.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Wagons, Mules and Men. By Nick Eggenhofer. (New York: Hastings House Publ. Inc. 1961. index. illus. 184 pp. \$8.50.)

Born in Gauting, Bavaria, in 1897, Nick Eggenhofer came to the United States as a youth in 1913. By 1919, after working at various trades, having gained experience as an apprentice lithographer, and taking evening art classes, he began drawing illustrations for popular magazines. Gaining knowledge and experience through study and travel, his work became in demand and he began illustrating books and stories on the west. His works should be familiar to all who have read much on the West in recent years. His illustrations are, like those of Russell and Remington, startlingly real and accurate.

In this work Mr. Eggenhofer has turned author as well as illustrator. His subject is transportation before the era of the motor car, with emphasis on the West. He has woven together history, detailed description of types of vehicles and the paraphernalia used, beautifully illustrated with his own detailed drawings.

He covers the subjects of horses and mules and their saddles, pack saddles and other appurtenances, all types of drawn vehicles as the conestoga wagon, freight wagon, cart, army vehicles, sheep wagon and buggies, illustrating his narrative with details of their construction and use. Mr. Eggenhofer has made certain that such details will not be lost for posterity.

Mr. Eggenhofer has recently changed his residence from New Jersey to Cody, Wyoming. Wyomingites welcome him to his new home and hope that he will, in his new surroundings, be inspired to record many other aspects of our frontier period.

Cheyenne

HENRYETTA BERRY

The Cattle Kings. By Lewis Atherton. (Bloomington: University of Indiana Press. 1961. illus. end maps. introduction and index. xii plus 308 pp. \$6.95.)

The Cattle Kings should appeal especially to those already acquainted with names such as Murdo Mackenzie, Richard King, John W. Iliff, Joseph M. Carey, John B. Kendrick, Charles Goodnight, Dan Casement, Alexander Swan, Fred G. S. Hesse, and others equally well known in the days of the Western range cattle industry.

Believing that such men as these made cattle ranching the great pioneer industry that it was, Author Atherton decided to give them due recognition for the part they played in upbuilding the West. Convinced that fiction writers had obscured the true history of the West by giving cowboys, badmen, and super-marshals leading

roles in fanciful dramatizations, while the real principals—the rugged cattlemen—had been relegated to minor positions, the author, two years ago, began intensive research. The result is this book.

Dr. Atherton stresses the fact that western cattlemen—both owners and managers—were men who recognized the value of discipline and who enforced rules of order in the interest of good business. For instance, some of the big outfits forbade their employees to carry arms or to drink. Proof is cited of owners and operators of large ranches who were careful to show respect to small neighboring ranchmen.

The Cattle Kings is not just a collection of biographies. It is basically a comparison of the personal characteristics, habits, religious beliefs, family life, successes and failures of individual, outstanding cattlemen. The persons discussed become “colorful, complicated personalities.” Historical evidence shows that in flesh-and-blood these cattlemen deeply impressed contemporary observers, despite the fact that novelists often depicted them as merely wooden “types” devoid of individuality.

One of the book’s most interesting chapters is entitled, “Cattleman and Cowboy: Fact and Fancy.” Says Dr. Atherton, “The cowboy constitutes the best known and possibly the most significant contribution of the cattle kingdom, and his fame grows even greater as his environmental surroundings recede into history. Ironically, the cattleman rather than the cowboy was the central character on the ranching frontier. Without him there would be no cowboys.”

Among other chapter headings are: “Why Be A Cattleman”, “The Moderating Hand of Women,” and “God’s Elect.”

Although the author’s extensive footnotes indicate that the bulk of his material was obtained from printed works, he did, during a period of two years, also consult innumerable theses and unpublished biographies, interviews, newspaper files, and articles in periodicals.

Dr. Atherton concludes his carefully documented, scholarly, and entertaining work with a statement that since an ephemeral and cosmopolitan frontier helped shape the course of American life to a surprising degree, the time may come to pass when the *Cattle Kings* will share in the acclaim showered on their currently more popular employees—the American cowboys. “Certainly,” he says, “thoughtful liberals and conservatives alike can find much to admire in cattlemen’s code of values.”

Using forty-nine timely illustrations, the Indiana University Press has produced an exceedingly fine piece of publishing. The printing is clear; the binding, substantial; and the jacket is eye-catching.

Denver

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Bonney's Guide. Written and published by Orrin H. Bonney and Lorraine G. Bonney, (Houston 2, Texas, 1961. 136 pp. \$1.95)

Bonney's Guide, Jackson's Hole and Grand Teton, a paper-back written and published by Orrin H. and Lorraine G. Bonney, Houston 2, Texas, 1961, is strung on many strands—sixteen suggested trips through the Jackson Hole country. Mileage from each starting point is accurately given, and geological data, reference to early expeditions, and tales of early settlers inform the tripper as he drives along. When used as a guide book to be kept in hand for reference while making the suggested trips, it is a most useful and informative book. If used in any other way, the information and resulting conception of Jackson Hole is discontinuous.

The stories about old-timers, necessarily gained by interviews with the older residents in the valley, should be taken as about fifty per cent fiction or legend. There are a number of inaccuracies: the Teton fault occurred about three million years ago during the Cenozoic age, not during the Laramide Revolution of the Cretaceous age, sixty or seventy million years ago; the information on John Carnes' Indian wife Millie does not check with the records of the Ft. Hall Indian agency; Dr. C. W. Huff came to Jackson Hole in 1913, not 1916; and ranchers do not summer cattle on the National Elk Refuge. But these mistakes are few considering the immense amount of industry and research that went into the making of the guide. Not enough discrimination is made between primary and secondary sources and just plain yarning. Though a guide book may not justify footnotes, credits should be given somewhere for material that has previously appeared in print. In several instances this was not done.

Maps, drawings and many interesting cuts aid much in making *Bonney's Guide, Jackson's Hole and Grand Teton* the useful guide book that it is.

Jackson, Wyo.

ELIZABETH WIED HAYDEN

America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty. Prepared by the National Geographic Book Service, Merle Severy, Chief. (National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. 1962. illus. index. 576 pp. \$11.95.)

This is a companion volume to *America's Wonderlands*, an earlier publication of the National Geographic Society, which dealt with our National Parks. The purpose of this publication is perhaps best given in the words of Conrad Wirth, Director of the

National Park Service, in his introduction to the book in which he states, "A vigorous and growing nation such as ours must preserve its historic heritage and pass it on to succeeding generations. This heritage tells the story of America's growth, trials, accomplishments, and goals. It provides the key to understanding the present and planning wisely for the future. How well we safeguard and interpret this priceless legacy will determine the kind of nation we shall be tomorrow."

The book is beautifully illustrated with a total of 676 pictures, 463 of which are in color. Thirty-eight maps, including 2 insert maps, "Civil War Battles" and "Historical Map of the Conterminous United States," enable the reader to follow the narrative and locate sites of outstanding importance on the continental United States.

America's Historylands is organized around major themes rather than chronological or regional events for better continuity and interest. It covers the period of American History from the first explorers to the present, ending on the theme of the space age and Cape Canaveral. Outstanding authors and scholars who have keynoted and introduced sections of the book include Carl Sandburg, John Bakeless, Louis R. Wright, Donald Barr Chidsey, John Anthony Caruso, David Lavender, Earl Schenck Miers, William C. Everhart, Stewart H. Holbrook and Frank Freidel.

For an overall view of America's heritage, this is an excellent volume.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Pioneer's Progress. By Alvin Johnson. (A Bison Book, University of Nebraska Press. 1960. 413 pp. \$1.85.)

Alvin Johnson was born in northeastern Nebraska of Danish immigrant parents in 1874. He was a remarkably talented man and this is his interesting story of a long and active life.

After graduation from the infant University of Nebraska Johnson served in the army during the Spanish - American War and went directly from the army to Columbia University from which he ultimately received the Ph.D. in Economics. In the course of his long academic career (ca. 1898-1945) Johnson studied under and worked with many of the most famous people in the field of the social sciences during that era. Nicholas Murray Butler, Thorstein Veblen, Charles Beard, John Bates Clark, Edwin R. A. Seligman - these and dozens of other names of equal calibre continually appear in the course of this book. Johnson taught at Columbia, Bryn Mawr, Nebraska, Texas, Stanford, Cornell and Chicago.

Johnson's interests ranged far outside the classroom. He was,

at various times, editor of the "New Republic", editor of the "Encyclopedia of The Social Science", head of the New School for Social Research and head of the University in Exile in New York during the second World War. In addition to all this he found time to write widely and to serve as an economic adviser on several boards and commissions for the federal government.

Wyoming readers will be interested in the chapter entitled "Adventures in Land Reclamation" in which Johnson describes his experiences as economic adviser to Elwood Mead in the 1920's. Mention is made of the now controversial Riverton project.

It has often been noted that the West has historically been a colonial area sending its natural wealth to the East and enriching the nation while not enriching - indeed, while impoverishing - itself. If this has been true in the case of coal, oil, uranium, gold and silver, it has also been true in the case of western brains and talent. The life of Alvin Johnson is an illustration of this somewhat lamentable fact.

Torrington

WALTER L. SAMSON, JR.

Treasure Coach from Deadwood. By Allan Vaughan Elston.
(Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1962.
224 pp. \$2.95.)

Allan Vaughan Elston's latest western novel has as its authentic setting Deadwood, South Dakota, and its environs. Once again Mr. Elston has carefully researched into the background for his story, and he includes such real personalities as Scott Davis, shot-gun messenger for the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Co., and stage employees Jesse Brown and Boone May, both famous in their own rights.

This is the story of a gang of hold-up men and of buried treasure which was not recovered. Should some readers read more fact than fiction in this novel, the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department may once again receive requests for stories of stolen and buried gold. Such requests come in at fairly frequent intervals, and this reviewer remembers one which is perhaps unforgettable. The writer, and from his letter and penmanship one had to assume he had passed middle age some time ago, assured us that if we could tell him within 200 feet where a buried treasure was located, that whether it was gold, silver, or currency, he could find it. The staff promptly decided that if we could locate such a treasure that closely ourselves, we would take time out to go look for it. At any rate we hope *Treasure Coach from Deadwood* will not start another gold rush.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Songs of the Sage by Mae Urbanek. (Denver, Big Mountain Press, 1962 illus. 242 pp. \$3.50.)

This is a collection of poems on a variety of subjects, mostly historical. Of these, several have previously been printed in the *Annals of Wyoming*.

Part of the beauty of these poems is in their brevity. The author condensed the life of Buffalo Bill into three four-line stanzas, after she had studied three books about him. Yet this twelve-line poem gives him plenty of stature and romance. The last stanza reads:

"I, Pahaska, ride forever,
On old Brigham, swift and wise;
Westward to unbranded mountains,
Where the untamed eagle flies."

Briefly beautiful is also the poem "John Colter," whose heroic exploits are condensed into one page. This poem was especially written for the annual meeting of the Historical Society held in Cody, Wyoming, in 1957. Berneice Bird, a resident of Niobrara County, did an excellent drawing of John Colter gazing in wonderment at Old Faithful.

Songs of the Sage is a compilation of new poems and poems previously published in the brochures: *Niobrara Breezes*, *Wyoming Winds*, and *Highlights of the Hills*. It is well illustrated by Elsie Christian of Lusk; Norman Evans of Gillette, and Berneice Bird of Lusk.

The poems range from pre-historic "God's Sundial," known to us as Devil's Tower, to the downright delightful "REA":

"So the waters light the prairies;
Every farm yard has its star,
On the hill tops, in the valleys,
Flouting darkness near and far."

Presidents, Indian chiefs, sky-pilots, cowboys, even homemakers are included. There are also several songs with music: "Oh Pine-Clad Hills" and "I Love A Garden". If "variety is the spice of life" you will find it in *Songs of the Sage*.

Lusk

IRMA WHITE

Nebraska Place Names. By Lilian L. Fitzpatrick. (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1960. 227 pp. \$1.50).

This is an interesting little book. Besides giving, though often sketchily, the origins of the place names in Nebraska, it contains

many bits of history and many pleasant and often amusing details of choices of names. The first portion, by Lilian Fitzpatrick, is devoted to the origins of the names of Nebraska counties and towns. The counties are arranged in alphabetical order and the towns of a particular county follow, arranged also in alphabetical order. To facilitate the use of the book there is at the end of this first half an index of towns in alphabetical order, each town followed by the county it is in. Unfortunately there is, however, no listing of towns or counties by page number.

The only defect perhaps is that for too many names Miss Fitzpatrick has either assembled only inadequate information or included in her account the fewest facts possible. This would indicate that she held back material she thought not important or failed to follow her leads to the end—I say this in spite of her statement in the preface that the study was as exhaustive as she could make it. For example, she gives fairly full information about Blair in Washington county: "The history of Blair dates back to 1869 when the town was platted. It was named in honor of John I. Blair (1820-1899), of New Jersey, the great railroad builder and controller of railroad operations, who owned the land on which the town is located. At one time Mr. Blair was president of the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad Company. He was well known for his philanthropic work. Blair is the county seat of Washington county." But she leaves Bushnell in Kimball county up in the air: "Bushnell in Bushnell precinct, was named for a civil engineer on the Union Pacific railroad." For historical purposes, Bushnell, whoever he was, is as important as Mr. Blair, "the great railroad builder."

Other names that in themselves are intriguing are neglected—for example, Tonic in Holt county. All Miss Fitzpatrick offers is that it is "An inland village and a former post office in the southwestern part of Deloit precinct." Or Eclipse in Hooker county. Miss Fitzpatrick writes: "The name was selected by three or four ranchers meeting at the home of A. J. Gragg. It is thought that the office was named independently, not after any other place or person." It seems to me that she should have known more if she knew that much—why would the name "Eclipse" or "Tonic" be chosen? There was undoubtedly a story in the naming which could have been found.

Some selections from J. T. Link's *Origin of the Place Names of Nebraska* comprise the second half of this book. The sections deal with the names of military establishments, rivers, lakes, topographical features, state parks, etc., thus complementing the work done by Miss Fitzpatrick on the names of towns and counties. The material he includes is adequate and often interesting, but his presentation is less successful than Miss Fitzpatrick's. Her towns and counties are listed in a kind of dictionary form—the name of the place in heavy type followed by a paragraph of information.

But Link has attempted to include his in connected paragraphs of expository writing. As a result there are some dull stretches and some obvious striving after connectives.

As a reference work, however, this little book will serve a useful purpose for anyone interested in the subject it deals with. It is worth owning and the modest cost makes that possible.

University of Wyoming

RICHARD MAHAN

The Old-Time Cowhand. By Ramon F. Adams, with illustrations by Nick Eggenhofer. (New York, N. Y.: The McMillan Company, 1961. 354 pp. \$7.50.)

Here, at last, is the complete story of the cowboy; his ideas, his ideals, his religion, his humor, his work, his equipment—in short, whatever you want to know about the old-time cowhand you can find out by referring to Mr. Adams' book.

It is to be hoped that this volume will be widely read for it is an authentic and accurate presentation of what the old-time cowhand was really like as compared with the idea of cowboys which the public at large has which is, of course, based upon "western" novels and stories and what may be seen at the neighborhood movie palace or on the wee screen of the idiot box in the corner of the living room.

For it is apparent that Mr. Adams has studied the subject in detail and at length and, so far as this reviewer is concerned, what he has to say about the old-time cowhand may be regarded as correct.

Mr. Adams writes in the vernacular of the cowhand. He justifies doing so as follows: "Book writin', I reckon, should be brushed and curried til it's plumb shiny and elegant. In writin' this'n, I could maybe slick up my grammar some, but because it's 'bout the old-time cowhand I want to write it in his own language jes' like he talked at the old chuck wagon. It seems more friendly, and it shore gives more flavor." One's first reaction to this style of writing may not be sympathetic but one is soon drawn in by the skillful manner in which the author uses it and would have it no other way.

The only shortcoming of the book is the lack of any index. Mr. Adams defines and explains the origins of many, many words, phrases, customs, and practices, many of which have become a permanent part of American life. With no index, however, it is difficult to track down a certain word or custom which, one is confident, Mr. Adams has thoroughly explained somewhere in the book, if one could only find it.

Nick Eggenhofer's excellent drawings are liberally sprinkled throughout the book and add much to its flavor.

All in all, it is a painstaking, thorough, and accurate picture of the much misunderstood and caricatured cowhand. Anyone interested in the history of the west will enjoy it.

Green River

VERNON K. HURD

The Second Man by Mae Urbanek. (Denver: Sage Books, 1962
Illus. 183 pp. \$3.50.)

Did Laramie Peak which dominates the landscape in eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska influence the lives of the prehistoric and pre-Indian inhabitants of the plains? How did they live? What God or Gods did they worship?

In the stony pits and huge stone dumps of the Spanish Diggings located where Platte, Goshen and Niobrara Counties meet, is silent evidence of the first organized industry in what is now Wyoming. These pits, twenty to thirty feet deep, were mined in quartzite with stone wedges. The brittle upper layers of these purple and golden rocks were dumped in discard piles down the hillsides. The lower layers were fashioned into crude tools. Thousands of tipi rings, small in size, are scattered in village groups over sections of adjoining land.

No Indians since the discovery of America worked so hard to dig stone, or chipped such rough implements. These first makers of artifacts needed the more easily worked quartzite for their primitive efforts. Their pits were first discovered by cowboys who thought the Spaniards had dug there for gold, and misnamed them "Spanish Diggings." Scientists from several universities explored these pits, picked up all available artifacts, and declared them the workings of prehistoric people.

Inspired by the dominating presence of Laramie Peak, and the sight of the now empty hills that once swarmed with busy people, Mae Urbanek has written a novel revealing how they might have lived, and loved, and worshipped. In *The Second Man*, Laramie Peak becomes La-la-luma, the home of the Gods. Ula, an ambitious young woman, who is filled with passion for progress away from the primitive, superstitious ways of stone age culture, changes the lives of Neesha's tribes. She steals the science of curing sickness away from the Keela-Koo-Koos, the painted medicine men. From Rumbo's hand Ula takes the great whip, symbol of his ruling power, and replaces it with the bow and arrow.

This drama of man's upward struggle is told in simple, compelling style that shows a keen understanding of human nature, spiced with sly humor. A quotation follows:

"Heavy fingers closed more tightly around the magic rock. Noiselessly the naked arm withdrew into the shrubbery of the river bank. A pheasant cock stepped into the clearing, puffed out his breast, and jauntily walked in circles. He did not see the crouched hulk of the naked man, whose black eyes burned through a mop of black hair streaming about his face. . . . Like a catapult the arm of the man swung forward, releasing the rock . . . the rainbow bird fell . . . the woman now came forward, carrying the child. Easing her burden to the ground, she snatched the denuded bird from the hands of the man; and slit it open with a savage thrust of her small fingers. She ran back to the child, knelt and held the quivering liver to its mouth. The child showed no interest in food. Its eyelids fluttered, but did not open; fluttered again and then stilled forever."

The book is filled with a great love of nature and the open plains dominated by Laramie Peak. Quoting again: "Ula reached the crest. With a dull thud the heavy robe fell. She straightened and stood free, the wild wind catching her tangled hair and blowing it back from her face. The sky was glory-brushed with more spirit fires than Ula had ever seen. Calmly in the midst of all their blazing beauty rose La-la-luma, the sacred blue hill, filling the distance, a living, quivering thing . . . calling, calling, ever calling."

Using all known facts and conjectures about these primitive "first" people, Mrs. Urbanek has written this colorful novel filled with action, mother love, and romance. In the ever-powerful presence of La-la-luma, Laramie Peak, is told the first great love story of Wyoming, *The Second Man*.

Lusk

IRMA WHITE

Contributors

OLGA MOORE ARNOLD, one of Wyoming's nationally recognized writers, was born in Buffalo, attended schools there and in Sheridan, and received her B. A. degree from the University of Wyoming. She has published two books, *Windswept* and *I'll Meet You in the Lobby*, and has had short stories published in many magazines including the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping* and *McCalls*. One story was filmed by RKO as "You Can't Beat Love". Her husband was the late Carl Arnold, former dean of the University of Wyoming law school. He was later associated with the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Arnold makes her home in Washington where she writes for the United States Information Agency.

DICK J. NELSON was born in Mitchell County, Kansas, in 1875, and came to Crook County, Wyoming, with his family in 1888. His father, a rancher, was a member of the first board of county commissioners of the newly created Weston County. Dick Nelson, in addition to ranching, worked for the C. B. and O. Railroad for 45 years, retiring as division superintendent at Sheridan in 1939. He has since lived in San Diego, Calif. He is the author of several historical booklets on Wyoming, "Only a Cow Country", "Wyoming and South Dakota Black Hills", "The Old West and Custer's Last Stand", and "Wyoming's Big Horn Basin of Merit". More information about him is included in the story of May Nelson Dow in this issue of the *Annals*.

LAURA NELSON HART has lived in Wyoming since 1888. Her parents, the Alfred Nelsons, were among the earliest settlers in present Weston County. Her first job was as a printer's devil for her brother Frank, who put out a newspaper in Tubbtown, now a ghost town near Newcastle. She married James Franklin Hart, who, in 1914, became the first automobile dealer in northern Wyoming. They later operated a cattle and dude ranch near Riverton, which is still owned by her son. After her husband's death, Mrs. Hart moved to Lander. She is interested in Wyoming history, archaeology, anthropology and geology. Several of her poems and historical articles have been published under the pen name of Shelia Hart. She is a sister of May Nelson Dow, whose story appears in this *Annals of Wyoming*.

BURTON S. HILL, Buffalo attorney, is a native Wyomingite. He is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and received his law degree at the University of Michigan. Hill is a veteran of World

Wars I and II. He and his wife have two sons, Burton, Jr., of Albuquerque, N. M., and Robert A., who is associated with his father in the law firm of Hill and Hill, of Buffalo. The study of western history is one of Hill's hobbies. He is a member of Masonic organizations, the Elks and the American Legion.

MABEL BROWN is a native of Colorado, but has lived in Wyoming since she attended high school in Newcastle. Her husband, Wesley Brown, was born in Cambria, and is a member of a pioneer Wyoming family. They have two married daughters. Mrs. Brown is a free lance writer and newspaper correspondent, and is a member of the Press Women. A charter member of the Weston County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society, she has served as president, and as chairman of numerous committees in the chapter. She has been very active in 4-H Club work and has received several awards in recognition of her leadership and participation. As a qualifying candidate for Mother of the Year in 1959, she holds a special membership in the Wyoming Mothers' Association. Her hobbies include history, photography, leathercraft, nature study, collecting books on Western Americana and collecting sun purpled glass.

ELIZABETH J. THORPE was born in Newcastle where she and her husband, Dr. V. L. Thorpe, and their five children now make their home. She attended San Diego State College and was graduated from the University of Wyoming in 1941. She taught school for a year before her marriage. She is a member of the Weston County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society, the Twentieth Century Club of Newcastle and the P. E. O. Sisterhood. Her hobbies are writing, history and painting.

MRS. THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April, 1957, pp. 120-121.

ELIZABETH KEEN. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 33, No. 2, October, 1961, p. 240.

MAE URBANEK. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 27, No. 2, October, 1955, p. 251.

J. K. MOORE, JR. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 27, No. 2, October, 1955, p. 250.

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

The Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department has as its function the collection and preservation of the record of the people of Wyoming. It maintains a historical library, a museum and the state archives.

The aid of the citizens of Wyoming is solicited in the carrying out of its function. The Department is anxious to secure and preserve records and materials now in private hands where they cannot be long preserved. Such records and materials include:

Biographical materials of pioneers: diaries, letters, account books, autobiographical accounts.

Business records of industries of the State: livestock, mining, agriculture, railroads, manufacturers, merchants, small business establishments, and of professional men as bankers, lawyers, physicians, dentists, ministers, and educators.

Private records of individual citizens, such as correspondence, manuscript materials and scrapbooks.

Records of organizations active in the religious, educational, social, economic and political life of the State, including their publications such as yearbooks and reports.

Manuscript and printed articles on towns, counties, and any significant topic dealing with the history of the State.

Early newspapers, maps, pictures, pamphlets, and books on western subjects.

Current publications by individuals or organizations throughout the State.

Museum materials with historical significance: early equipment, Indian artifacts, relics dealing with the activities of persons in Wyoming and with special events in the State's history.



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SKETCH, FORT LARAMIE, 1860's
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Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

October 1962

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ANNALS OF WYOMING

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The Wyoming State Historical Society was organized in October 1953. Membership is open to anyone interested in history. County Historical Society Chapters have been organized in Albany, Big Horn, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Platte, Sheridan, Sweetwater, Washakie, Weston, and Uinta counties.

State Dues:

Life Membership	\$50.00
Joint Life Membership (Husband and wife)	75.00
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Joint Annual Membership (Two persons of same family at same address.)	5.00

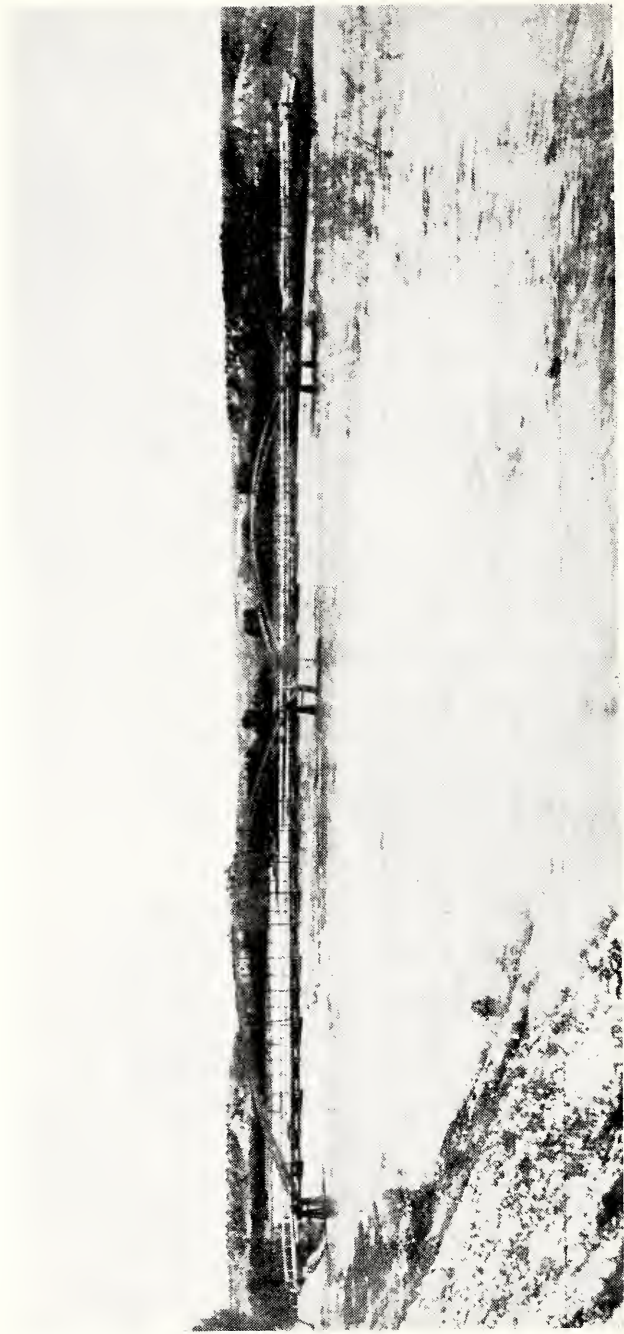
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Table of Contents

FORT LARAMIE'S IRON BRIDGE	137
John Dishon McDermott	
THE FORTIFICATIONS OF OLD FORT LARAMIE	145
Gordon S. Chappell	
THE BISHOP WHO BID FOR FORT LARAMIE	163
Howard Lee Wilson	
ALBERT CHARLES PEALE	175
PIONEER GEOLOGIST OF THE HAYDEN SURVEY	
PATTEE, THE LOTTERY KING	193
THE OMAHA AND WYOMING LOTTERIES	
POEM-TO THE LITTLE BIG HORN	211
Hans Kleiber	
SADDLES	213
A. S. (Bud) Gillespie	
WYOMING'S FRONTIER NEWSPAPERS	218
Elizabeth Keen	
OVERLAND STAGE TRAIL-TREK NO. 3	235
Trek No. 13 of the Emigrant Trail Treks	
Compiled by Maurine Carley	
BOOK REVIEWS	
Branch, <i>The Cowboy and His Interpreters</i>	250
Whitman, <i>The Troopers</i>	251
Hine, <i>Edward Kern and American Expansion</i>	252
Laramie County Historical Society, <i>Early Cheyenne Homes,</i> <i>1880-1890</i>	253
Collins, <i>Great Western Rides</i>	254
Moore, <i>Souls and Saddlebags</i>	255
Thorpe, Brown, --and then there was one, <i>the Story of Cambria,</i> <i>Tubbtown and Newcastle</i>	256
Mattes, <i>Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole</i>	257
Smith, <i>Cow Chips 'n' Cactus</i>	258
Bison Books and Yale Books Reprints	258-260
CONTRIBUTORS	260-261
ILLUSTRATIONS ACCOMPANYING ARTICLES	
Sketch, Fort Laramie, 1860's	Cover
Fort Laramie's Iron Bridge	136
The Bishop Who Bid For Fort Laramie	164
Albert Charles Peale	176, 181, 186
Pattee, The Lottery King	196, 202, 203
Saddles	212
Map: Overland Stage Trail-Trek No. 3	234



1875 Army Bridge About 1900

Courtesy L. G. Flannery

Fort Laramie's Iron Bridge

By

JOHN DISHON McDERMOTT

Before the completion of transcontinental railroads, emigrants followed the rivers when they wound their way westward. Occasionally, they found it necessary to cross from one side of a river to another, and during flood season the maneuver was always difficult and sometimes perilous. In the beginning, men with cattle and horses usually swam the streams or built crude rafts to transport women, children, and goods over them. A few enterprising men established ferries and operated them for a price, and, finally, there were bridges which made the crossings simple and comfortable.

One of these western bridges spans the North Platte River about two miles from old Fort Laramie. Constructed in 1875, the bridge is the oldest such structure in the state of Wyoming and is believed to be the oldest existing military bridge west of the Mississippi River.

Fort Laramie was about halfway between St. Louis and the West Coast so most emigrants wished to stop there to replenish their supplies, mail letters back to the states, and repair their wagons. Those who wished to visit the post had to cross either the Laramie or the North Platte depending on the trail they had taken through Nebraska and southern Wyoming.

In the 1840's, 50's, and 60's, most emigrants traveled on the south bank of the North Platte and, consequently, had to cross the Laramie to reach the post. A few pioneers, namely the Mormons, blazed a trail on the opposite side which left the North Platte between them and the fort. Since the greater number chose to journey on the south bank, the first bridge builders concentrated on spanning the narrower tributary. In 1851, two traders erected a bridge over the Laramie and charged from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per wagon.¹ In 1873, a second bridge crossed the Laramie a little farther upstream.²

Before 1875, emigrants either forded or ferried the North Platte. During the spring and early summer, the river was in flood stage

1. Merrill J. Mattes and Thor Borresen, "The Historic Approaches to Fort Laramie" (1947), 30. Manuscript at Fort Laramie National Historic Site.

2. Plan of Fort Laramie in 1873, Records of the War Department, National Archives. Hereafter cited as RWD.

and extremely difficult to cross without loss of property or life. In June, 1850, at least six men drowned in attempted crossings, and one pioneer described the river as being 250 yards wide and 12 feet deep.³

With the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1869 came the end of the great covered wagon migrations. Interest turned from spanning the Laramie to bridging the Platte, for Montana and South Dakota produced gold and the Sioux settled temporarily on reservations in northern Nebraska which had to be supplied by wagons from Cheyenne and other U.P. stations.

The citizens of Cheyenne took the initiative in the movement to persuade the government to build a bridge over the Platte near Fort Laramie. Cheyenne served as the great freight outfitting capital of the region. Between fifteen and twenty million pounds of government goods passed through the city each year, and freighters purchased their supplies from Cheyenne businessmen before whipping their teams over the dusty trail to the agencies and forts.⁴

In 1873, rumors swept Cheyenne that the freighters might move their headquarters to the rival U.P. towns of Sidney and North Platte because they found it difficult to ford the Platte on the Cheyenne trail.⁵ At first the townspeople tried to induce the county to construct a ferry over the river, but the commissioners declined.⁶

Next the townspeople hit upon the idea of a government sponsored bridge and enlisted the aid of their territorial delegate to Congress, W. R. Steele. On February 24, 1874, Steele introduced a bill in the House which read as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That there shall be located and constructed, under the direction of the Secretary of War, a government military bridge across the North Platte River at or near Fort Laramie, in the Territory of Wyoming; and the Secretary of War is hereby authorized to expend for the building of said bridge any sum of money necessary therefor, not exceeding fifteen thousand dollars.⁷

Two days later, Steele wrote the Secretary of War, W. W. Belknap, asking support for the bill. He reminded Belknap that the bridge would enable the troops at Fort Laramie to control the Sioux north of the river and facilitate the movement of men and supplies should hostilities occur at Red Cloud or Spotted Tail agencies. Steele suggested that Belknap write General Ord, com-

3. Mattes and Borresen, "Historic Approaches", 29.

4. J. H. Triggs, *History of Cheyenne and Northern Wyoming* (Omaha, 1876), 16.

5. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, February 12, 1873.

6. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, February 14, 1873.

7. *House of Representatives Report No. 2178*, 43rd Congress, 1st session.

mander of the Department of the Platte, for further information concerning the necessity for a bridge at that point.⁸

Following Steele's suggestion, Belknap contacted Ord who replied to the proposal in the affirmative. He pointed out that the North Platte was not fordable for two or three months every year and the ferry was often carried away during high water, virtually isolating Fort Laramie from the agencies. If a plan to establish military camps near the agencies materialized, Ord felt the bridge would be needed to transport men and supplies into the region.⁹

Belknap wired the appropriations committee on June 4 and requested \$15,000 to build the bridge.¹⁰ Congress passed the bill on June 23, and the following day Belknap ordered Lt. General Sheridan, commander of the Division of the Missouri, to secure plans and estimates.¹¹

Sheridan referred the matter to the Department of the Platte in Omaha which advertised for bids. The following notice appeared in local newspapers:

Plans and estimates, with bids, for the construction of an open truss bridge and roadway for heavy wagons, across the Platte river near Fort Laramie, Wyoming, will be received at the office of Gen. A. J. Perry, Chief Quartermaster, Department of the Platte, until 11 a.m., Monday, August 10th.

The distance from bank to bank is about four hundred and ten (410) feet; from the deepest part of the river to top of bank is about fifteen (15) feet; the bottom is coarse gravel and cobble stones; current swift and unchangeable; water in deepest place is about three and one-half (3½) feet, when at ordinary stage.

Bidders will submit their own plans, and separate bids will be received for the substructure and superstructure. In awarding the contract, the plans best suited for the purpose will be duly considered; each bid must state the time required for the construction of the bridge, according to the plans submitted, and will state the period within which the bidder will complete the bridge, and the character of substructure which should be of crib-work or piling resting on mudsills. Pine timber in abundance is within forty-five (45) miles of the point.¹²

The Department of the Platte received eleven bids on August 10. Three of these were from regular bridge builders and considered worthy of a second look. Assistant Quartermaster Daniel H. Rucker forwarded the papers to the Division of the Missouri on August 15 and recommended that the bid of the King Bridge and Manufacturing Company of Cleveland, Ohio, be accepted.¹³

8. Steele to Belknap, February 26, 1874, RWD.

9. E. O. C. Ord to Headquarters, Division of the Missouri, March 12, 1874, RWD.

10. W. W. Belknap to War Department, June 3, 1874, RWD.

11. W. W. Belknap to Lt. General Sheridan, June 24, 1874, RWD.

12. Newspaper clipping found in RWD.

13. Rucker to Assistant Adjutant General, Division of Missouri, August 15, 1874, RWD.

Owned by Zenas and James King, the King Bridge Company had been in business since 1858.¹⁴ John K. Manchester represented the company and delivered the bids in Omaha. The King plan called for an iron truss bridge of three spans which would total 420 feet. Priced at \$25 per lineal foot, the bridge would cost \$10,500, and Assistant Quartermaster Rucker felt the \$4,500 left over from the appropriation would more than cover the cost of the substructure and other additional expenses. Rucker also recommended that an army engineer supervise all work done by the contractor and the government.¹⁵

General Sheridan forwarded the bids to the War Department on August 17, recommending that the King proposal be accepted,¹⁶ and on November 12, Chief Quartermaster Perry signed a contract with the Kings for the bridge.¹⁷

After the contract had been awarded, one of the unsuccessful bidders, Henry T. Clarke of Bellevue, Nebraska, wrote his congressman and charged that undue influence had been used by the King Company.¹⁸ He based his charge on a letter received from another unsuccessful bidder, A. W. Hubbard of Omaha, who recounted a meeting with John Manchester on the evening of November 1 in the Grand Central Hotel. Hubbard stated that Manchester told him that he was personally acquainted with the officers who opened the bids and had "set up champagne" for them in return for which they promised to do all they could for the King Company proposal.¹⁹

Representative Crounse of Nebraska wrote Belknap and demanded an investigation. If undue influence had been used, Crounse wanted the bidding reopened.²⁰ In subsequent correspondence between the War Department and the parties involved, Manchester denied the accusation as did J. H. Belcher, an assistant quartermaster who opened the bids in the absence of General Perry of August 10.²¹ The War Department dropped the matter at that point and confirmed the validity of the contract.

The King Company shipped the fabricated bridge by rail to Cheyenne, and in early February, 1875, wagons filled with iron beams and girders headed for Fort Laramie.²² According to the

14. Information supplied by the Postmaster of Cleveland, Ohio.

15. Rucker to Assistant Adjutant General, August 15, 1874.

16. General E. D. Townsend to War Department, August 21, 1874, RWD.

17. Contract in RWD.

18. Henry T. Clarke to S. Crounse, December 10, 1874, RWD.

19. A. W. Hubbard to Henry T. Clarke, December 3, 1874, RWD.

20. S. Crounse to W. W. Belknap, December 15, 1874, RWD.

21. John R. Manchester to General A. J. Perry, February 10, 1875; J. H. Belcker to General Perry, February 15, 1875, RWD.

22. Agnes Wright Spring, *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes* (Glendale, California, 1949), 53.

editor of the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, work on the piers and abutments would have to wait until after high water so the bridge would not be completed until August or September. However, he assured freighters that the Platte could still be crossed safely as the quartermaster of Fort Laramie was getting a ferry in readiness.²³

Fort Laramie's commanding officer received instructions from the Assistant General of the Department of the Platte to quarry stone for the substructure of the bridge when requested to do so by the Chief Quartermaster.²⁴ Work on the substructure probably began in late July when the level of the North Platte returned to normal. Captain William S. Stanton of the Army Engineers supervised the construction.²⁵

Operating under rather primitive conditions, workers ran into considerable difficulty. One span broke loose and had to be raised from the waters of the Platte.²⁶ Most free hands in the neighborhood found the prospect of panning for gold in the Black Hills more stimulating than working for wages, and the army had to furnish twelve men as laborers in mid-October to insure completion of the bridge.²⁷

On November 20, the editor of the *Leader* proclaimed that the bridge over the Platte should be considered a thing accomplished for the second span had been raised on the 12th and the third span would be in place by the end of the month.²⁸ The editor reported on the 30th that the army had finished the bridge except for the approaches from each shore which he estimated would take another six days. He stated that wagons could use the structure on December 8 and praised Delegate Steele for his "unyielding efforts" in the state's behalf. He felt that Cheyenne was stepping into an era of great material development, for the bridge would make the city "the great entrepot for all who are in the new gold regions and all others who propose to go to the Black Hills in the future."²⁹

During the middle of December, Engineer Stanton inspected the bridge by leaving thirteen army wagons loaded with stone on each of the arches for several days. According to the Cheyenne newspaper, "the bridge stood this severe test without showing a sign

23. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, February 22, 1875.

24. Assistant Adjutant General to Fort Laramie Commanding Officer, May 10, 1875, Department of the Platte File Book 26, Records of Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

25. Maynard C. Allen, "1875 Bridge", in *Engineers Bulletin* (January, 1940), 1.

26. Interview of Johnny O'Brien by Merrill Mattes, Fort Laramie, June 28, 1946.

27. L. P. Bradley to Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, October 12, 1875, Letter Book 70, Department of the Platte, RAG.

28. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, November 20, 1875.

29. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, November 30, 1875.

of weakness."³⁰ The army, however, didn't officially accept the bridge until February.³¹

The completed bridge found favor in the eyes of emigrants and soldiers. Three spans humped the river, and each was 140 feet in length. The trusses were about 12 feet from center to center. The three top chords were made of 8 inch channels riveted to two 3/8 inch by 10 inch plates while the bottom chords were common I bars. Web members were cross shaped and adjustable. Workers formed the piers out of four 8 inch I bars sloped from bottom to top.³²

The bridge bolstered the claim that the Cheyenne to Deadwood route was the best one to the Black Hills, and assuaged the fears of those who thought the government might not open the gold regions for settlement. It had been one thing to sneak into the Hills on foot, but it was an entirely different matter for wagons to rumble across the new bridge and the sacred hunting grounds.³³ Lt. John Bourke commented on the increase in travel past Fort Laramie soon after the bridge had been accepted:

From this point and on the road saw many adventurers journeying to the Black Hills their wagons and animals looked new and good as a general thing. . . . The reason the Cheyenne route is preferred is the new iron bridge across the North Platte . . . which gives us secure passage not found on the other trails leading out from Sidney, North Platte and elsewhere.³⁴

The iron bridge also influenced the establishment of a stage line soon to become immortal in the annals of the West.³⁵ The safe passage the bridge afforded lured stage magnates toward Cheyenne, and on February 3, 1876, the first coach of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage, Mail, and Express line rolled out of the territorial capital and for eleven years carried adventures over the bridge and into the promised gold fields.

Cheyenne businessmen, aware of outfitting profits, advertised the route and assured customers that the road was well guarded. The Union Pacific Railroad representative in Omaha added his voice in agreement. The ticket agent, Thomas L. Kimball, prepared a circular which praised the road over those leading from

30. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, December 20, 1875. The newspaper may have stretched the point a bit for John Hunton claimed that one of the piers settled slightly under the tremendous weight and had to be rebuilt. L. G. Flannery, ed., *John Hunton's Diary, 1873-75*, Vol. I (Lingle, Wyoming, 1956), 52.

31. Spring, *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage*, 42.

32. Allen, "1875 Bridge", 1.

33. Spring, *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage*, 76-77.

34. Quoted in J. W. Vaughn, *The Reynolds Campaign on Powder River* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1961), 16.

35. Spring, *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage*, 42.

Sidney and North Platte. Kimball mentioned the bridge and gave additional reasons for advocating the Cheyenne route. He stated that it was presently the main road to the Black Hills, four military forts or encampments guarded its length, the telegraph which had to be protected paralleled it, and stage companies had constructed little stations about every ten or fifteen miles all the way to Deadwood.³⁶ He forgot to mention the fact that the railroad fare from Omaha to Cheyenne was greater than the fare from Omaha to Sidney or North Platte.

In the beginning, the army exacted tolls from non-government users. The commanding officer of Fort Laramie felt that since fully one-half of the travel would consist of citizens engaged in freighting, and since the heavy wagons would cause a great deal of wear and tear on the bridge, a fee should be charged. The money collected could be used for making necessary repairs.

On February 17, the Secretary of War informed Congress that a system of tolls had been established and requested that a law be passed giving the post commander authority to use the money for repairs on the bridge. Normally, fees collected by government agencies automatically returned to the general treasury.³⁷ Congress denied the request.³⁸

By May 1, Chief Quartermaster Meigs and other high officials in Washington agreed that it was a blunder to charge a fee for the use of the bridge. General Sherman recommended that the toll be abolished, the Secretary of War concurred on the 7th, and shortly thereafter citizens crossed without charge.³⁹

The bridge served the army faithfully for fifteen years. By 1890, Fort Laramie had outlived its usefulness. Covered wagons were a thing of the past, railroads bypassed the post, and Fort Robinson dominated Indian control. On March 2, the last regular garrison left Fort Laramie for Fort Logan, Colorado, and on April 9, the army sold the buildings and fixtures at public auction.⁴⁰

On April 13, J. M. Carey, Wyoming's territorial representative, wrote Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, and asked that the iron bridge together with two wooden bridges over the Laramie be turned over to the county. Carey remarked that the bridges would probably bring little if sold and they would be indispensable in the movement of troops between Fort Russell and Fort Robinson.⁴¹

36. Circular attached as fold out to back page of Triggs, *History of Cheyenne and Northern Wyoming*.

37. *Senate Executive Document No. 27*, 44th Congress, 1st session.

38. *House of Representatives Report No. 829*, 44th Congress, 1st session.

39. General Sherman to Secretary of War, May 1, 1876, RWD.

40. Leroy Hafen and Francis Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890* (Glendale, California, 1938), 394.

41. Mattes and Borresen, "Historic Approaches", 55.

Proctor wired the Department of the Platte to request that the bridges be withdrawn from sale.⁴² He received a reply on April 16 informing him that although the auction had already taken place, the bridges had not been sold.⁴³

Proctor wired the Secretary of the Interior, John Noble, on May 3, informing him that he planned to issue a revocable license and wished to know if there were any objections.⁴⁴ Secretary Noble replied on May 15 supporting the move.⁴⁵ Proctor sent the necessary papers to Carey on May 20, and after the signatures of county authorities had been obtained, the license was granted on June 5.⁴⁶ The President of the United States transferred the Fort Laramie military reservation to the Department of the Interior on June 10.⁴⁷

The citizens of Laramie County wished to obtain more formal control of the bridges and managed to get a bill introduced in Congress for the purpose. On June 4, 1894, Congress passed the bill which donated the bridges to Laramie County on the condition that the county keep them "in repair and open, free of charge, for the use of the traveling public and the military authorities of the United States." If the county failed to conform to the provisions of the law, the bridges automatically reverted to the United States.⁴⁸ In 1911, when Goshen County was formed out of Laramie County, the bridge came under its jurisdiction.

The bridge over the Platte functioned perfectly for many years; in fact, automobiles and heavy trucks crossed the structure until 1958 when Goshen County constructed a new concrete bridge a few yards north. On September 6, 1961, the Goshen County commissioners, in a public spirited move, waived all rights to the bridge so it would revert to the United States.⁴⁹ The bridge is now under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service at Fort Laramie National Historic Site where it will be preserved and protected for the benefit of the American people.

42. Secretary Proctor to Quartermaster Gillis, Department of the Platte, April 15, RWD.

43. Quartermaster Gillis to Secretary Proctor, April 16, 1890, RWD.

44. Secretary Proctor to Secretary Noble, May 3, 1890, RWD.

45. Secretary Noble to Secretary Proctor, May 15, 1890, RWD.

46. Secretary Proctor to Representative Carey, June 6, 1890, RWD.

47. General Orders No. 60, Headquarters of the Army, June 10, 1890, RWD.

48. 28 Stat., 91 of June 4, 1894.

49. Original at Fort Laramie National Historic Site.

The Fortifications of Old Fort Laramie

By

GORDON S. CHAPPELL

In the turbulent years of peace following the War of 1812, the leaders of the United States formulated new policies, both domestic and foreign, which were to govern the Nation's actions for many years to come. In the military sphere two new ideas developed which were intended to encircle the country with a defensive ring of fortifications.

The first of these ideas—coastal defense—was a reaction to successful British landings on our shores in the recent war, in particular, the British invasion of Chesapeake Bay and the attacks on Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and the Nation's capitol. New forts were planned to guard every bay, inlet, and river that emptied into the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico.

The second new facet of military strategy developed more slowly as a result of more obscure events, but became equally fixed and dogmatic in the Nation's mind. This was the concept, doomed even before it was completely formulated, of a "permanent" western frontier centered along the Mississippi-Missouri Basins and stretching from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. It was partially a result of the equally ridiculous notion that all of the land immediately west of this line, because it seemed to consist largely of treeless, grass-covered plains and barren deserts, was

This article is a by-product of the author's work as a seasonal ranger-historian at Fort Laramie National Historic Site in 1960 and 1961. It could not have been done without the wholehearted cooperation of National Park Service personnel. Superintendent Charles Sharp not only made possible the research, which I did on my own time in addition to my formal duties, but also provided great encouragement. Mr. Merrill Mattes, NPS Historian for Region Two, based in Omaha, was kind enough to read the article and provide many valuable suggestions towards its improvement. Vigorous and stimulating discussions of architectural matters with Dr. Robert H. Gann were, more than any other factor, responsible for my starting work in the first place. Recent work by Fort Laramie Historian John McDermott provided new insight into many facets of Fort Laramie's history. Museum Curator Rex Wilson afforded valuable archaeological assistance. I must also mention Sally Johnson, William Jeffreys, Lois Woodard, and Slim Warthen, all of whom played supporting roles in this endeavor. My sincerest thanks to them all.

—Gordon S. Chappell

infertile or sterile, entirely unsuited to farming. The eastern farmer and settler had found it necessary to cut acres of trees and burn out the stumps; had found it necessary to clear the land before he could farm. He equated fertility with virgin forests, sterility with treeless ground. Now he faced a new land and was fooled by it; thus Americans could ignore the fertility of the plains which was evident in their rich though treeless growth. This western land, the people and their shortsighted leaders decided, could be deeded permanently to the Indians, since it was inconceivable that Americans would ever want it or could ever use it. Indeed, even eastern Indians, such as the Cherokees and the Seminoles, could be forcibly moved into this country, and a military frontier of strong forts could separate it from the civilized portion of the Nation.

Even as this policy was being implemented there were portents of its failure in the Western fur trade, the rich trade across the Santa Fe Trail with Mexico, and the growing American settlement of Texas. And in Oregon Country, Americans discovered another land like that they had known, a land of rolling tree-covered hills, incredibly fertile, they believed, free for the asking and the cost of the trip across half a continent. So wagons cut their way across the fertile soil of the prairies, the alkali of the deserts, and the rocks of the mountains, and the deepening scar on the land was called the Oregon Trail.

By 1846, ownership of Oregon Country was disputed by England and the United States. Congress quickly authorized three military posts, Forts Kearny, Laramie, and Hall, along the Oregon Trail. Their mission was to guard a military line of supply to Oregon as well as to protect and encourage emigration. Congress also established a special regiment of cavalry, to be known as the "Regiment of Mountain Rifles", which was intended to build these three posts, garrison them, and seize and hold Oregon against the British.

Before this task could be accomplished, statesmen worked out a temporary compromise with England, and at the other end of the western border, failed to work out a compromise with Mexico. The Mounted Rifles became involved in the Mexican War and it was not until this war was concluded, in 1849, that the Rifles could turn to their original task. The treaty with England had postponed, not resolved, the argument over Oregon, and meanwhile there were emigrants to help and protect from the Indians.

This was a new Army, using new tactics; it had been tempered and tested in Mexico, but though it had won, it still had faults. It had an element of senility, and also the youthful vigor of Southern gentlemen in its cadre of officers. Cavalry had been abolished after the War of 1812 but had been reintroduced in 1833 in the form of dragoons, and now the Dragoons and Mounted Rifles had perfected their tactics and were effective and impressive. Yet commanders did not know how to use their mounted troops against

the Indians. They believed that the dragoons and rifles should march and patrol the wilderness in the summer, but return to civilization and hibernate during the winter.

The old form of stockaded military post was no longer universally practical on the frontier. The old building materials—logs for stockades and buildings—were seldom abundant at new military sites. Fort Laramie was to be one of the first of these new military posts in the Trans-Mississippi Frontier, and its evolution set, in many respects, the pattern for the western military posts yet to be built. Fort Laramie lacked permanent fortifications, and its construction, particularly in the realm of defensive measures, provides a general picture of the western frontier military post as well as a fascinating view of men and ideas facing a new frontier.

On June 17, 1849, Major Winslow F. Sanderson, Regiment of Mounted Rifles, rode up to the eroded adobe walls of the fur trade post called Fort Laramie with troops for its first military garrison. He knew that he was not the first Army officer to arrive there; he knew that 1st Lieutenant Daniel P. Woodbury, Corps of Engineers, had preceded him up the old Oregon Trail.¹

These two officers were under orders to locate a suitable site and begin construction of a new military post somewhere in the vicinity of the existing American Fur Company establishment on the Laramie River. Two days after his arrival at this decaying center of the fur trade, Major Sanderson reported to the assistant adjutant general in St. Louis: "This was found to be the most eligible (site) for a Military Post, and was purchased at my request on the 26th Inst. by Lieut. Woodbury, at a cost of Four Thousand Dollars from Mr. Bruce Husband, Agent of the American Fur Company"²

The old fur company fort had been built in 1841 to replace an even earlier cottonwood log structure, and was named Fort John, after John Sarpy, a member of the fur company. Later it was known as Fort John-on-the-Laramie, a cumbersome name which either passers-by or a confused fur company clerk simply shortened

1. Daniel Phineas Woodbury was appointed to the Military Academy on July 1, 1832, and graduated sixth in his class. Commissioned a 2d lieutenant in the 3d Artillery on November 1, 1836, he was eventually attached as a brevet 2nd lieutenant to the exclusive Corps of Engineers. Woodbury was promoted 1st lieutenant in the Corps on July 7, 1938. Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*. Washington: Government Printing Office; 1903. When he came to Fort Laramie in 1849, Woodbury was also in charge of the construction of Fort Kearny, Nebraska. See letter from Asst. Adjutant General D. C. Buell to Maj. W. F. Sanderson, in *Fort Laramie Correspondence, 1849-1874*. Typescript file at Fort Laramie National Historic Site, Wyoming.

2. LeRoy Hafen and Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834 - 1890*. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co.; 1938. Pp. 141-142.

to Fort Laramie. Fort John³ was situated on a small bluff or plateau and the Laramie River, from which the fort took its later name, ran around the south and east sides, flowing a mile downstream into the North Platte. Lieutenant Woodbury measured Fort John and found it was 157 feet on an east-west axis and 111 feet wide, exclusive of the blockhouses on the northeast and southwest corners, each about 12 feet square.⁴ Old Fort John's rectangular adobe wall was about fifteen feet high, and by 1849 it was in very poor condition.

It was evident from the beginning that a post this small and in such poor shape could not serve the Army as a military fort. Thus the officers planned to use the old fort only temporarily as storehouses, stables, and living quarters. Lieutenant Woodbury immediately began to lay out a military post that would be much larger than Fort John.

The first task was to supply living quarters for military personnel. The first permanent military building to be erected in 1849 was a two story double block of officers' quarters. Later used as bachelor officers' quarters, the building was nicknamed "Bedlam".⁵

On September 18 of that year, a second engineer officer arrived at Fort Laramie to relieve Lieutenant Woodbury of some of his terrific work load. The newcomer was Brevet 2nd Lieutenant Andrew J. Donelson.⁶ These two, Woodbury and Donelson, were the military architects who in the next year and a half designed and began construction of a far more impressive military fort than ever

3. Hereafter, the term "Fort John" will designate the remains of the old adobe fur trade post in order to distinguish it from the rest of the military post, though at this late date the old name was largely forgotten.

4. Plan Lar-2106 in the Fort Laramie N.H.S. map file. This plan of the post was drawn up by Woodbury in 1851.

5. This building had quarters or "sets" for four bachelor officers, two upstairs and two downstairs, but until 1867 the southern half served as commanding officers' quarters and post headquarters. At Fort Leavenworth and presumably at many other military post of that period, bachelors' quarters commonly bore the sobriquet "bedlam" since they were often quite noisy and boisterous. It was natural that soldiers coming to Fort Laramie from Leavenworth should bring that nickname with them. The original main block of Fort Laramie's "Bedlam" stands today. Further information is contained in "Old Bedlam", by Jess Lombard, *Annals of Wyoming*, April, 1941, Vol. 13, No. 2, pp. 87-91, and in a manuscript by Merrill J. Mattes in the National Park Service files, entitled "Surviving Army Structures at Fort Laramie." At the present time, the National Park Service is restoring the Old Bedlam structure and furnishings to its heyday of the 1860's.

6. Andrew Jackson Donelson was appointed a cadet at the military academy on July 1, 1844, and graduated second in his class. On graduation, his high standing entitled him to assignment to the elite Corps of Engineers. Since at that time there was probably no vacancy in the Corps he was attached as a brevet second lieutenant until there was a vacancy which permitted his promotion to full second lieutenant, which occurred on October 16, 1852. Heitman, *op. cit.*, p. 378.

was completed. If Fort Laramie never completely deserved the title "fort", it was certainly not the fault of the two engineer officers!

In the overall plan for the post which they developed in the next 18 months, Lieutenant Woodbury and his subordinate envisioned a wall or picket stockade around Fort Laramie. The northern adobe wall of old Fort John corresponded with a portion of the southern wall of Woodbury's plan, but Woodbury's fort was much larger, enclosing an area 550 feet wide and 650 feet long, with the longer axis running slightly northwest-southeast. In a letter Lieutenant Woodbury wrote to explain his plan of the post, he said in part:

The enclosure may be made by a fence 9 feet high or by a rubble wall of the same height laid in mortar, at the discretion of the commanding officer. If a fence, the posts should be about 10 feet apart, average 12 inches in diameter and enter four feet into the ground. The boards should be nailed on upright, close together, to three horizontal ribbons, in pieces 4 inches wide, 1½ inch thick, and pointed at the top.

If a wall the average thickness need not exceed 18 inches.⁷ tion. Each was to have a lower story with rough stone walls 17 inches thick. Only one doorway and one window opened into this ground floor, both facing inside the stockade. Woodbury planned a small powder magazine in each blockhouse, which he described in the accompanying letter: "In the lower story the magazine only

Woodbury estimated the cost of this wall—"1200 cubic yards @ \$10"—would be \$12,000.

The engineers planned that the guardhouse would form the northeast corner of the fortification, and this building was actually erected in 1850. The lower story was stone and contained five solitary confinement cells.⁸ In the upper story, of frame construction, were a court room and a guard room. Diagonally across the post, there was to be no building at the southwest corner; but at the other two, the northwest and southeast, the architects planned blockhouses 40 feet long and 30 feet wide.⁹

Woodbury submitted detailed plans for the construction of these two blockhouses.¹⁰ They were to be identical, except in orienta-

7. This undated letter accompanied Woodbury's 1851 plan (Lar-2106) and was received in Washington D.C. in August. A negative photostat of the letter accompanies the plan in the National Historic Site map file. There are two general plans for the post, both dated 1851, in that map file. No. 2105 was drawn by Lieutenant Donelson and No. 2106 was drawn by Lieutenant Woodbury. Donelson showed the planned blockhouses with their longer side running east-west, while Woodbury oriented them north-south.

8. The brick outlines of these cells can be seen in the ruined foundations of that building today.

9. Plan Lar-2106.

10. Plan Lar-2108 in the N.H.S. map file. Unless otherwise cited, the description of the blockhouses is from this plan.

is to be floored. The ceiling over the magazine must be made perfectly tight and covered with several inches of sand. The walls of the magazine must also be made tight."¹¹ Each magazine was to be 6 feet 5 inches by 12 feet 7½ inches. Near the magazine, an interior stairway would give access to the upper story.¹²

The upper story was to be of frame construction and would overhang the lower story on all sides by 20 inches. This upper floor was to be divided into two rooms, one 18 feet long and the other 19 3/4 feet. Each room was to have an artillery piece on a casement carriage. The southeast blockhouse would have one cannon to fire to the south, another to fire to the east, and the northwest blockhouse would have cannon to fire to the north and west.

In addition to the two cannon embrasures in each blockhouse, Woodbury provided an ample number of loopholes for rifles. These covered not only the outside of the fort, but extended all the way around each blockhouse so as to cover the interior of the enclosure as well. This made each blockhouse independent to a certain degree, for if an enemy got over the wall and inside the stockade, each blockhouse could protect itself from that quarter also. In addition, this made the blockhouse a stronghold in case the wall or stockade was never built.

The extra loopholes would also serve an important function in providing ventilation, which would be quite a problem when soldiers were firing rifles and cannon within the structure. A great deal of powder smoke would collect in the upper rooms. When not needed, Woodbury wrote, "All the loop-holes, except one or two on the sides without (cannon) embrasures, may be closed by weather-boarding . . . which may be cut away when necessary."¹³ Thus he provided protection from the weather while leaving an opening on each side for observation. The weatherboarding (by this Woodbury meant the same type of siding he had used on Bedlam) would be nailed on the outside and soldiers on the inside could knock it away from the loopholes with the butts of their rifles when necessary.

Rifle loopholes and cannon embrasures were not the only means of defense of these blockhouses. Between the floor joists where

11. Woodbury's letter to accompany the 1851 plan (Lar-2106).

12. Woodbury planned and built in 1850 a much larger magazine to serve the post. As this main magazine appears on the same plans that show the blockhouses, it is evident that the small magazine in each blockhouse was intended to render each blockhouse independent of the main ammunition store. The larger magazine is another early building which survives at the National Historic Site.

13. Woodbury's letter to accompany the 1851 plan (Lar-2106).

the upper story overlapped the lower, Woodbury planned "Machicolis"¹⁴ or machicolations, a term applied originally to the openings in ancient castles from which the defenders could drop molten lead, stones, or burning oil directly on the attackers below. At Fort Laramie these openings would serve a similar purpose as rifle ports through which the troops could fire vertically down on any Indians who attempted to gather under the overhang in order to set fire to the upper floor from this supposedly protected position. In addition, like the loopholes, these openings would provide needed ventilation.

Although the upper story of both blockhouses was to be of frame construction, Woodbury planned to fill the spaces between the studding with adobe bricks.¹⁵ This he had already done in Bedlam, and some of the original adobe bricks remain today in the frame walls of that structure. The adobe undoubtedly provided some insulation from the weather, but it is also likely that it was intended to insulate defenders from enemy bullets. Woodbury did not rely on adobe alone for this purpose, for he specified on his plans that the walls inside were to be covered with one inch thick boards to a height of at least six feet.

Woodbury and Donelson had created a fine plan for Fort Laramie, but in addition to the \$12,000 wall, each blockhouse would cost an estimated \$2,500, and the total cost of Woodbury's proposed structures he estimated would be \$60,000.¹⁶ At the time this plan was completed, there were insufficient buildings to house the garrison already stationed at Fort Laramie, and it was more important to get a roof over the soldiers and their supplies. Natural elements, not Indians, were the main enemy during Fort Laramie's first years.

Lieutenant Woodbury's plan for Fort Laramie was traditional. The main elements of the plan were the blockhouses and the stockade, and these had been the main elements of frontier military posts for a hundred years. But up to this time most frontier posts had been built in heavily wooded country, where trees had to be cleared and the stumps burned out before even post vegetable gardens could be planted. Trees had always been handy for construction purposes.

At Fort Laramie, lumber had to be hauled some distance. A few trees did grow in sheltered ridges and bluffs along the rivers, but none of these sources was very close. The nearest dependable supply of timber was more than forty miles west on the slopes of Laramie Peak.

14. Woodbury's spelling in Plan Lar-2108.

15. Plan Lar-2108.

16. Woodbury's letter to accompany the 1851 plan (Lar-2106).

New conditions dictated new solutions. The garrison wall and the two blockhouses were never built. It was *possible* to build them, but it was neither practical nor economical.

There was an additional reason why the fortifications were never completed. In November, 1850, responsibility for construction at Fort Laramie was transferred from the Corps of Engineers to the Quartermaster Department, apparently with Woodbury's wholehearted approval.¹⁷ Nevertheless, Lieutenant Woodbury continued work until he had completed his plans for the post, though some of this was done in the East. It was a ruinous division of authority to have planning in the hands of one department and execution of plans in the hands of another. It is little wonder that Fort Laramie never met the expectations of its original architects.

Since Woodbury's fortifications were never built, Fort Laramie's only defense was the decrepit old adobe Fort John. At least it could serve as a redoubt in an emergency. But for several years peace continued, and there seemed no urgent need for defenses.

On the afternoon of August 19, 1854, a glory-hunting brevet second lieutenant named John Lawrence Grattan took a detachment of 29 infantrymen out of Fort Laramie to arrest an Indian who had killed and eaten a Mormon's cow. Between the two of them, Grattan and the drunken interpreter managed to precipitate a fight in which the command was totally destroyed. That left a garrison at Fort Laramie, about eight miles west of the battle site, consisting of only 42 soldiers.¹⁸ Oddly enough, the Brule Sioux chiefs tried to restrain their young warriors from attacking the fort, fearing reprisal.¹⁹

The day after the engagement, August 29th, L. B. Dougherty wrote: "The old American Fur Company fort is fixed up for a last resort. A small blockhouse is being erected which held by ten men, will add greatly to the strength of the Post and protect the frame buildings from being fired."²⁰ If a new blockhouse was built, it could not have been a very substantial structure, for it does

17. In a letter to General J. C. Totten, the Chief Engineer, dated August 2, 1851, Woodbury argued that the Quartermaster Department was prepared to undertake construction of buildings in the far West, whereas in his opinion the Corps of Engineers was not. He wrote that "... such assignment of Engineer officers is not consistent with public convenience and economy." This letter, incidentally, was written by Woodbury while he was at Fort Macon, North Carolina. *Fort Laramie Correspondence, 1849—1874*.

18. Hafen and Young, *op. cit.* p. 231.

19. Heitman, *op. cit.*, II, p. 401.

20. Hafen and Young, *op. cit.*, p. 230. A typescript file of the Dougherty Papers, including the rest of the letter which Hafen does not quote, is in the research file at the National Historic Site.

not appear on a plan of the post made only two years later.²¹ It is more likely that one of old Fort John's blockhouses was hastily repaired, although it is possible that the troops temporarily used some other structure, such as the stone powder magazine, for a redoubt.

The man who most likely became the backbone of any defense preparations was Ordnance Sergeant Leodegar Schnyder, a respected old soldier who was to serve at Fort Laramie for more than 37 years.²²

The Army retaliated for the Grattan affair with a strong expedition the following year under General Harney, and Fort Laramie's garrison was substantially strengthened. Again old Fort John was allowed to fall apart, and did so very quickly. Lieutenant Kelton's plan of the post in 1856 shows huge gaps in the wall and crumbling buildings. An 1858 photograph shows two of the walls still standing, but one of them was heavily braced in four places. The last portion of the fur trade post was demolished in 1862 and the adobe bricks were supposedly used in other construction.²³ During the final years of the Civil War, Fort Laramie was without any formal fortifications and did not have even a redoubt to which the garrison could retreat in time of need.

After the Civil War broke out, the Regular Army detachments at Fort Laramie gradually diminished and were replaced by volunteer troops. Fort Laramie was maintained by volunteer units from Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Nebraska, California, Michigan, Missouri, and as far away as West Virginia. By 1864 they had their hands full, for the Indians were going on the warpath.

Fort Laramie's defenseless position was clearly demonstrated

21. Plan Lar-2109 in the Fort Laramie N.H.S. map file. This plan is undated and was originally thought to have been drawn in 1854, however it was signed by 1st Lieutenant J. C. Kelton. His promotion to 1st lieutenant did not come until 1855 (Heitman, *op. cit.*, I, 590), and he appears to have been at Fort Laramie for the first time in 1856 (*Fort Laramie Correspondence*).

22. Schnyder was born at Sursee, Switzerland, on April 29, 1813. He worked as a draftsman and book binder until 1837 when he joined the 6th Infantry and was sent to the Seminole War in Florida. Schnyder was 1st sergeant of Company G when that company was sent to Fort Laramie in 1849. On Dec. 1, 1852, he was appointed Ordnance Sergeant for Fort Laramie. See Louise Nottingham, *Sergt. Leodegar Schnyder*, 2 page typed manuscript at Fort Laramie. Company sergeants and regimental sergeants moved with their outfits from one post to another, but ordnance sergeants were assigned to military posts and remained there until transferred or discharged.

23. Schell, H. S., *Medical History of Post*, Records of the Office of the Adjutant General. Typescript copy at Fort Laramie N.H.S. This portion of the *Medical History* was written in 1868, largely from information supplied by Ordnance Sergeant Schnyder.

one day in late summer of 1864. A cavalry detachment returned to the post after a three day scout of the surrounding country, dismounted, and let their horses roll and play on the parade ground while they returned the saddles and bridles to the stables. While the soldiers reported to the commanding officer that there were no Indians within 25 miles of Fort Laramie, a band of about 30 Indians dashed through and stole the horses right off the parade ground, in the middle of the astonished garrison, and completely escaped.²⁴ This was not a serious attack, and there were no casualties on either side, but it certainly illustrated the defenseless condition of the post. Needless to say, a garrison wall or stockade would have made that raid impossible.

After a fanatic colonel named John Milton Chivington attacked a peaceful village of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians near the Arkansas River in Colorado Territory in November, 1864, the Cheyenne Nation went to war and with its allies started moving north toward the hunting grounds of the Powder River country. The hostile warriors sacked and burned the entire town of Julesburg, attacked nearby Fort Rankin, and generally tore up all travel and communication along the Platte River.

On February 4, 1865, the Cheyennes and their Sioux allies attacked the small telegraph station at Mud Springs, which at that time contained nine soldiers and five civilians.²⁵ The telegrapher pounded out a call for help and the response at Fort Laramie was immediate. The nearest help for Mud Springs was 55 miles away at Camp Mitchell, near Scottsbluff. At Fort Laramie, 50 miles further west, Colonel William Oliver Collins was the ranking officer. Collins immediately telegraphed Camp Mitchell and ordered Lieutenant Ellsworth to march with all the men he could spare—37 soldiers as it turned out.

Colonel Collins himself rode out of Fort Laramie at 7 p.m. that evening at the head of a strong detachment of 120 cavalrymen. The troops rode all night through the freezing cold, but had to rest the next day. Collins then gallantly pressed ahead of his main command with 25 picked men and after a forced march, arrived at the station at 2 a.m. on the 6th of February. He found the situation more serious than he had imagined, and shortly before the Cheyennes cut the wire, he telegraphed to Fort Laramie for reinforcements and an artillery piece.

Collins had left Major Thomas L. Mackey in command of a

24. Eugene F. Ware, *The Indian War of 1864*. Topeka: Crane & Company; 1911. Pp. 286-290. An officer of the 7th Iowa Cavalry at the time, Ware witnessed the attack and took part in the pursuit of the Indians. The pursuit was fruitless.

25. Agnes Wright Spring, *Casper Collins*. New York: Columbia University Press; 1927. p. 61.

greatly reduced garrison at Fort Laramie, and Mackey took steps to tighten up the post. The day after Collins left he relieved 17 men from duty that was not absolutely necessary and ordered them to report immediately to their companies.²⁶ He ordered company commanders to see that each man was properly armed and supplied with ammunition.²⁷ On the following Monday, February 6th, Collins' telegram was received and Lieutenant Brown left with one of Fort Laramie's four cannon and a command of 52 men.²⁸

The departure of this second detachment left Fort Laramie with a dangerously reduced garrison. Major Mackey decided to fortify the post as well as he could. Commencing at once, his troops constructed in the succeeding days three battery emplacements, and probably at this time linked the defense batteries together with a defense trench.

One battery was constructed under the command of Ordnance Sergeant Leodegar Schnyder, always a man who could be relied upon in time of danger, and it was quite appropriately named after him. Soldiers from companies "C" and "I", 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, began work on this battery on the same day that Collins' telegram reached Fort Laramie. On the following day, Tuesday, the battery was manned by nine men; it was apparently ready for action.²⁹

Another artillery emplacement was built at the same time under the direction of Quartermaster Sergeant J. C. Cummings, for whom it was named. Like Battery Schnyder, Battery Cummings was manned on February 7, by ten men.³⁰

There is no indication who directed construction of the third battery, which was ready a day later than the other two. It was called Battery Harrington, however, and following the practice of

26. Orders No. 148, Feb. 5, 1865. In *Fort Laramie Orders, Oct. 1864 to Feb. 1865*. Typed file copy at Fort Laramie N.H.S.

27. Orders No. 147, February 5, 1865.

28. Orders No. 152, February 6, 1865. A howitzer battery of four pieces was brought up from St. Louis with the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry and was manned by Lieutenants Humphreyville and Collins and 48 non-coms and soldiers. The cannon were commonly parked southeast of the flag staff on the parade ground. Spring, *op. cit.*, p. 146.

29. Orders No. 151, Feb. 6, and No. 157, Feb. 6. "Battery Schnyder" was manned originally by Sergeant Walker and Privates Lagenby, Courtney, and Shoemaker of Company L, and Corporal Plyly and Privates Plyly, Mauery, McClerry and Heakman, Company C, all of the 11th Ohio.

30. Orders No. 158, February 7. Originally called "Ft. Cummings," this battery was manned by Privates Berry, Hamerick and Botkin of Company A; LaBorde, Williams, and Crips of Company I, Hugh and Whitesides of Company L, and Corporal Smith of Company C, all 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

the other batteries, one may assume that the officer or sergeant in charge was named Harrington.³¹

Teams of horses were apparently used to help move earth in constructing either the batteries or digging the trench, beginning on Monday.³² On Tuesday, Major Mackey ordered the acting assistant quartermaster, Lieutenant Averill,

to furnish as many sacks of corn as may be required to form suitable barricades at such point, within the Garrison, as it shall seem practicable to protect in such manner: the precaution of erecting barricades rendered necessary by the threatened incursions of hostile Cheyenne Indians and the Post being weakened by withdrawal of troops upon expedition to Mud Springs, and being wholly without fortifications.³³

The exact nature of these battery fortifications must be deducted from scanty evidence. During the Civil War, any small entrenched field fortification consisting of one or more cannon behind earthworks and fascines³⁴ was likely to be called a "battery". More elaborate earthworks were known as forts, and the naming of these emplacements was informal and sometimes very capricious. Earthworks might be strengthened by logs, by fascines, by bags of sand, or by any other means handy. At Fort Laramie fascines would not have been available, but it is clear that sacks of corn were used in the manner of bags of sand. Isolated batteries were seldom constructed; the common practice was to connect batteries and field fortifications with systems of trenches. No trenches are described in Fort Laramie orders, but it is very likely that they were dug at this time.³⁵

If the exact nature of these 1865 field fortifications is obscure, their location is even more so. It seems likely from an examination of the topography of the post that they were to the north. The batteries certainly would not have been in the post proper, for the buildings would obscure their field of fire. To the east and the south, the Laramie River afforded a degree of natural protection, and any attempted crossing of the river by hostiles could have been

31. Orders No. 160, February 8. "Battery Harrington" (also spelled "Herrington") was manned by Corporal Lacke and Privates Lietzinger, Donovan, Smith, Brown and Crawford, all of Company E, 11th Ohio Volunteers.

32. Orders No. 154, February 6. "Lieut. H. E. Averill A.A.Q.M. will instruct all teamsters having teams now at this Post in Q.M. Dept to report with their teams without wagons to Sgt. Powell Co. "C" 11" O.V.C. immediately."

33. Orders dated February 7th, number not known.

34. A fascine is a long bundle of wooden sticks tied together which was used primarily in military engineering for raising batteries, filling ditches, strengthening ramparts, etc.

35. Without trenches full of infantry to support the batteries, mounted Indians could outflank and surround each battery. Furthermore, trenches definitely existed a year later.

hotly contested. To the west the land drops suddenly behind officer's row to form a large flat, evidently once carved out of the bluffs by the river. Troops could see Indians while they were still some distance off and take advantage of the natural height to repel them.

But to the northeast, downstream along the river, the land is level and low, with no natural defense; and to the northwest it rises to a second plateau above the plateau on which the fort proper is located. Here the enemy has the advantage of height. Here, north of the post, is the area which most desperately needed artificial fortifications.

Assuming one were to try to hold this upland, where would batteries be most effective? If only three cannon were available, it seems most logical to place one on each end of the line to be fortified and one in the center, connecting all with trenches to prevent them from being outflanked by mounted Indians.

The cannon on the left (west) end would command most of the upper plateau as well as a portion of the low land to the west. The cannon in the center would command all of the upper plateau. The cannon on the right, near the river, would command the low river bottom downstream as well as the road which came up from the North Platte Valley and Camp Mitchell. This is exactly where a line of earthwork fortifications appears on maps drawn two years later.³⁶

At the time it was built, this field fortification was a strictly temporary measure. It was not the duty of the volunteer troops to plan permanent fortifications for Fort Laramie. Their work was immediate and entirely functional. It was designed to meet a specific threat at a specific time, and the degree of maintenance of the field fortifications was probably directly proportional to the commanding officer's anxiety about Indian attack. It is clear from the threat posed by the Cheyenne war that fortification was not only justified but desperately needed.

After the Civil War, the volunteer troops were mustered out of the service and in the spring of 1866, United States Regulars returned to Fort Laramie. The new garrison consisted largely of soldiers of the 18th Infantry and the 2nd Cavalry.

Responsibility for construction, as far as the Regular Army was concerned, still rested with the Quartermaster Department, which faced the same problems that it had faced in the 1850's—lack of fortification, desperate need for new buildings, and distant sources

36. Plan Lar-2114. This general plan of 1867 is accompanied by detailed floor plans and elevations of every military building on the post and may have been executed in Omaha or Washington from measurements made at the post.

of construction supplies. The new Regular post quartermaster was a captain and assistant quartermaster named George Dandy.³⁷

Dandy found that the post lacked adequate quarters for its garrison, and except for the temporary earthworks built by the volunteers a year earlier, it was still defenseless.

Captain Dandy began planning improvements to the post including, among the many new structures, barracks for five companies. Two of the other new structures were designed and placed for defensive purposes. The first of these was a new guardhouse located east of the parade ground along the Laramie River.³⁸ It was a two story stone building set in the bank of the bluff. The lower story could be entered only from the river side. Here there were two doors and a window between them. Bars in the window were made from old iron wagon tires, straightened out by a blacksmith. Two small wooden cells, their walls strengthened by iron strips, served as solitary confinement while most prisoners were kept in a larger room. The upstairs was entered from the west or parade side by two front doors. Upstairs there was a room for the officer of the day and one for the guard detachment. In this story there was a window at each end of the building and there were two windows on each side, in front between the doors. The substantial stone walls were designed to make the building a stronghold in case of attack.

Captain Dandy had promised the post commandant, Major James Van Voast, that a new sawmill would turn out lumber by August 1, but the major was skeptical. Van Voast decided to put the men to work on the stone guardhouse in the meantime. He was right. The sawmill was not in operation when it was supposed to be, but he was able to report on September 1 that the guardhouse "will soon be finished as far as Masons can finish it."³⁹ It was completed by October 6.⁴⁰

The second new unit of defense was a fortified adobe redoubt which, when not needed as a fortification, could serve as a corral for Quartermaster Department animals and as quarters for the teamsters. By September 1, adobe bricks were being made.⁴¹ By September 13, 1866, every available man at the fort was on duty

37. George Brown Dandy attended the Military Academy from July, 1849 to July, 1852. He was commissioned a 2d lieutenant in the 3rd Artillery on February 27, 1857. After 1875 he served with the Quartermaster department. He was retired from active army service in 1894.

38. Letter from Major Van Voast to the Asst. Adjt. General, Dept. of the Platte, dated Oct. 6, 1866. In *Fort Laramie Letters From Sept. 1865 to Dec. 1866*. Typed file at Fort Laramie National Historic Site.

39. Letter from Major Van Voast to the Asst. Adjt. General dated Sept. 1st. In *Fort Laramie Letters* etc.

40. Letter from Van Voast, etc., dated Oct. 6. (See footnote 36.)

41. See footnote 38.

with the Quartermaster Department, either on the guardhouse or on the new redoubt. The redoubt was being erected by a fatigue detail of the 2nd Cavalry. It consisted of an area of about 2 acres enclosed by an 8 foot high adobe wall with two blockhouses. These blockhouses, at the northwest and southeast corners of the enclosure, were entirely unlike the earlier blockhouses designed by Lieutenant Woodbury, and were probably much cheaper to build. Each blockhouse was a perfect hexagon, and both were single story buildings. Their adobe walls were more than three feet thick. One side of each blockhouse was inside the enclosure and had a door and a dormer window in the roof. The other five sides were outside the adobe walled enclosure and each of these sides had a single cannon or rifle embrasure. The roof was hexagonal also, and was supported by a single center post and a system of rafters. The blockhouses, if not the wall, were built on stone foundations, and the whole redoubt was surrounded by a trench three feet deep which served as drainage to keep water away from the adobe walls, and also made it more difficult for any enemy to scale the walls.⁴²

There were three significant and revealing differences between this redoubt and Woodbury's planned fortification—size, material, and design.

The new redoubt was only a quarter the size of Woodbury's planned fort. Woodbury's concept was to enclose and protect the whole garrison, including almost all the buildings. This was exceedingly expensive, particularly since the walls would require a great deal of construction material that was not easily obtained. Dandy's concept was more economical; he planned to protect people, not buildings. His redoubt was to be a refuge, a last retreat in time of need, a stronghold. He no doubt assumed that the chances of a serious Indian attempt to destroy the whole fort were rather small, for their tactic was to hit and run. If he was wrong, his concept of defense would cost the government thousands of dollars in destroyed buildings, but if he was right, he would save as much money by not enclosing the whole sprawling post with a wasteful, expensive wall. More important, a wall or stockade enclosing the whole military complex would require a huge garrison to defend it adequately. The small adobe redoubt Dandy was building would be large enough for the people to use when necessary, yet small enough to defend easily.

The new redoubt was constructed of adobe bricks which could be made right at the fort. Woodbury had planned a wall either of stone or wood. Large quantities of stone or timber would

42. The description of the blockhouses and the redoubt, unless otherwise cited, is from Plan Lar-2125 which shows floor plans and elevations of the structures. This is one of the plans which accompanied the general plan of 1867.

have to be hauled a good distance—the lumber particularly—at a good expense. Furthermore, the lumber had to be cut; stone had to be quarried. Adobe bricks, on the other hand, could be made simply and easily nearby, creating no additional problem of transportation.

This new redoubt had blockhouses that were much simpler in design than Woodbury's. His blockhouses combined stone, lumber, and adobe in a complicated fashion which required a skeletal frame. Woodbury's walls were half stone and half framed lumber with an adobe brick fill. Dandy's redoubt made use of the same materials in a simpler fashion. The walls were entirely of one material—adobe. Dandy used stone only for foundations and he used lumber only for the roofs and their supporting rafters and for the window or embrasure frames.⁴³

Of course Dandy's redoubt was not as substantial or permanent as Woodbury's proposed fort, for weather destroys adobe while it only damages wood and largely ignores stone. But down through the years a permanent redoubt was not really needed, and even the adobe structure outlived its usefulness for so long that its original purpose was entirely forgotten. Dandy's redoubt was more permanent than the field fortifications of 1865, but only in relative terms.

Since there was no immediate and compelling need for this redoubt—the post was not under siege or threatened attack—the enclosure was used as a corral for Quartermaster Department horses and mules and the two blockhouses served as teamsters living quarters, with a temporary kitchen haphazardly tacked on to one of them.⁴⁴ The original intention of Captain Dandy in building this redoubt is unmistakable, both from the design of the structure and in the statement of Assistant Surgeon Schell two years later that "The Qr. Mr's corral encloses about 2 acres with an adobe wall 10 ft high and 2 feet thick, it has strong bastions at two diagonal corners and would serve as a stronghold in case of an attack by Indians."⁴⁵

On the 1867 plan of the post, a long trench with two battery emplacements or "lunettes" appeared in conjunction with this redoubt.⁴⁶ The puzzling question is whether this was the fortification directed by Major Mackey in that time of peril in 1865, or something new built by Captain Dandy in 1866 along with his adobe fort. A plan of the post in August, 1866, executed by Lieutenant Brent under Captain Dandy's direction, shows no such

43. *Ibid.*

44. *Ibid.*

45. Schell, *op. cit.* Schell arrived in late 1866 and certainly should have known what he was talking about.

46. Plan Lar-2114.

trench or emplacements.⁴⁷ But a month earlier, an emigrant passing through Fort Laramie entered in his diary under the date July 18 that "Laramie has no fortifications, *except a ditch*."⁴⁸ Regulars had been stationed at Fort Laramie only since May of that year, and there is no record in existing post files that they undertook such work as digging a trench. It seems a safe assumption that the earthwork with two battery emplacements which appears for the first time on the 1867 plan is the remnant of the field fortification erected under the orders of Major Mackey in February 1865. No third battery appears on the 1867 plan because by that time the adobe redoubt or "Quarter Master's Corral" had been built on the same site. Because the earthworks had been built only as a temporary and emergency measure by the volunteers, the post quartermaster saw no reason to include it in his August 1866 plan. As Indian hostilities increased, Captain Dandy decided to make it a more permanent feature and integrated it into his future plans.

Together, these earthworks and the adobe redoubt (or corral) constituted the only real fortifications that ever were built at Fort Laramie.

The old military post remained an important frontier installation until 1877, but thereafter dwindled in importance as new military posts pushed the frontier northward, and as the Sioux and Cheyennes were driven in ultimate and inevitable defeat to the reservations.

The earthwork defense with its two battery sites was maintained only until the early 1870's. It appeared on an 1870 map of the fort, but the following year was omitted.⁴⁹ It had served during the Bozeman Trail War, 1866-1868, but soon thereafter was regarded as unnecessary. It was not filled in—just abandoned. After the new lime-concrete hospital was constructed near it in 1873, a portion of the old trench was used as a dump for medicine bottles and other trash from the hospital. In 1884 a new lime-concrete barracks for six married sergeants and their families was constructed right over the trench just west of the center battery, and a portion of the ditch was filled in there. Eventually the army built a water system at Fort Laramie, and the tanks were located near the west battery emplacement. Ditches for water pipelines paralleled and crossed the old field fortification.⁵⁰

The army abandoned Fort Laramie in 1890 and the buildings

47. Plan Lar-2112.

48. George Fox, "Diary." *Annals of Wyoming*, January, 1932; VIII, 3; p. 589. *Italics mine*.

49. The 1870 plan is Lar-2140; the 1871 plan is Lar-2142.

50. The trench for water pipes is quite clear today both on the ground and on aerial photographs. Furthermore, this shallow trench for pipe is shown on Lar-2148, the plan of the post drawn in 1888.

were sold to civilians. Some farmed the old post, but others merely bought buildings for the lumber they contained and ripped them apart, leaving gaunt concrete pillars reaching roofless towards the Wyoming sky. Rains came and eroded a gully along the west bluff, cutting through the old trench and exposing green fragments of old medicine bottles once dumped in it.

But the ravages of time and man could not completely obliterate the old trench. The State of Wyoming restored Fort Laramie to Federal ownership in 1938, and on a 1940 aerial photograph the part of the earthworks on the hill, even where once filled in near the sergeants' quarters, stood out as clear and sharp as on the 1867 plan. Even today, west of the hospital ruins, a long shallow depression marks the work of the soldiers, and even today the visitor can trace the angular outline of the west battery.

The old fortified adobe redoubt did not fare half as well. It was never needed for the purpose for which it had been built. The army called it "the old Fort"⁵¹ and by 1876 its real origin was so clouded and obscure that the wife of an officer wrote that it had been "built by a fur company before the post was established."⁵² It continued to appear in photographs and plans until 1883, and some time in the next six years completely disappeared. Perhaps the flood of 1883 weakened or destroyed it; perhaps several floods were required to do the job.

For 41 years the military post on the Laramie River sent its patrols and expeditions out into the West. This important base was the typical frontier military establishment, and yet it existed as an often defenseless scattering of buildings on the Wyoming plains. The term "fort" was misused. "Camp Laramie" or perhaps "Laramie Barracks" would have been far more justifiable titles.

51. Merrill J. Mattes, *Indians, Infants and Infantry*. Denver: Old West Publishing Company; 1960. P. 188.

52. Cynthia J. Capron, *The Indian Border War of 1876*. (Reprinted from the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, January, 1921.) p. 4.

The Bishop Who Bid for Fort Laramie

By

HOWARD LEE WILSON

On November 27, 1915, the Right Reverend Nathaniel S. Thomas, second Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Wyoming, wrote the following letter to Mrs. J. Hall Browning of New York:

Dear Mrs. Browning:

I am writing to ask if you will consider laying the foundation of the Browning School, at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, by the purchase, at a cost of \$57,500.00 to the founder of this famous Post with all its buildings - the most historic in the United States, together with 1240 acres of fenced, irrigated irrigable land - which controls a range as large as one of your counties, the same to act as a perpetual endowment for the school.

I am overwhelmed over the opportunity to develop (sic) this great project.

If interested at all - read the mass of material I am sending with this - otherwise don't bother your dear head with the matter.

Affectionately,
N. S. Thomas

This letter, written by hand, and containing a few corrections of composition, may have been typed by a secretary and sent on. If so, Mrs. Browning did not bother her "dear head with the matter," for there is no reply in the Missionary District's files, and the Bishop began a carefully planned campaign to achieve the objective outlined in the letter to Mrs. Browning.

Bishop Thomas had already commenced preliminary inquiries. He had ascertained that three ranches bordered upon and/or included the Fort Laramie site.¹ These were the Joe Wilde, John Hunton and Neumann² ranches. Both Hunton and Wilde were willing to sell to the Bishop, and, according to reports submitted to the Bishop, the Neumann ranch would go with the others since all water rights were controlled by the Wildes and Huntons.

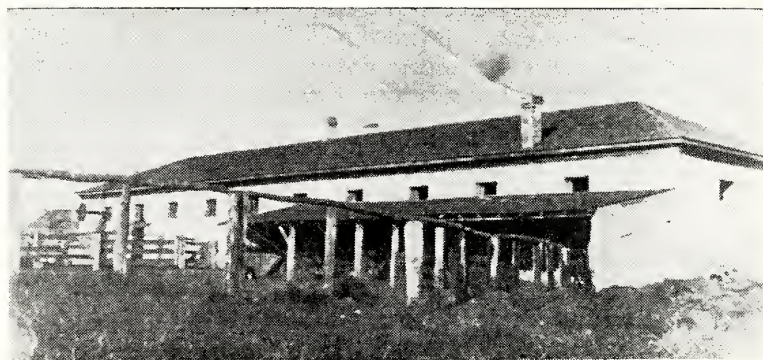
1. The properties in question largely consist of parcels in Sections 19-21 and 27-30, Township 26 Range 64 West.

2. Almost all of the correspondence refers to this rancher as "Newman," but a description of the properties from the County Clerk of Laramie County (undated but presumably in the early Fall of 1915) lists the spelling as "Neumann." I have used this spelling in preference. Many of the letters in the file contain numerous misspellings.

FORT LARAMIE, 1916



Barracks Building



Commissary Store



Officer's Double Quarters, Quarters Occupied by John Hunton,
Original Post Trader's Store

Courtesy of The Venerable Howard Lee Wilson

The Bishop had heard that other interests were seeking to purchase some of this land and he decided that the time for action had come.

Already he had corresponded with Wilde and Hunton. Wilde's reply of October 10, 1915 indicates that he was willing to make considerable effort on the Bishop's behalf:

My Dear Mr. Thomas

I received your letter of the 7 and in reply will state if I was sure you would take the place then I wouldn't mind if it took all winter as I surely like to see you get it rather than to sell to any one else, but I have a chance to sell to other parties and I don't want to lose the sale but if you will let me know and say you will take it I then will hold it for you as to the time we can agree on that hoping to hear from you at an early date

Respectfully yours,
Joseph Wilde

Bishop Thomas worked rapidly. He secured blueprints of the area from the office of the State Engineer; sent Robert Toole of Dixon (who was a brother to one of the Bishop's clergy in the Little Snake River Valley) to look over the Hunton property; checked with Cheyenne attorney John Clark concerning tax exemptions for the project; received a written report from George Foxton of Glendo regarding the present state and future possibilities of the lands in question; and, finally, while on a trip to New York, received a telegram from Cheyenne architect William Dubois estimating the cost of renovating the original Fort Laramie buildings. The cost reported was eighty thousand dollars!

The text of Dubois' telegram breaks down the figures:

BUILDINGS WORTH FOR SCHOOL TWENTY THOUSAND TO
RECONSTRUCT MAIN BUILDING FIFTEEN THOUSAND
THREE RESIDENCES TEN THOUSAND ARMORY TEN THOU-
SAND BEDLAM FIVE THOUSAND WATER LIGHTING AND
SEWAGE SYSTEM FIFTEEN THOUSAND STABLES AND
STORE HOUSES FIVE THOUSAND.

WILLIAM DUBOIS October 21, 1915 335 p.m.

Dubois followed this information with a portfolio of descriptions, sketches and several photographs taken of the buildings as they looked in 1915.

Later estimates by Harry E. Crane of Cheyenne suggested that the sum of \$47,645.00 would be required to purchase the necessary lands which meant that some \$130,000.00 would be needed to acquire the land and to restore the buildings. The letter to Mrs. Browning was an effort to begin by possessing and consolidating the land.

Bishop Thomas now turned his attention to another phase of his plan for a boys' school: the composition and curriculum of the institution.

A series of identical letters were despatched beginning in April

1916 to the headmasters of several of the well-known eastern preparatory schools for boys—some of them closely affiliated with the Episcopal Church.

None of the letters alluded to the Fort Laramie plan. The Bishop's approach is that President Duniway of the University of Wyoming has discussed with the Bishop the possibility of erecting a Hall in Laramie where boys could live in a Christian atmosphere and pursue their studies at the University High School.

The Bishop respectfully requests the opinions of the professionals in the field. "The idea is novel," states the Bishop, "and I am by no means sure whether it is practical. What is your best judgment on the scheme?"

The Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody, of Groton School, Groton, Massachusetts replies encouragingly on May 6, 1916. He merely wonders where one would attract a headmaster for such an arrangement, but hopes that the plan would be tried.

The Rev. William Thayer, D.D., of St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts on May 8 asserts:

. . . Though I have no doubt that such a school would be of value and meet a need, I advise strongly against your undertaking it . . . St. Mark's School with its buildings given and with charges of \$900. a year has hard work to make both ends meet. . . . If, on the other hand, you can get President Duniway to assume all financial responsibility or get any other men to stand behind the school, you might go ahead, but with all due respect, I venture to warn you that you are undertaking a costly experiment.

Dr. Frederick L. Gammage of New York's Pawling School wastes no words in his answer of June 14. "Don't touch it," he begins. He feared over-control and usurpation by the State and recommends that the Bishop devise his own school, curriculum and faculty.

The Rev. Drs. William B. Olmstead of Pomfret School in Connecticut, and H. G. Buehler of Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Connecticut, give a passing approbation to the plan.

The Bishop acknowledged all the replies. To Thayer he indicated that he intended, "at least for the present, (to) dismiss it from my mind." To Gammage: "Your view seems to be in a majority, and I am about determined to act upon your recommendation. I thank you for it."

Indeed, it only confirmed the Bishop's previous ideas and he once again looked to an evaluation of the lands about Fort Laramie.

On June 22, 1916, Mr. Harry E. Crane, a Bank Examiner in Cheyenne, submitted to the Bishop an exhaustive 14 page report in which he appraised not only the lands of Hunton, Wilde and Neumann, but also recommended the purchase of small acreages owned by a Mr. O'Brien and Mrs. Hattie Sandercock.

Of the O'Brien property (SW¼ of SW¼ of Sec. 22) Crane reports:

This is a barren piece of land, has never had water on it, and is in its natural state, but should you purchase this property I would recommend that by all means you get this piece. It is the original location of the old Fort in the early thirties, or rather, late twenties.

Crane also notes that the "United States Government is building one of their large ditches on the south side of the Platte River This work, I understand, is costing about a Million dollars Their canal is 45 ft. wide on the bottom, so you will see the magnitude of the proposition."

Crane's report is not merely a recital of the facts and figures:

On the Wilde property that I spoke of regarding the old hospital, a part of these walls still stand and it looks like the ruins of King Solomon's Temple. They stand up as perfect as the day they were built,—that is, the portion that is still left standing.

Crane was enthusiastic about the possibilities of the land for purposes of cultivation and no doubt his report had much to do with influencing the Bishop to hope that the profits from working the land would offset a good share of the operating costs of the projected school.

Returning to the academic aspect of the school, Bishop Thomas had made an effort to secure the "right man" for the school as suggested by Dr. Peabody. The original letter to the Rev. Remsen Ogilby is not available, but his reply, written on the "Empress of Asia," enroute to the Philippines supplies the details. Remsen Ogilby was headmaster of the Episcopal Church's Baguio School in the Philippines. Bishop Thomas, learning that he was in the States, had invited him to stop off in Wyoming on his return home. He was unable to do so and writes to say that he could not entertain any possibility of taking over the Bishop's school in Wyoming:

I hardly see how I could take over your scheme and work it out; for my idea is to transplant Baguio School back to this country somewhere, when our work in the Philippines is over.

(The Baguio School is still operating, and Remsen Ogilby's son, Lyman, is Bishop of the Philippines).

In November 1916 Bishop Thomas rounded out his inquiries to determine the number of accredited high schools in Wyoming. Edith K. O. Clark, Superintendent of Public Instruction cannot give him the answer. She states that she has written Dr. Butterworth at the University and has learned that the University has no listing of accredited high schools in Wyoming.

The Bishop turns again to Dr. Thayer of St. Mark's School. Although it was he who had given such dire warnings in reply to the Bishop's original proposition, Bishop Thomas had a high

regard for Thayer as an educator, and considered his school to be the best of the Prep Schools in New England.

The proposal which Bishop Thomas makes to Thayer is as audacious as his first bid for support from Mrs. Browning. The Bishop requests Thayer to convene St. Mark's Board of Trustees when he, the Bishop, will be in Boston. His hope is to interest them in helping to build the school. Thayer answers to the effect that he does not know if the Board can be convened for this purpose but suggests that a meeting of the Standing Committee will be held after the first of the year, at which session the Bishop would be welcome.

The reply is a remarkable one. A conflicting engagement makes it impossible for the Bishop to meet the Standing Committee, but:

If I cannot meet the Committee I should like to meet with you—in fact, I *must*. Your Committee has never had a more important proposition to consider since the founding of St. Mark's, and I am of the opinion that it is quite worthwhile calling a special meeting—

For six months I have been gathering data and now have material from architects, land agents, ranchers and others, of about 100 pages. . . . To sum up what I want in just one word. I wish to purchase old Ft. Laramie with all its history and romance, with 1000 acres of land controlling a range of fifty miles on which enough cattle can be run to endow the institution, and create a school of the highest order, after the model of St. Mark's. I am audacious enough to hope that you yourself will come out for one year and launch it, then put in your masters and develop the greatest school in the West, using it as the overflow for your own boys, sending thereto such boys as would benefit by a change of climate, making it a school in the west for eastern boys, as well as a school for western boys.

I can demonstrate the need of such a school. There is no such school in the State. I can demonstrate the advisability of making old Ft. Laramie into such a school. It is historically the most important spot in the West and possibly in America, as no one place has had so much to do with the development of the nation during a period of nearly 75 years, as has Ft. Laramie. In my library alone I have over 100 volumes referring to this marvellous fort. Read Parkman, for instance, and Washington Irving, and all the rest.

I should not think of undertaking the school unless it can be the most perfect school that can be made and my model is St. Mark's. I have spoken to no one else and shall speak to no one else, for the sort of a school I want is a St. Mark's and not a Groton or a St. Paul's or a Pomfret.

I am bringing with me my exhibit and should mightily like to make a speech of an hour to your Board. It is a proposition which needs not only inauguration but continued care. I should be willing personally to launch the scheme but I cannot take the responsibility of developing the school of the sort I want. I am not a schoolmaster and I know it and I want to keep my hands off.

It was over a month before Dr. Thayer made answer to this fiery plea. Despite the confessed audacity Thayer says he is interested in the project, but cannot arrange a special meeting.

The Bishop arranges a visit while in the East, and answers some

questions about the church at Dubois where Thayer visited during the previous summer.

In preparation for his arguments for the school the Bishop then wrote up a memorandum (probably in December of 1916. It is not dated.) which builds upon the enthusiastic vision described in the letter to Thayer.

Besides amplifying the points made to Thayer by Bishop Thomas, one or two other opinions and predictions are worthy of note:

Whatever may be said for a girl's school, it is generally conceded that a boy's school should be in the country. . . . It should be well located with reference to railroad transportation. In a western school it should be in the eastern part of the State, as the educational drift is eastward. It has been proven in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and the Dakotas that it is difficult to get boys and girls living east of the place where the school is located, to attend that school.

. . . The through line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is not only a trunk line from Puget Sound eastward but it goes through the state diagonally, and traverses the richest portion of our State, and one in which the greatest development of the future must lie. Moreover this portion of the State has the least educational advantages as yet developed and would tap Montana, Northern Idaho and Eastern Oregon, as no boys' school lies anywhere along this railroad for a thousand miles more or less.

The Bishop had retained a clipping to the effect that on Dec. 2, 1916 a story of a projected relocation of the Union Pacific tracks from North Platte, Nebraska to Medicine Bow, Wyoming via Wheatland, was being aired.

Possibly this was a part of the exhibit with which the Bishop hoped to secure Eastern capital for his project.

Along with statistical studies pointing the necessity of a school, the Bishop further relates in his memorandum how he first saw the site:

. . . In riding with the Rev. Mr. (Frank) Chipp, our missionary in Torrington and Guernsey some time ago, I said to him, "I have never seen old Fort Laramie. Would you mind taking me over there?" He did. (and) I was never more surprised in my life. I had no idea of the beauty of the place, as related to the country roundabout and as I stood on the mesa overlooking the valley I could well understand how Col. Inman in his "Great Salt Lake Trail" should have written (and here the Bishop quotes at length). . . . It came upon me like a flash that this was the place for the location of the school which I had so long had in my mind. Here sentiment and romance on the one side and practical considerations on the other, unite.

There are two drafts of this memorandum showing that the Bishop exercised particular care in making every word count toward the attainment of his goal.

His final proposal is that a stock company be formed (he called it the Fort Laramie and Livestock Company to start with) with the school itself, as a corporation, holding fifty-one per cent of the stock. The school would directly hold the 240 acres incorporating

the fort site and would also control the ranch operation. The Bishop estimated that \$34,000.00 worth of calves could be supported on the land, thus providing the endowment.

A copy of this undoubtedly went to Thayer, but it was still not persuasive enough to convene a special meeting of the Trustees of St. Mark's. Thayer himself could and would meet with the Bishop, however.

Somewhat resignedly Bishop Thomas accepts the situation (and also hints at his own estimate of Thayer):

. . . All right, I know you are the main push anyway, and am going to talk to you. But I should have liked to have spoken to a group of financiers as well as to the Thomas Arnold of America. (Jan. 20, 1917)

Some weeks later, the meeting between Thayer and Bishop Thomas having taken place, Thayer writes his considered opinion of the scheme which has been laid before him:

The more I think over your plan the more strongly I feel that it cannot be worked out in the way you have suggested. Even if I could bring the Trustees to a sympathetic hearing of your plan, I doubt very much if it could be carried out in practice, nor do I think it would be the best thing for your school if it could be done. I am a little doubtful of the Fort Laramie scheme . . . which would bring the expense I should judge up to the neighborhood of \$75000. For that sum of money I believe you could build new and appropriate buildings which would be much more servicable and certainly more appealing to parents than any made over buildings could possibly be. . . .

. . . if you could get such a man as Remsen Ogilby you would find that Dr. Drury and Dr. Peabody would be sending boys as eagerly and willingly as I should. These men, good friends of mine as they are, would not be particularly interested in a St. Mark's School Annex.

The Bishop accepted this dictum in March but by July had taken another tack. He sounded out Mr. George Brimmer of Rawlins on the possibility of forming a Wyoming corporation to purchase the land he desired.

His proposal was that ten men be secured to put up five thousand dollars each. The Bishop and Mrs. Thomas would each invest five thousand. Robert Toole, of Dixon, (who had made one of the early surveys of the property) would also invest and further would manage the operation.

Could Brimmer get Will Daley and George Bible together in Rawlins to meet with the Bishop and discuss the matter? Brimmer replied that Daley was out of town and that it would be some time before all concerned could get together. Brimmer wanted to have all the facts about the land and its capabilities before committing himself.

But Bishop Thomas was not content to keep but a single iron in the fire at a time. While continuing correspondence with Brimmer (they never did get together, and Brimmer was reluctant through-

out) Bishop Thomas, on July 18, 1917 wrote to Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr. of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania.

He had heard from George's mother that George had planned to purchase a ranch in California, then decided against it. The Bishop paints a glowing picture of his proposal for buying Fort Laramie. He admits that this is no time to start a school (the country is now at war) but he desires to gain possession of the land now lest it be lost for the future.

He appeals to George Thomas' patriotism to use the ranch as a part of the war effort and invites him to come look it over.

Thomas replies that he is busy at his mother's place and cannot make the trip:

... at this time I am not only tied up with preparing specifications for the greenhouses and gardens, but also have some work I have been doing for the Signal Corps in Washington.

In the midst of this feverish activity George has no time to sign his letter. It is initialed by a secretary.

The Bishop responds courteously, stating that it is a "chimerical proposition."

After one more failure to arrange a meeting with Brimmer, Daley and Bible (who by now are of the opinion that the price for the land is too high and the general plan unsound) the negotiations languish until May of 1918.

At this point another young man, Rollin Batten, of Caldwell, N.J., comes to the attention of the Bishop and the proposal is made again.

Batten indicates that he is interested, but his overriding desire is to get a commission in the Remount Service, and will the Bishop be good enough to furnish a character reference?

The Bishop now feared that John Hunton, being advanced in years, would soon be gone, thus precluding any purchase from a sympathetic party. He also tries to urge Batten that now is the time to buy for there is rumor of oil being found in the vicinity and action is necessary before land prices go out of reach.

None of these pleas is sufficient, however, and there is another gap in the correspondence until January, 1919. The final bid by the Bishop for Fort Laramie is about to be made.

From the Delta Kappa Epsilon Club in New York City Bishop Thomas begins a note on the club stationery to Mr. Erle Reed, Attorney, in Torrington. He starts to tell him that the money is in sight for the purchase providing the Wilde, Hunton and Newmann lands are still available for a fair price. Reed is to draw on the Bishop's account for fee and deposit to obtain a ninety day option. Then, in haste, the Bishop condenses it all into a telegram and asks for the asking price to be wired him at the Hotel St. Louis in New York. Reed answers by letter, stating that an agent for some Chicago men have offered Wilde \$33,000.00 for his land.

He feels that Hunton's acreage is too large for the corporation to purchase.

On January 17 Reed wires the Bishop that the Hunton land is available and that he has an option on it until February 15. He has also secured an option on the Wilde property. He feels that Hunton's asking price (twenty thousand dollars for 600 acres) is a bit high, but that Wilde's price (26 thousand for another 600 acres) is compensatingly low.

Reed follows the telegram with a letter stating his adventures in chasing over Goshen County to confirm the options. He states that although the Bishop had requested a 90 day option he could only obtain options for 30 days in view of the fact that by March 1 the ranchers needed to make provision for tenancy or further sale.

This may have been the critical factor of this final phase.

On February 13 an agreement form was drawn up in New York whereby a group of subscribers were to invest varying sums of money and turn them over to a Trustee resident in Wyoming who would act on their behalf to purchase land for the establishment of a school at Fort Laramie.

It becomes clear that at least one of these potential subscribers was William Robertson Coe, a friend of Bishop Thomas, a sometime resident of Cody, Wyoming, and a benefactor to other Wyoming Episcopal schools and hospitals, and to the University of Wyoming.

On March 7, 1919 Coe writes the Bishop (who is in Fort Myers, Florida) that the agreement is faulty to the extent that it does not provide a limited liability clause to protect the subscribers. He indicates that when this is done the matter may proceed. He inquires as to who will be Trustee. They had hoped that it would be John Hay of Rock Springs, Wyoming. The Bishop answers that if Hay does not accept he will ask Coe to assume the title. Coe apparently declines, for on April 17, 1919, Mr. A. H. Marble, President of the Stockgrowers National Bank in Cheyenne agrees to become Trustee, and his name appears on a revised copy of the original subscriber's agreement.

But by this time the 30 day option had expired and the opportunity had passed.

On December 27, 1919 Bishop Thomas received a letter from Albert Bartlett of Glendo who understands that the Bishop is looking for ranch property and gives information on the Hans Christiansen Ranch on Horseshoe Creek near Glendo.

The Bishop responds, but not with his former zeal. Only when he understands (mistakenly) that the Town of Glendo will purchase the ranch does his interest spark. When this proves to be unfounded the Bishop terminates the negotiation. He is preparing to leave for England to attend the Lambeth Conference of 1920.

But the Bishop's dream did not die completely. In June of 1920

he is writing his friend Thayer again inquiring about setting up a boarding school for boys.

In July appears the first correspondence from Mrs. Mary Sherwood Blodgett of Greene, New York. Five years later Mrs. Blodgett gave a total of two hundred thousand dollars for the construction and upkeep of a building to house 60 boys and complete a dream of Bishop Thomas born ten years before. The building now houses the Cathedral Home for Children and is located on Cathedral Square in Laramie.

While this is a chronicle of an unsuccessful venture on the part of the Rt. Rev. Nathaniel Thomas - at least to the extent of his acquiring the Fort Laramie site - it should be clear that the Bishop himself was a remarkable and creative person.

He was involved in organizing the building of hospitals at Jackson and Lander; developing the Cathedral School for Girls and the Cathedral Home for Children in Laramie; completing St. Matthew's Cathedral in Laramie; securing the franchise for the operation of one of Wyoming's pioneer radio stations, KFBU, with the help of E. H. Harriman; and raising nearly a million dollars for the construction of a complex of buildings on the Wind River Reservation. Most of these plans were at some stage of development while the Fort Laramie effort was being made.

Many were completed with the same careful planning and personal persuasion aimed at wealthy Churchmen in the East.

As can be seen from this narrative, the Bishop was to be found in almost any part of the United States at a given moment, and yet he kept his dreams and plans alive, and executed the greater part of them. At the same time he continued to administer his churches in Wyoming, served on National Committees and was a preacher much in demand throughout the country. He was a man of exceptional energy and ability.

The present writer cannot escape the temptation of wondering for a moment "what if . . .?" Suppose the Bishop could have made his financial arrangements complete? Suppose he had known Mrs. Blodgett five years sooner?

To the Bishop's credit, I believe, he planned to restore old Fort Laramie. He had a sense of history and his vision was an early one concerning what could - and ought - to be done with the then ramshackle buildings.

I suspect that he would approve what is now being done with the fort, but I think he would have liked to try his school as well. It might well have been a failure, but it would have been a glorious one!

A Postscript: The source for this document consists of a file of correspondence covering the years 1915-1921. There are a few letters missing,

but letters in reply give a good indication of the subject matter of those missing letters.

William Dubois' sketches and photographs plus a poster announcing a July Fourth Celebration at Fort Laramie (to help observe the new irrigation canal mentioned by Harry Crane) are included.

Perhaps the most unique aspect of this incident is the fact that no mention of it appears in the official proceedings of the Convocations of the Missionary District of Wyoming, nor is there reference to it in the contemporary issues of *The Wyoming Churchman*.

Two possible explanations occur. First, that there were so many other projects in process at the time that it would not have been advisable to add another which even the Bishop himself (albeit in a time of frustration) had referred to as "chimerical."

Secondly, it was probably wise to keep such a plan relatively secret lest the intent become known generally and others be tempted to prevent the transaction.

Surely Hunton and Wilde were well aware of what was intended, and there was no effort made to classify the plan as "Top Secret." Perhaps there were other motives, but on the basis of the evidence available, these suppositions may be acceptable.

Albert Charles Peale

PIONEER GEOLOGIST OF THE HAYDEN SURVEY

By

FRITIOF FRYXELL

When Dr. F. V. Hayden, geologist-in-charge of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, in the summer of 1871 undertook scientific exploration of the Yellowstone country, on his staff was Albert Charles Peale, a young physician who had just graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Peale served as mineralogist of the 1871 expedition, and thus became collaborator with Dr. Hayden in the first systematic geological investigations within what is now the Yellowstone National Park.

Albert Charles Peale was the great-grandson of Charles Willson Peale (1741 - 1827), the eccentric but lovable portrait painter of Revolutionary War times, and friend of Washington, Madison, Adams, and other notables of the period. He was, therefore, scion of one of America's most remarkable families, a family which through generations contributed leaders to art, science, and other cultural activities in America.¹ Dr. A. C. Peale, unlike his illustrious great-grandfather and some of the other "Philadelphia Peales," rarely made himself conspicuous in public affairs, seeming, rather, to have shunned personal publicity. Yet Dr. Peale experienced more of adventurous living than most of his family, and his career entitles him to a significant place in western history. Only one brief memorial to Dr. Peale was ever published, and that long ago and in an obscure periodical.² In view of his contributions to science and exploration, it is remarkable indeed that

1. The literature on the Peale family is very voluminous. Particular mention may be made of two splendid biographies: *Charles Willson Peale*, by Charles Coleman Sellers, a two-volume work published by the American Philosophical Society in 1947; and *Titian Ramsay Peale, 1799-1885, and his Journals of the Wilkes Expedition*, by Jessie Poesch, a volume of 214 pages, also published by the American Philosophical Society, in 1961. The latter work is well illustrated, and contains a comprehensive annotated bibliography of published and manuscript sources. Important also is the article, *The Peales*, by Oliver Jensen, which appeared in *The American Heritage*, April, 1955. This article is profusely illustrated with reproductions in color of oil paintings.

2. [Memorial to] "Albert Charles Peale, M. D.", *Transactions of the American Climatological Association*, volume 30 (1914), pages xxiii-xxiv,

further recognition of Dr. Peale's stature should not come until almost a century after his initial work in the Yellowstone.



A. C. Peale About
1872-73

Courtesy F. M. Fryxell

Dr. A. C. Peale was born in Heckscherville, Pennsylvania, on April 1, 1849. He was the son of Charles Willson Peale (1821 - 1871)³ and Harriet Friel Peale; and the grandson of Rubens Peale (1784 - 1865) (manager of the historic "Peale's Museum" in Philadelphia) and Eliza Burd Patterson Peale. Young Peale was educated in Philadelphia, receiving the degrees A. B. in 1868 and A. M. in 1873 from Central High School. After three years of advanced study at the University of Pennsylvania he received the degree M. D. in 1871. His preceptor in the medical school was J. Burd Peale, M. D.; his thesis (still in the library of the University of Pennsylvania) was on the subject, "Emotions and Secretions." On December 23, 1875, he married Emily Wiswell, daughter of the Reverend

and Mrs. George F. Wiswell. The Peales had no children, and Mrs. Peale predeceased her husband. Dr. Peale died at the German Hospital in Philadelphia, on December 5, 1914, following a stroke, at the age of 65. He was survived by a sister, Mrs. Charles K. Mills of Philadelphia, and by his mother, of Washington, D. C.

Such are the bare outlines of Dr. Peale's life, and for certain periods of that life it is now difficult, after the lapse of almost five decades since his death, to ascertain the details. For other periods,

with portrait. The *Transactions* was evidently published in a very small edition; the only copy of this volume known to the author is in the library of the College of Physicians, at Philadelphia. The memorial, prepared by Dr. Guy Hinsdale, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, is based on a typed two-page sketch of Peale's life that was written by George P. Merrill on Dec. 23, 1914, at the request of Dr. R. Rathbun, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, for use by Dr. Hinsdale. The typewritten sketch and correspondence relating to it are on file in the Office of Correspondence and Records of the United States National Museum, at Washington.

3. Dr. A. C. Peale's father was no doubt named after the famous Charles Willson Peale of colonial times. (See Sellers, op. cit., volume 2, page 420.)

however, the record is surprisingly complete. This is particularly the case with the eight years that Dr. Peale spent on the staff of the Hayden Survey - and for Dr. Peale, as for many another man who participated in Hayden's western work, this was the happiest period of his life. The results of his scientific endeavors are duly recorded in technical papers published, for the most part, in the annual reports and bulletins of the Hayden Survey. The human interest side of these years is set forth in a series of very readable accounts that Dr. Peale contributed, from the field, to the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Christian Weekly*, and the *New York Times*. These appeared anonymously, being signed simply "Mineralogist." An intimate personal record is to be found in several of Dr. Peale's diaries and field notebooks that, happily, were preserved.⁴ There are also a large number of Peale's letters, in the National Archives at Washington, D. C. and in other collections - letters distinguished by their graceful penmanship, flawless composition, and dignified, courteous tone. Finally, mention may be made of the recollections of those few contemporaries of Dr. Peale who were still living when information for this account was obtained. Thus it is possible to reconstruct an authentic sketch of Dr. Peale, and the emerging picture is one that commands thorough respect for the man and his work.

As was commonly the case in the last century, A. C. Peale entered upon a career in natural science through the corridors of a medical school. Though he became a physician, there is no evidence that he ever intended to devote his life primarily to the practice of medicine. However, his diaries show that he was not infrequently called upon to use his medical training while in the field, sometimes in emergency cases; and the subject that became one of his major scientific specialties, the study of mineral waters, clearly reflected his early medical training and interest in therapeutics.

Nothing very specific is known about the time and manner in which Peale's interest in natural history was awakened; however, the intellectual climate among the Peales encouraged curiosity about every field of knowledge, not least so science. Undoubtedly he must have received inspiration from the example of his gifted granduncle, Titian R. Peale, who, when a youth of barely twenty (in 1819 - 1820), accompanied the expedition of Major Long to the Rocky Mountains as assistant naturalist, and later (in 1841 - 1842) was naturalist with the Wilkes Expedition in the South

4. Most of Peale's 1871 diary and his 1872 diary are in the library of Yellowstone National Park. Part of his 1871 diary, his field notes from 1873 and 1875, and his 1878 diary are in the Field Records File of the United States Geological Survey at Denver.

Pacific.⁵ It is quite certain, however, that the particular direction given to Peale's bent toward science resulted from his contact with Dr. F. V. Hayden, at the University of Pennsylvania. After the Civil War, Dr. Hayden - then 36 years old, already the veteran of eight years of western exploration (1853 - 1860), and recently brevetted Lieutenant Colonel for his meritorious service in the Union Army as a Surgeon of Volunteers - was appointed Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at the University of Pennsylvania. Here, so far as is known, the paths of Hayden and Peale first crossed. This was Hayden's first and only professorship; it did not last long, nor did it, evidently, interfere greatly with what had been, and continued to be, his consuming interest: scientific investigations in the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains. At the first opportunity, in the summer of 1866, Hayden resumed his western work by returning to one of his favorite haunts, the Dakota badlands, under sponsorship of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. A year later, acting under direction of the General Land Office and with an appropriation of \$5000 from Congress, he began his work as "U. S. Geologist" in Nebraska, and in so doing, as George P. Merrill has stated, "laid the foundation for the U. S. Geological Survey as it exists today." For years Hayden had labored indefatigably, and largely alone, in the West, despite great physical hardships and dangers; it is not surprising that now, having won federal recognition and financial support, his Survey prospered to the extent that it soon demanded his undivided attention, so that in 1872 he resigned from the University. Hayden was afterward more often addressed as "the Doctor" than as "Colonel" or "Professor," though all these titles appear in his correspondence.

That Hayden was successful during his brief career as a professor might be expected, in view of his rich field experience, his boundless enthusiasm, and the intensity with which he threw himself into his enterprises. In letters to Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution and others, he wrote with characteristic optimism about his academic work, and tangible evidence of his effectiveness as a teacher may be found in the fact that A. C. Peale, the young medical student, found geology contagious and chose to follow in Hayden's footsteps. Appointment of Peale to the Survey in 1871, following his graduation from the university, is indicative of the regard that Hayden had formed for this youth. The esteem was reciprocal. The collaboration and friendship between these two men, one twenty years the senior of the other, proved to be lifelong. Indeed, Peale came to be closer to his chief, in a personal way, than any of the other "Hayden men;" his loyalty

5. Jessie Poesch, *op. cit.*

amounted to filial devotion that never flagged and that was touchingly manifested on many occasions.

Though a full-fledged doctor of medicine, Peale was only 22 in the spring of 1871 when he first took to the field and became campmate with a group that included, besides other new appointees like himself, a score of men already seasoned in the western work. Among them were James Stevenson, Hayden's genial and resourceful administrative assistant; Cyrus Thomas, entomologist; Anton Schonborn, topographer; Henry W. Elliott, illustrator; and William H. Jackson, whose photographs of the West had already captured favorable attention, and, during his years of association with the Survey, were to make him famous. Those getting their first taste of life in the West included a guest artist, Thomas Moran, who also was to be influenced profoundly by the experiences of this summer. With an appropriation of \$40,000 for that year, Hayden was able to maintain a field party of about thirty-five men in the remote and still difficultly accessible Yellowstone region.

"It was with tremendous enthusiasm that we prepared for the invasion of this wonderland," Jackson wrote in an autobiography nearly sixty years later. Other accounts, Peale's among them, breathe this spirit. Like Jackson and Peale, almost all of the party were young men from the east, eager and sensitive to the high adventure of exploration in a region known to contain geological features so extraordinary as to have unique importance.

To Hayden their entry into the Yellowstone was an event fraught with deepest satisfaction; for in June, 1860, as geologist with a military expedition headed by Captain W. F. Reynolds, he had been in a party that James Bridger had guided to within actual sight of the Yellowstone plateau, only to be stopped from entry into the fabulous region (already familiar to Bridger and other trappers) because the expedition's rigid schedule would not permit time for finding passage through the snow barriers of the adjacent ranges. Reynolds had to report, "we were compelled to content ourselves with listening to Bridger's marvelous tales of burning plains, immense lakes, and boiling springs, without being able to verify these wonders." Reynolds' disappointment at being so cheated was great; but Hayden's must have been even greater. Verification of Bridger's vivid tales came after the Civil War - in 1869 by the private Folsom-Cook-Peterson party, and in 1870 by the semi-official Washburn-Langford-Doane party - but the detailed systematic exploration of the Yellowstone region by scientists remained unaccomplished until 1871; eleven years after his trip with Reynolds and Bridger, Hayden arrived on the scene with a competent staff, well prepared for the undertaking.

Chittenden has stated that "with the close of the expedition of 1871, the discovery of the Yellowstone wonderland was made complete," and that the chief value of the 1871 work was "in the large collection of accurate data concerning the entire region."

Narratives and descriptions had already been given wide publicity, but these were now supplemented by maps and technical reports, sketches and photographs, and various kinds of scientific collections made for the Smithsonian Institution. Such materials "played a decisive part in the winter of 1871 - 72," in the historic movement to establish Yellowstone National Park, successfully concluded on March 1, 1872, when President U. S. Grant signed the bill that created the world's first national park.

The park bill, according to Chittenden, was drawn up by the delegate to Congress from Montana, William H. Clagett, and Nathaniel P. Langford, except for description of boundaries, which was furnished by Dr. Hayden. "Dr. Hayden occupied a commanding position in this work, as representative of the government in the exploration of 1871. He was thoroughly familiar with the subject, and was equipped with an exhaustive collection of photographs and specimens gathered the previous summer. These were placed on exhibition, and were probably seen by all members of Congress. They did a work which no other agency could do, and doubtless convinced every one who saw them that the region where such wonders existed should be carefully preserved to the people forever."

Obviously the large measure of credit which Chittenden and other historians have given Dr. Hayden must be shared also with the members of his 1871 staff. The geological data were of major importance, and it is well to remember that these were the product of the joint efforts of Hayden and Peale. They were incorporated in Hayden's *Annual Report* for 1871 (the fifth in his series of annual reports, and the only volume in the series to be printed in quarto as well as the usual octavo form). The volume includes a chapter entitled, "Preliminary Report of Dr. A. C. Peale on Minerals, Rocks, Thermal Springs, etc. of the Expedition." This, Dr. Peale's first scientific publication, marked not only the beginning of his own studies of thermal springs, but also the starting point for the investigation of these phenomena in Yellowstone National Park.

Work of the Hayden Survey in succeeding years can be touched on but briefly, and only as it has bearing on Dr. Peale. Success of the 1871 season was so great that the next annual appropriation for the Hayden Survey was nearly doubled, amounting to \$75,000, and this figure was matched in each of the succeeding years, until the Survey was terminated, with the exception of one year, 1876, when the amount was \$65,000. With augmented funds, Hayden's program became increasingly comprehensive, his organization correspondingly more complex, and his staff much enlarged.

In developing the program of his Survey, Hayden continued to manifest what certainly was one of the main reasons for his success: an uncanny knack for searching out promising young men, and, while entrusting them with responsibility, giving them also

great freedom to express their talents and specialized skills, to the advantage of all concerned. The roster of the Hayden Survey came to include many names, besides those already mentioned, that added luster to American science: for example, the remarkably versatile genius, William Henry Holmes, who served the organization with great distinction as geologist, ethnologist, archaeologist, artist, and editor; the geologists Archibald Marvine, Orestes St. John, F. M. Endlich, and Charles A. White; the topographers Henry Gannett, James T. Gardner, and A. D. Wilson; the ornithologists Elliott Coues and C. Hart Merriam; and the botanists John M. Coulter and T. C. Porter. Such men - and more could be named - were Peale's associates during the following years; and from 1871 to 1879 Peale's story is, very largely, the story of the Hayden Survey.

In 1872, Hayden continued investigations in the newly established Yellowstone National Park and nearby areas. For the performance of the work he divided his staff into two parties. The one, under his immediate direction, returned to the park region to develop the studies begun in 1871. Dr. Peale was in this party, again as mineralogist; with it also, and beginning their long and notable connection with the Hayden Survey were W. H. Holmes and Henry Gannett. The other and larger party, under James Stevenson, approached the park from the southwest, making a survey of a route which followed, in general, the Snake River. On August 16th, according to prearranged plan, all of the members of both parties united in the Lower Fire Hole Basin in Yellowstone Park. This grand reunion brought together for a few days about sixty men and more than a hundred horses and mules. At the conclusion of the season, Peale prepared for the 1872 *Annual*



W. H. Jackson, Dr. A. C. Peale, Dr. Turnbull, Dixon (photographer's assistant). Probably Taken in 1871 or 1872, the Only Year These Men Were Together

Courtesy F. M. Fryxell

Report a section of nearly one hundred pages. Besides presenting new data on the thermal springs and related features of the park, this section also dealt with such problems as geologic structure and stratigraphy, which, during the next few years, were especially to engage his attention.

In 1873 investigations were transferred to Colorado, in part because of Indian hostility in the Yellowstone region. Study first was focused on the eastern portion of the mountainous part of Colorado, and in the three subsequent seasons, 1874 to 1876, was extended throughout other portions of the state. For each season from 1873 on, Hayden followed a plan of operations that was increasingly perfected. The area to be surveyed was subdivided into several divisions, and a party was assigned to each. Key men in each party were the topographer, responsible for mapping the division, and the geologist, who worked closely with or followed after him, in order to delineate the geology on the map - a procedure that essentially is that still followed by the United States Geological Survey. Assigned also to the various parties were other scientists, such as botanists, zoologists, and meteorologists. Jackson's photographic division had a roving assignment that took it from section to section as necessary, and there were the members of the administrative staff, correspondents, and special scientists, too, whose duties cut across divisional lines.

In 1873, the area was divided into three units. Dr. Peale was appointed geologist of one of these, the South Park division; the other divisions were investigated by Archibald Marvine and F. M. Endlich, geologists new to the Survey. In 1874 Peale investigated a division south of the Eagle and Grand Rivers; Marvine, Endlich, and Holmes served as geologists of other divisions. In 1875 Peale was geologist of the Grand River division, but his work was halted on August 15th by Indian trouble, which cost him all of his collections. That year Endlich and Holmes again served as geologists of other divisions; Marvine's absence from the ranks was due to illness, which a few months later claimed his life when he was only 28 years of age, prematurely terminating a brilliant career. In 1876 Peale was back in the Grand River division, and his geological colleagues assigned to other divisions, were Endlich, Holmes, and Charles A. White.

The field work in Colorado was now completed, and the data at hand for compilation of the *Atlas of Colorado*, published in 1877 and reissued in a second edition in 1881. This work, which is still of monumental importance in western geology, won unstinted admiration, even from competitors and critics of the Survey. Turning its pages, one marvels at the imagination, careful planning, and industry which it entailed, and particularly the close team-work required to produce it by administrators, topographers, geologists, and others. The six sectional geological maps bear the names of the five geologists who accomplished this huge job of reconnais-

sance mapping; and the names of Peale, Holmes, and Endlich appear on no less than four of the six maps.

Long after this period, Professor Charles Schuchert of Yale University observed, "Doctor A. C. Peale never geologized in the Rockies without having in his outfit a copy of Dana's 'Manual of Geology,' and each night he identified as best he could by the aid of this book the fossils he had gathered during the day. And Peale, even as a pioneer geologist on the Hayden Survey, made no glaring errors."⁶

For 1877, operations of the Hayden Survey were shifted to the region lying north of that investigated by the 40th Parallel Survey under Clarence King, and thus were conducted in Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming. The geological work of various parties was headed by Peale, Endlich, and Orestes St. John. Peale's assignment was the Green River division in southern Wyoming; Endlich's the Sweet-water division; and St. John's, the Teton division. In 1927, G. R. Mansfield of the U. S. Geological Survey published a detailed report on the geology of part of southeastern Idaho, and in his volume appraised the work of Peale and St. John as follows: "This work, though of reconnaissance grade, was of a high standard . . . For much of the region covered by these [Mansfield's] surveys the reports of Peale and St. John still constitute the principal sources of information."⁷

In 1878 the work was conducted entirely in Wyoming, Peale and Holmes being reassigned to Yellowstone National Park, to round out the survey of that region, while St. John and White worked in areas farther south. In the Park, Peale completed his studies of the geyser basins and hot spring localities, and Holmes devoted his attention to general geology. The *Annual Report* for 1878 was not published until 1883; by far the largest of the twelve annual reports of the Hayden Survey, it comprises two large octavo volumes, with a total of more than 1300 pages, and an accompanying portfolio of maps and panoramas. Volume II is devoted entirely to Yellowstone National Park; it contains the geologic contributions of Peale and Holmes, and a section on topography by Henry Gannett. The beautiful illustrations (many of them chromolithographs) by Holmes, "the greatest field artist America has produced,"⁸ make the volume exceptionally attractive.

The greater part of this volume, almost four hundred pages, is

6. "The Relations of Stratigraphy and Paleogeography to Petroleum Geology," by Charles Schuchert. *American Association of Petroleum Geologists, Bulletin* 3 (1919), Page 289.

7. "Geography, Geology, and Mineral Resources of Part of Southeastern Idaho," by George Rogers Mansfield. *U. S. Geological Survey, Professional Paper* 152, 1927, page 5.

8. "Cope, Master Naturalist," by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Princeton University Press, 1931, page 200.

devoted to Peale's final report on "The Thermal Springs of Yellowstone National Park," a work that always will hold an important place in Yellowstone literature. In Part I of the monograph, Peale tabulated and described the springs and geysers of the park - over 2000 of the former, and 71 of the latter. Of this section, Hayden wrote, "It ought never to be necessary to repeat this preliminary work in the Park. What remains to be done is to start a series of close and detailed observations protracted through a number of consecutive years, with a view to determine, if possible, the laws governing geyseric action." In Part II Peale dealt with "the thermal springs of the globe, tracing their connection with volcanic action, dwelling more particularly on the Iceland and New Zealand regions." In Part III Peale considered "the general subject of thermal springs, the color of water, sources of heat, etc., comparing Yellowstone Park with other hot-spring areas." Additional chapters relate to "the analyses of the waters and deposits from the springs of the Park," and "the special consideration of geysers, giving the theories and treating of the peculiarities of their eruptions and the influences modifying them." Finally, the bibliographical appendix cites references on the Yellowstone National Park, Iceland, and New Zealand, and authorities for thermal springs throughout other parts of the world; the mineralogical appendix lists minerals of the park and the analyses of several of the great variety of igneous rocks found within its limits.

Since the period of the Hayden Survey, the hydrothermal phenomena of Yellowstone National Park have held perennial interest for scientists, and have received much attention. Most important of later studies are those made by E. T. Allen and Arthur L. Day, under auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and published in 1935. Concerning Peale's pioneer work, these authors stated," "Peale explored a wide expanse of territory in a day when transportation was slow and difficult; his observations are generally accurate, and his statements are not exaggerated. His book abounds not only in description but in measurements of temperature, in numerous and careful observations on geysers, and in scattered information of other kinds which is of value, but on the whole he lacked the systematic data necessary for the solution of his problems. The time at his disposal, three comparatively short summers, was inadequate for its collection . . . it is clear from the context of his report that Peale was fully aware of its preliminary character. It is, in fact, the first attempt at definite location and scientific description and the earliest guide to the thermal features of the Park. Furthermore Peale's descriptions with Jackson's

9. "Hot Springs of the Yellowstone National Park," by E. T. Allen and Arthur L. Day. Publication No. 466, Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1935, 525 pages. Pages 3-4.

photographs, Holmes' drawings and Mushback's sketch-maps, establish many points from which to judge the permanence or variability of hydro thermal activity during the last half century."

Though Peale published many other papers in subsequent years, his final Yellowstone report stands as his most important scientific work. It brought his contributions to the *Annual Reports* of the Hayden Survey, during the eight years of his continuous service on the staff, to a total of nearly 1000 pages. In addition he published sundry papers in the *Bulletins* of the Survey and elsewhere.

The field season of 1878 proved the last for the Hayden Survey, as thereafter it lost its separate identity when Congress consolidated all federal surveys into one organization, the United States Geological Survey. Official termination of the Hayden Survey took place on June 30, 1879. The political maneuvering that preceded this event resulted in the appointment of Clarence King as the first director of the United States Geological Survey. King took office on July 1, 1879, and on July 8th he wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, recommending a small staff to form the nucleus of the new organization. Five men were appointed to the rank of full geologist, and Hayden was one of these (the others were Samuel F. Emmons, Arnold Hague, Grove K. Gilbert, and Raphael Pumpelly). Peale did not become a member of the Geological Survey immediately. Not much is known about his activities from 1879 to 1883, though from a few letters it appears that he resided at Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania, devoting his time to the Yellowstone report. Hayden, meanwhile, took up residence in Philadelphia, near his wife's home and the Academy of Natural Sciences, where the best of library facilities were at his disposal, and he concentrated on winding up the affairs of his Survey, particularly the publication of its final volumes. This was a difficult task, and with his failing health he could not have completed it but for the aid of others, especially Holmes and Coues. Probably Peale, too, assisted Hayden with this work, though to what extent is not known.

After a year, King resigned as director of the Geological Survey, and he was succeeded by the capable John Wesley Powell. The staff of the Survey was enlarged rapidly, and in the "plan of operations" that he submitted to the Secretary of the Interior on June 19, 1883, Powell proposed placing in the Upper Missouri region "a small party under Dr. F. V. Hayden, with A. C. Peale as assistant, for the purpose of prosecuting the work formerly begun by Dr. Hayden in Dakota on certain Cretaceous and Tertiary formations, and making collections of the fossils of the same." From Hayden - Peale correspondence it is clear that in this arrangement Peale again willingly chose to cast his lot with Hayden; and so it came about that in July, 1883, the two men journeyed to Montana for field work together in areas long familiar to both. For Hayden it meant a return to the very localities he had first visited in the



Kubel Sketches: Looking East From Camp, August 4, 1877



Deep Caldron, About 1800 Foot Slope and 3000 Feet Deep

Courtesy F. M. Fryxell

1850s, three decades before. Then he had traveled afoot, by river boat, or on horseback, into regions unexplored geologically, where warlike Indians were a constant threat, and bison still grazed in immense herds. Now, as they went by train, it was through greatly changed scenes. And Hayden, too, had changed; he was no longer young, and he was ailing. When illness necessitated cutting short his field work, and forced his return to Philadelphia in early September, Peale stayed on to work alone. Hayden, though crippled and extremely frail, was able to return to Montana with Peale and work with him to some extent three more summers. It is of great interest that in the summer of 1886, when Hayden made his final trip to the West, his party included, as a young assistant, George P. Merrill, who in later years became Head Curator of Geology at the United States National Museum and, while in that position, the historian of American geology. Hayden was long bedfast, and his death occurred on December 22, 1887.¹⁰ Peale continued the work in Montana, and in time completed his mapping. The main result of this field work was the Three Forks Folio of the *Geologic Atlas of the United States*. Though this folio was not published until 1896, and became number 24 in the series, it had the distinction, according to Merrill, of being the first geological folio to be completed in manuscript.

The Three Forks region, it may be noted, includes geological features of great complexity, and it presents very difficult problems. In the most recent of many studies of the region, published in 1961, the author, G. D. Robertson, nevertheless observed that "A. C. Peale (1896) mapped virtually the whole Three Forks basin, at a scale of 1:250,000. Many of his observations and ideas on basin geology are still useful."¹¹

Along with other types of research, Peale continued his study of mineral waters, his investigations in Yellowstone Park having made him an authority on the subject. For eighteen years (1883 to 1901) he contributed to the annual volumes on *Mineral Resources of the United States*, and to the *Annual Reports* of the Geological Survey, the sections devoted to mineral waters. Other papers resulting from continued work on this subject are: *The Classification of Mineral Waters* (1887); *Lists and Analyses of the Mineral Springs of the United States* (*Bulletin 32* of the Geological Survey, a volume of 235 pages); the *Natural Mineral Waters of the United*

10. All too little specific information is available about the period 1883-1886, during which Hayden and Peale worked together in Montana. Their letters make mention of the "friends in Bozeman," but the efforts of Dr. J. V. Howell and the author to identify these friends, and fill out this part of the Hayden-Peale story, have not been very fruitful. Students of Montana local history may be able to give valuable assistance in this search.

11. "Origin and Development of the Three Forks Basin, Montana." *Geological Society of American Bulletin*, volume 72, (1961), page 1005.

States (1894); and Classification of Mineral Waters (1902). After affiliation with the American Climatological Association, in 1887, he was appointed to the Committee on Mineral Springs of that organization, published several papers in the *Transactions*, and came to be one of the valued members of the Association. In 1913, the Secretary of the Association, Guy Hinsdale, M. D., noted in the *Transactions*, "We believe we are indebted to Dr. A. C. Peale . . . for the best and most comprehensive classification" [of mineral waters]. Dr. Peale also continued to publish papers on other subjects.

In 1898, Dr. Peale was transferred from the Geological Survey to the United States National Museum, where he was put in charge of the paleobotanical collections. Here he remained at work until a few months before his death. As an illustration of Dr. Peale's activities during this final period of his life, one of his projects may be singled out because of its unusual nature. For the geological exhibits of the Museum he prepared a "Structure Section Across the North American Continent," based on data taken from various surveys and reduced to common scales (the horizontal scale being two miles to the inch, and the vertical scale 4000 feet to the inch). This section, made along a line extending from San Francisco through Colorado Springs and St. Louis to the Atlantic Coast (at Pamlico Sound, North Carolina), was done in color and was over 125 feet long. Displayed on the north wall of the Hall of Fossil Invertebrate Animals, it remained for decades one of the most striking and informative geological exhibits of the Museum.

To Dr. Peale, as to his mentor, failure in health came all too early, before retirement age. He suffered several strokes and, toward the last, found walking increasingly difficult. A lonely little man, who rarely spoke about himself or his past, and shuffled to and from the laboratories of the Museum, he may have aroused the interest and sympathy of those who noticed him; but it is doubtful that many were aware that he was one of the country's pioneer geologists, or had any realization of the fact that, in his vigorous youth, he had participated in some of the most stirring chapters of American exploration. But his erstwhile assistant, George P. Merrill, was fully cognizant of this, and in gathering information for his history of American geology, he had enlisted Dr. Peale's intimate acquaintance with men long gone and events all but forgotten. And later he paid Dr. Peale this tribute: "His work throughout a period of upwards of forty years of service was characterized by enthusiasm and conscientious attention to detail rarely equalled." Another colleague who admired Dr. Peale greatly, the late Edwin Kirk, spoke of him in like terms, and described him as "a gentleman of the old school" and "a true scholar."

Dr. Peale never sought or attained the scientific leadership achieved by some of his old friends, like Holmes, Gannett, and

Coues, but he had an extremely keen mind, and his interests were exceptionally broad. This is evidenced not only by his affiliation with the American Climatological Association but also with the American Chemical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia (of which Charles Willson Peale and Titian R. Peale had been active members before him), the Philosophical, Geological, and Chemical Societies of Washington, the Cosmos Club, and other organizations. An omnivorous reader, he was especially interested in literature and history - and understandably so in colonial and western history, as well as in the genealogy of his own distinguished family. Delving into the records of his illustrious forebears, he wrote biographical accounts of his great-grandfather, Charles Willson Peale, and Titian R. Peale. For many years he served as surgeon and registrar of the Society of Colonial Wars in the District of Columbia, and he prepared the *Register* of that Society, a beautiful volume published in 1904.

After Peale's death, his diaries for 1871 and 1872, together with some of the correspondence between the Peales and the Haydens, were saved from destruction through the thoughtful alertness of Edwin Kirk. Dr. Kirk presented the diaries to Yellowstone National Park, and made the correspondence available to the author. This correspondence reveals how close and warm was the friendship between the Haydens and the Peales. In the long period during which Dr. Hayden was incapacitated by illness, Dr. Peale faithfully kept him informed about their mutual friends in Washington, and supplied him with news from scientific circles in the capitol city, subjects that keenly interested Dr. Hayden up to his death. It was especially to Dr. Peale that Mrs. Hayden turned for assistance when she was widowed. Many years later, in a letter written on January 13, 1908, Dr. Peale had occasion to report to Dr. Merrill, in all brevity, "I had to do with the closing out of Dr. Hayden's private matters, including the disposition of his books and papers." This Dr. Peale did, to be sure, but he did far more: setting himself to the task of writing Dr. Hayden's biography, he painstakingly assembled the basic information (much of it gleaned through several years by extensive correspondence) and then prepared a memoir suitable for publication. Instead of publishing this, however, he placed it at the disposal of others more prominent than himself. Thus it followed that Peale's manuscript served as the basis for the definitive biography of Dr. Hayden by Charles A. White, published as a Memoir of the National Academy of Science, and for that by J. W. Powell, published in the *Annual Report* of the United States Geological Survey, as well as for other accounts. Peale himself published only a condensation of his biography;¹²

12. "Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden," by A. C. Peale. *Philosophical Society of Washington, Bulletin* 11, pages 476-478 (1890).

his larger manuscript was placed on open file in the library of the National Museum, where it still remains. The incident well illustrates both Dr. Peale's self-effacing nature and his complete devotion to Dr. Hayden.

Dr. Peale's generous and friendly ways, albeit retiring disposition, made him well-liked among his campmates and other colleagues, and these were pleased to bestow his name on the geographical features of several widely-separated localities. "Peale Island" is the most southerly island in Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming. "Mount Peale" (altitude 12,721 feet) is the highest peak of the La Sal Mountains ("Sierra la Sal"), in eastern Utah, near the Colorado border.¹³ The "Peale Mountains" are in southeastern Idaho. Of these mountains G. R. Mansfield wrote (1927),¹⁴ "The largest mountain group of the subdivisions of the Idaho-Wyoming Chain represented in this region [southeastern Idaho] is named in honor of Dr. A. C. Peale, chief of the Green River division of the Hayden surveys, who first sketched in broad outlines the geology of these mountains. The group includes the Preuss Range and its numerous subdivisions, Webster Range, and the outlying Grays Range, together with a group of lesser ridges . . . Together they [the Peale Mountains] occupy an area 65 miles in length and about 25 miles in maximum breadth."

Dr. Peale gave little heed to popular acclaim, and allowed fame to pass him by. Yet, as one reviews his accomplishments and sums up his life, it is manifest that his record is one that stands firmly on its own merits. He should be remembered for what he achieved, and no less so for his personal integrity.

The unique relationship between Dr. Peale and Dr. Hayden, too, deserves remembrance, and one may recall it with pleasure. These two men—student and teacher to begin with, afterwards co-workers and staunch friends through many years—were both doctors of medicine who found their careers in the study of natural science. They labored together in closest harmony, ardently pursuing the work of their choice. Wealth came to neither, but their calling brought them other rewards: the enduring satisfactions to be found in wholehearted dedication to creative and worth-while endeavors.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This article is one of the by-products of a comprehensive study that Dr. J. V. Howell and the author have been conducting, for a number of years, relating to the history and personnel of the Hay-

13. "Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States," by Henry Gannett. *United States Geological Survey, Bulletin* 258 (1905), page 240.

14. Mansfield, *op. cit.*, page 24.

den Survey. As such it has benefited from the financial support granted the larger investigation by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, the National Science Foundation, and Augustana College.

The author is greatly indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth Mahan, Dr. J. V. Howell, and Mr. Roald Fryxell, his son, for constructive reviews of the manuscript. Dr. Howell, the leading student of the Hayden Survey, furnished information on important points, and provided the illustrations.

The figure of Albert Charles Peale, as here portrayed, owes not a little to conversations the author was privileged to hold, many years ago, with those splendid patriarchs of the Hayden Survey, William Henry Jackson and William Henry Holmes; and, more recently, with two senior members of the Geological Survey, Edwin Kirk and John B. Reeside, - men now deceased. Dr. Kirk, who had been closely associated with Dr. Peale, expressed great regret that his memory had suffered unmerited eclipse, because of the man's modest and reticent nature, and because in his later years, when he was sorely stricken by ill-health and bereavement, few co-workers got to know him with sufficient intimacy to appreciate the true worth of the man. Dr. Reeside concurred in these views.

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Pattee, the Lottery King

THE OMAHA AND WYOMING LOTTERIES

By

PHILIP GARDINER NORDELL

The lotteries run in Omaha in the early 1870's and those almost immediately following based in Laramie City, as it was then called, and Cheyenne,* form the chief episodes at the height of the spectacular career of James Monroe Pattee, a prolific schemer with a Midas touch. The word "based" is used because Pattee, an outsider, merely utilized Wyoming as a legal base for his countrywide operations.

His Omaha lotteries, while showering him with additional riches, seem to have been conducted for the most part without deception. In contributing to worthy institutions they won the plaudits of prominent citizens. To the contrary, the *Wyoming Lottery* and the *Cheyenne State Lottery*, beyond payment of county license fees, and amidst charges of fraud, wrought no public benefit whatsoever. Then, shifting to mining swindles among other things, and embellishing his circulars with stories of imminent riches surpassing those of the Comstock Lode, he utilized the tiny prizes won in his lotteries as bait to lure the suckers a second time.

* * * * *

To place these enterprises of Pattee's in their proper niche, a brief sketch should be given of the status American lotteries had reached by that time. During the second half of the 18th century and the early 19th, about 2000 of them were launched for a variety of objectives. For example, excepting only the Quakers and some minor sects, about 400 were set on foot by or for the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, German Reformed, Congregationalists and Baptists, including a few for other denominations, then small, particularly the Catholics and Methodists. Frequently in the appeals to buy tickets it was stated that their purchase would promote religion. Each of the ten present-day American colleges that taught at the collegiate level before the end of the colonial period ran one or more lotteries—five by Princeton, two of which raised much of the cost of erecting its historic Nassau Hall. All of the

* I want to acknowledge my deep gratitude to Miss Lola M. Homsher, Miss Henryetta Berry, Miss Jean Batchelder and Miss Mary Elizabeth Cody, all of whom, some years ago, and more recently Mrs. Katherine Halverson, gave me their enthusiastic cooperation in combing source material in Laramie and Cheyenne for data concerning these Wyoming lotteries.

topnotch Founding Fathers participated in lotteries in one way or another. George Washington signed tickets, he bought tickets on speculation, he had charge of a drawing and, when President, he gave a ticket to a young child. Martha, when the first First Lady, bought a ticket for a Christmas present.

While it is true, in later years, that a change in moral standards, specifically in the identification of the lottery principle, not only as gambling, but as the most pernicious type of gambling, did play an important role in casting lotteries into bad repute, another essential reason lay in their perversion by the very conditions that brought them into being.

Each State authorized as many lotteries as it chose, regardless of other States, and more often than not put no time limit on the grants. The result was that by the mid-1790's a chronic glut of tickets hung over the market. Sufficient tickets to insure a profit could not be sold and when the drawings started they often were stretched out for more than a year. Sapping away the strength of the lotteries themselves, parasitical gambling became rife as to what numbers would be drawn on specific days. Profits sank. Amateur managers, no longer daring to take the risk, gave way to professional contractors. In the ensuing competition between them, not only were hundreds of times as many tickets to raise a given sum thrown on the market, with only a minute fraction of them sold, but the percentage of money, which adventurers had paid for tickets, returned to them in the form of prizes, sank from around 85%, common in the 18th century, to two-thirds or a half.

During the 1820's and early 1830's, lotteries were subjected to such a heavy bombardment by the dedicated reformers that by 1834 they had been prohibited (but the purchase of tickets could not be abolished) by some of the northern States, particularly Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. But in other States well managed lotteries supervised by State officials had their defenders. And in the aftermath of the Civil War, hundreds of them sprang up most everywhere, generally masquerading as gift concerts or other forms of gift enterprises.

During the 1870's, covering the period of Pattee's lottery activities in Omaha and Wyoming, a growing revulsion gained strength most everywhere against all forms of the gift enterprises as well as against all the regular lotteries running as such. Several of the latter were still operating on grants made in the 1830's, with only a pittance of the profits going to the beneficiaries. The contractors, buying and selling their vested rights among themselves, were piling up fortunes. Having excluded lottery advertising from its columns in 1873, the *New York Times* declared in 1879, "Gambling at best is a disease, and if it cannot be wholly extirpated, the area of its ravages can be limited. When this disease takes the aspect of a lottery, it affects men, women, and children, and the pestilence should be stamped out as though it were the Russian plague."

To fully understand the workings of the Wyoming lotteries, something must be explained concerning a radical alteration in the manner of drawing that had become common in the 1820's. In practically all of the old lotteries run before that time, the tickets were numbered consecutively from one to say 5000 or 50,000, or whatever number of tickets was in the scheme. In the drawing, as the number of each ticket on a rolled piece of paper was taken from one wheel, simultaneously another paper was taken from a second wheel, designating what, if any, prize had been won. Even if only the slips for the prizes, perhaps a third of the total, were put into the wheel, it was a slow process.

The new method was based on what was called the ternary or 3-number system, in contrast to the former single-number system. Obviously, among the numbers say running from 1 to 75, many combinations of three of these numbers can be made, as 9.23.74. In a scheme based on 75 numbers, each of these combinations, in this instance 67,525 in all, would be put on a different ticket. To determine which tickets won certain prizes, the 75 numbers or ballots, each rolled separately, were placed in a wheel and a few drawn out, say 12. Depending upon what numbers were drawn, certain combinations of three of them, previously published, would win certain prizes. The whole drawing, then, instead of consuming many hours spread out over weeks or months, would be over in a few minutes.

For example, the person holding the ticket with the above numbers, 9.23.74, would quickly see if one, two or three of them were among the few drawn. If in the rare chance they happened to be the first three, not necessarily, but as a general rule, he would win the top prize. If only one of his numbers was drawn, ordinarily he would receive a small prize, perhaps the cost of the ticket, or even nothing if a comparatively few prizes were in the scheme. In the 1850's the single-number schemes staked a revival and thereafter, as a rule, a few of them were interspersed with the commoner ternaries.

* * * * *

Born in 1823, the son of a New Hampshire farmer, Pattee, having accumulated several thousand dollars as a writing teacher, threw off such a slow method of making money and, at the age of 30, went west and quickly laid the foundation of a fortune in successful land speculation.¹ Back east, illustrative of his so-

1. Biographical sketch of Pattee through his second Omaha lottery enterprise is in A. C. Edmunds, *Pen sketches of Nebraskans with photographs* (1871), pp. 362-5, but it is so eulogistic as to suggest the book is one of those compilations soon to become common in which the write-ups depended upon what was paid for them.

termed restless, roving disposition, living successively in New Haven, Philadelphia and New York, the several directories of the period list his occupations as land speculator, gentleman, publisher, printer, banker, broker, "mining and "mer." (merchant?). By 1868 he owned a fine brownstone mansion at 322 West 56 Street, New York, and there, presumably, his wife and two daughters lived while he engaged in successful mining operations in California. While in Nevada City in 1870 and 1871 he raised, by means of a "Grand Fair" type of lottery, a sufficient sum to pay the debts of the local school district and thus enable the public schools to reopen.²



With this experience in becoming, as described by the *New York Times*, "a speculator on the credulity of the public," in the latter year he moved on to Omaha where, it is said, he became known as the Lottery King.³

James Monroe Pattee, from *Pen Sketches of Nebraskans*, by A. C. Edmunds

Courtesy Philip Gardiner Nordell

His first Omaha enterprise, to help establish a public library, consisted of a scheme of 90,000 tickets offered at \$2, or 3 for \$5, from the proceeds of which, 2310 "gifts" totaling \$100,000, from one of \$20,000 down, were to be distributed. It was drawn on November 6 or 7, 1871, at the Academy of Music, crowded to overflowing.

The next "Great Public Drawing," to aid the Mercy Hospital operated by the Sisters of Mercy, was held on June 27, 1872, at Redick's Opera House, presided over by Nebraska's Governor

2. *Same*, p. 365. The enterprise seems to have been the *Cosmopolitan Benevolent Association of California Grand Fair*, advertised extensively in the Nevada City *Daily National Gazette* commencing Aug. 23, 1870, and described as "in aid of Washington School and liquidating debt of the Nevada School district." Names of managers do not include Pattee, but he often employed front men.

3. Thus termed in Alfred Sorenson, *The story of Omaha*, 3rd ed. (1923), p. 487. On p. 488 is a likeness of Pattee with dark and piercing eyes, probably touched up. I see nothing concerning him in the first edition (1876) of this work and very little in the second (1889).

James, with an outpouring of prominent citizens on the stage including former Governor Saunders. J. B. Geggie of St. Louis, winner of the top prize of \$50,000 in gold, received a check on July 2 for \$54,790, the equivalent in greenbacks.

Pattee's "Third Legal Enterprise," to erect the Nebraska State Orphan Asylum, for destitute persons as well as orphans, was drawn on November 6, 1872. The fourth, also for the asylum, with a top prize of \$75,000, was drawn on May 20, 1873. Advertised frequently in the *New York Herald*, an indication of the distance Pattee had thrown his net survives in the form of a legal agreement entered into by ten Boston citizens, each of whom bought a ticket, to share any prizes they might win.

Temporarily, Pattee appears to have run into trouble. While his earlier enterprises seem to have been approved from the start by the city council, this body on February 25, 1873, denied the fourth had been endorsed by any of its members and declared it to be fraudulent. Perhaps Pattee had assumed that the endorsement of his first asylum drawing covered any future one for the same objective. The matter must have been ironed out in view of an apparently impartial account in a history of Omaha published in 1894,⁴ wherein it is stated this second asylum drawing, conducted at the opera house before a large audience, was supervised by a committee including four members of the council and Judge John R. Porter. General S. A. Strickland introduced Pattee, who responded with a speech.

The same volume states that a month later Pattee was arrested upon a charge, by one of his clerks, that he had carried on a fraudulent lottery by issuing duplicate and triplicate tickets, without any hint in the book as to the outcome. In any event, Pattee in August of the same year advertised in the *Herald* the "Grand Temple Gift Concert," to be drawn at Omaha on the 30th.⁵ Meanwhile an act prohibiting lotteries in the State, to take effect on September 1, had become law without the governor's signature. It appears the drawing never took place, probably from an insuff-

4. James W. Savage and John T. Bell, *History of the City of Omaha Nebraska* (1894), pp. 145, 257-8, 303. Data on all four drawings in following circulars: *Omaha Herald Extra* at Am. Ant. Soc., Worcester, Mass.: *The Times Illustrated* in writer's lottery collection, hereafter designated as *PGN Col.*; *The Laramie News* in Bella C. Landauer Collection at NY Hist. Soc., hereafter designated as *BCL Col.*, and in *PGN Col.* Other details on individual lotteries as follows: (1) Library: *Nebraska City Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 27, 1871; circulars in *BCL Col.* and at AAS. (2) Hospital: *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 31, 1871, Feb. 22, 1872; circular in *BCL Col.* (3 and 4) Orphan Asylum: *NY Herald*, Jan. 1, 3, Feb. 27, April 22, May 13, 14, 1873; MSS. concerning Boston citizens in *PGN Col.*

5. *NY Herald*, Aug. 12 and fol., 1873.

ficient sale of tickets, forcing Pattee to seek other ground where he might exercise his talents.

* * * * *

Early in 1875 Pattee distributed through the mails a most extraordinary circular, resembling at first glance a pictorial tabloid newspaper. Entitled, *The Times Illustrated*, dated at New York March of that year and issued again with the date changed to April, but in both cases designated as Vol. II, No. 15, and ostensibly published by The American Gold & Silver Mining Co. of Montana with its office at 63 Wall Street, it consisted of a folded sheet making four pages, each 19 inches by 12.⁶

At that time a sensational scandal rocked the country. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose pulpit had become virtually a national platform, stood accused by Theodore Tilton of having had improper relations with the latter's wife. At the top of the first page are competently drawn likenesses of Beecher and Mrs. Tilton and at the bottom of Tilton and Francis D. Moulton, described elsewhere as the "Mutual Friend." In the center is a cartoon depicting the roof of Beecher's famous Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, upon which three cats with arched backs and raised tails, labeled Beecher, Moulton and Tilton and lit by a smiling full moon, are yowling at one another.

The back page is covered with an assemblage of participants and others. There is Mrs. Beecher, apparently much older than Mrs. Tilton; one Fullerton is depicted reading "the 'Nest-Hiding' Letter"; a fashionably dressed young woman reporter from San Francisco is there; and among other vignettes, a crowd of bustling young women in the corridor of the courthouse are attempting to rush by some policemen to gain admittance to the trial.

Elsewhere are several medical ads, one of pure Newfoundland cod liver oil and another of Red Cloud's Great Indian Blood Purifier, a sovereign remedy for venereal diseases, loss of memory, lost manhood, consumption and fevers of every description. Orders for the latter were to be sent to Messrs. Lohman & Co. at Laramie City. (On July 28 the partnership at Laramie between H. L. Lowman and Pattee was dissolved.⁷) An ad of the above mentioned mining company cited "mountains of gold and silver ore" and predicted an investor "may any morning wake up and find himself independent for life."

Interspersed throughout are glowing accounts of Pattee's four Great Legal Drawings (without any hint of their Omaha origin), a long list of winners, and large ads of the *Wyoming Monthly Lottery* and of the "Fifth Extraordinary Drawing" of the *Wyoming*

6. Both March and April issues in *PGN Col.*

7. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, July 29, 1875. Presumably the medicine man. The name is spelled Loman in the *Laramie Daily Sun*, July 31.

Lottery (different divisions of the same enterprise), as if continuing the Omaha series. Investors are directed to obtain tickets from Pattee at Laramie City, where it was understood all of the drawings would take place. A purported reprint from the "Daily Union" eulogizes his successes. He is described as a man true to his friends, perfectly reliable, whose "word is better than a bond from one-half of mankind." By means of his keen perception and wonderful foresight, it is stated he was then worth more than half a million dollars.

The following year a similar pictorial circular entitled *The Laramie News*⁸ was distributed, containing sketches of the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia, a likeness of Charley Ross (the kidnapped Philadelphia youngster) and others, and again, medical ads, laudatory references to Pattee's previous drawings and his current Wyoming lottery schemes.

* * * * *

In the spring of 1875 Pattee entered the office of a struggling newspaper publisher in Laramie with a weekly payroll of \$27, gave him an order for 40,000 circulars, and hired from 15 to 20 clerks. Soon, Pattee had his mail collected from the post office in a clothesbasket and, it was reported, he deposited up to \$4000 or even \$5000 a day in the bank. And he did not overlook contributions to the local churches.⁹

All of the major advertisements stated the lottery was authorized by "an act of the legislature" of Wyoming, but, as it turns out, it was not a specific act granted to him to accomplish a useful purpose. In the course of a territorial act concerning county licenses, approved December 9, 1869, any person or company was permitted to run a lottery upon payment to the sheriff of \$100 for a license good for three months. What the legislators no doubt had in mind were small, short-lived affairs, the kind that sprang up everywhere, confined to the local population. By paying only \$400 a year for the privilege,¹⁰ Pattee thereupon proceeded to sell

8. See note 4.

9. *Wyoming State Tribune and Cheyenne State Leader*, July 20, 1929, 2:2; MS article, Paul Armstrong, "History of the Post Office at Laramie, Wyoming" (1936); Velma Linford, author of *Wyoming Frontier State*, in a letter to me dated Aug. 2, 1950, attributing the clothesbasket item to C. D. Spaulding, whose father worked in the post office at the time; recorded interviews with Mrs. Mary Bellamy, June 18, 1947, and Sept. 28, 1950, made by Lola M. Homsher and in the Archives of the University of Wyoming.

10. At the Albany County Courthouse in Laramie there are now no records of licenses issued before 1878. However, it can hardly be doubted Pattee's authorization originated in such a license. Not only did Mrs. Bellamy in the 1950 interview (see note 9) feel sure he obtained one issued by the county, but the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* of Dec. 15, 1875, cited as

in the first year as many tickets as he could in schemes totaling about \$7,000,000. Late in 1875 Governor Thayer vetoed an act that would have raised Pattee's annual license to \$800, as a favor, it was said,¹¹ to his old friend.

Each of the Monthly schemes was based on the ternary or 3-number combinations described above, formed not among 75 or 78 numbers, as had been utilized in other lotteries for decades, fixing the number of tickets at 67,525 or 76,076 respectively, but among 150, thus raising the number of tickets to the vast total of 551,300! They were offered at \$1 each, 6 for \$5, or 20 for \$16. In each scheme there were 70,755 prizes totaling \$200,000 in some months and \$275,000 in others.¹² The ratio of the number of prizes to tickets at first glance might not seem so bad, but 70,000 of the former were of only 50c each. Including a top prize of \$50,000 net, only 35 were above \$100 each. During the heyday of American lotteries, a scheme offering such a poor chance would have been scorned and left to wither on the vine.

In what Pattee was pleased to number his 5th, 6th and 7th Extraordinary drawings, to be conducted on the single-number plan, there were 500,000 tickets in each at the same choice of prices, with a top prize of \$100,000 net.¹³ With 51,025 prizes totaling \$350,000 in each of the 5th and 6th, 50,000 of them of \$1 each were to be decided, according to a then common expedient, by the last digit in the number of the ticket winning the top prize.

As a mail order shark Pattee learned his lessons well. The more agents the merrier for him, but why pay their commissions in cash? Starting at the latest in early 1876, he gave tickets to agents, in place of cash commissions, for special all-prize schemes and advertised one such agents' special scheme would be drawn in conjunction with each regular Monthly and Extraordinary drawing.

For instance, to adventurers who had already bought six tickets for \$5 in drawings not yet held, he mailed a circular and letter, dated April, 1876,¹⁴ in which he confided to each of them he was

mentioned in my text the Governor's "refusal to sign the bill to raise Mr. Pattee's license" from \$400 to \$800 a year. The *NY Times* article of Dec. 18, 1876, cited below in text, states that after Pattee arrived in Laramie from Omaha "he immediately began to work upon the members of the Territorial Legislature," soon won them over, "and they issued a charter for the formation of a company to operate a lottery . . ." Without further evidence, I feel this is guesswork based on the legend on the tickets, etc.: "By authority of an Act of the Legislature." The article contains several factual errors.

11. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, Dec. 15, 1875.

12. *The Times Illustrated*; *The Laramie News*; broadside of scheme to be drawn Aug. 30, 1875, in Yale Univ. Lib.

13. Scheme of 5th Extraordinary in *The Times Illustrated*; of the 6th in *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, Feb. 14, 1876, partial data in *NY Herald*, Feb. 23, 1876.

14. *BCL Col.* and *PGN Col.*

anxious to have a large prize go into his locality. This was an old trick, but here Pattee altered it. If the recipient would accept the proffered agency and buy 14 more tickets for \$10 down, leaving a small balance to be deducted from the prizes, Pattee would give him two agents' commission all-prize tickets and, if they should fail to draw at least \$100 in an Agents' Special Prize Drawing, he would send five tickets free in the next Extraordinary drawing. In this case it was the 7th, with a scheme of 500,000 tickets and 100,370 prizes, of which, however, 50,000 were of \$1 and 50,000 of 50¢,¹⁵ thus giving to each participant the chance of the proverbial snowball of making more than a few cents in profit.

Of course, such huge schemes were not devised to entice the sparse local population. Mrs. Mary Bellamy, attending high school in Laramie at the time of the lottery, was asked some questions concerning it in 1947 and 1950, when her mind was still clear and her memory, as seen from corroborative evidence, generally reliable.¹⁶ However, although it could be true, as she said in 1950, that the license did not permit tickets to be sold in Wyoming, a more plausible reason why none of them, certainly, were sold locally and probably not in the territory, or possibly not even in that section of the west, lay in Pattee's precaution to keep anyone whom he might fleece at a safe distance.

In any event, Wyoming Territory served simply as a safe and legal base. Apart from the widespread mail order business conducted by Pattee in Laramie, frequent advertisements of the lottery signed by him or by Allen & Co. at 79 Nassau St., N. Y., appeared in the *New York Herald*.

Commencing, it seems, on May 31, 1875, if not a month earlier, the Monthly drawings continued at least through that of June 29, 1876,¹⁷ while the 5th Extraordinary took place on July 28, 1875,¹⁸ the 6th on February 28 (or 29), 1876,¹⁹ and the 7th was scheduled to be drawn on May 31 and may well have been.

15. *The Laramie News*. In addition to the Monthly, Extraordinary and Agents' schemes, fragmentary data refer to some others. The *NY Times*, Nov. 7, 1875, and the *NY Herald*, Dec. 1, 1875, state the lottery was currently drawing on the 15th and 30th of each month, and the latter paper, Feb. 16, 23, March 1, 1876, indicates a scheme with 66,000 prizes totaling \$150,000 was drawn on Feb. 21 and another of the same size was scheduled for March 10.

16. See note 9.

17. The "Official Drawn Numbers" of the Monthly drawings were published regularly in the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*. The editor stated, March 6, 1876, he did not publish the prize list of the then last Extraordinary because it would take up the whole paper, but said Pattee sent it to ticket holders.

18. *The Laramie News*.

19. *Same*. Two advance ads, one in *NY Herald*, Feb. 23, 1876, state the drawing would take place on Feb. 29.

216757 **WYOMING LOTTERY,**
7th Extraordinary Drawing,
By authority of an **CAPITAL PRIZE,** *Act of the Legislature*
\$100,000
 This Ticket is entitled to such Prize as may be drawn by its Number.
 Tickets, \$1 Each, or 6 for \$5.
LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING. J. M. PATTEE, Manager.

220234 **WYOMING LOTTERY,**
8th Extraordinary Drawing,
By authority of an **CAPITAL PRIZE,** *Act of the Legislature*
\$100,000
 This Ticket is entitled to such Prize as may be drawn by its Number.
 Tickets, \$1 Each, or 6 for \$5.
LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING. J. M. PATTEE, Manager.

Wyoming **No 17805** **Lottery,**
By authority of an act of *Legislature of Wyoming*
Agents' Commission Prize Ticket
\$125,000 *in Cash*
Prizes.
Of the 7th Quarterly Drawing. Every Ticket draws a Prize.
 This Ticket entitles the holder to such Prize as may be drawn by its Number.
J. M. PATTEE, Manager. Laramie City, Wyoming.

By authority of an Act of the Legislature of Wyoming.
 Tickets, **State Lottery** **\$2 each**
No 17255
Capital Prize, \$50,000
 Payment of such Prize as may be drawn by above Number is guaranteed by the
STATE BANK OF CHEYENNE. **Draws Aug. 5, '78.**
 Address all orders to
MARSHALL & PIKE, Prop. State Bank, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

According to a federal statute approved in 1872, it was declared unlawful for anyone to mail letters or circulars "concerning illegal lotteries . . . intended to deceive and defraud the public," and then on July 12, 1876, the act was amended by striking out the word "illegal." Pattee had depended upon the legality of the county license to see him through, but now, not eager to tangle with the federal government as to whether or not he conducted his schemes in a deceptive or fraudulent manner, he had to seek out a loophole.

In its August 21, 1876, issue, the *New York Times* carried an article on the "new swindling device" by which Pattee, who some weeks earlier had stopped his Laramie operations, proposed to evade the new postal law. According to the paper, in a circular letter mailed to the recent winners of both the small \$1 and 50¢ prizes, he informed them that while he would send the prizes higher than these by express, the express charges on the small



Lottery Tickets

Originals in Collection of Philip Gardiner Nordell
Courtesy New York Historical Society, New York City

prizes would cost the winners more than they had won. Therefore, as a means of paying them, he had persuaded an "old miner," who had discovered one of the most extensive gold mines on the continent, to organize the Bullion Gold and Silver Mining Co. and to each such small winner he (Pattee) was enclosing as payment a full share of capital stock worth \$10, urging them to act as agents, sell other shares at \$2 each and obtain a free share for every five sold.

As for the mining property (located in the Ferris Mountains district of Wyoming), he pronounced it "the largest body of gold ore on the continent" and in an enclosed circular said it seemed as though the mine was "a mountain of rich gold quartz," some specimens of which has assayed \$47,000 to the ton. To make the story plausible to the yokels, it was explained money had to be raised to buy machinery to work the mine. And according to Anthony Comstock, to be introduced later, the fancy stock certificates flattered the recipients and the circulars beguiled them.

News of the article quickly reached Laramie by wire. Some weeks later, on September 11, the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* denounced Pattee's new mining enterprise as "a most abominable fraud and swindle." A letter signed "Miner" in the same issue declared the lottery was "one of the biggest swindles that ever existed" and added that everyone there in Laramie knew Pattee had "made an immense fortune in his lottery mill."

* * * * *

Pattee had moved over to Cheyenne late in July, where on August 5 two commissioners supervised a "Great Special Monthly Drawing" of the *State Lottery*. The official list of drawn numbers, which they certified, was published two days later in the local *Daily Leader*. It is seen there were 100,376 prizes, ranging from one of \$50,000 down to 50,000 of \$1 and 50,000 of 50¢. But from outward appearances, Pattee had no more to do with the affair than as if he had rocketed to the moon. According to a statement on the tickets, orders were to be sent to Marshall S. Pike, president of the "State Bank of Cheyenne," which guaranteed payment of the prizes. And according to circular letters enclosing tickets mailed from Cheyenne to prospective agents, suggesting to each recipient he might win a prize of \$1000, all communications were to be addressed to the bank.²⁰

Any one or two of several motives may have induced Pattee to shift his lottery operations to Cheyenne: (1) In view of the altered postal law, he may have decided it was high time to abandon the Laramie affair he knew to be pockmarked with fraud

²⁰. Broadside and circular letter in *BCL Col.*; different circular letter in *PGN Col.*

and operate a new one circumspectly so that he could again use the mails safely; or (2) if he had no intention of running it honestly, to hire front men willing to take the rap for him, a procedure he uniformly employed from this time on in his many future ventures. (3) There is the element of novelty. He must have accumulated an immense mailing list, and the more attractive bait of an enterprise run by the president of a "State Bank" would lure a larger catch of suckers, both old and new.

Commonly known later as the *Cheyenne State Lottery*, the tickets and advertisements regularly asserted it was authorized by the Wyoming legislature (probably by the same or another county license) and managed by Pike. The complete record of the schemes and drawings cannot as yet be told. Among others, a drawing with \$722,243 in prizes, as stated on the tickets, was scheduled for December 30, 1876,²¹ and another was to be held the following January 30. Presumably both took place. A surviving ticket in the latter²² states the lottery "Draws Monthly." The last known of the venture concerns an all-prize "Fourth Quarterly Drawing" and an all-prize agents' drawing, both scheduled for March 26, 1877,²³ but stopped in their tracks, it seems, before that day arrived.

Although, so far as has been discovered, Pattee's name never appeared in the lottery's advertisements, etc. (and I for one am sure it never did), it cannot be reasonably doubted he ran the affair and merely used Pike and his bank as puppets. The first actual State bank in Wyoming was not organized until 1893 and hence this one must have been a private bank and the possibility cannot be ruled out that it was a fly-by-night affair started by Pattee, himself.

Several of Pattee's prominent contemporaries knew he pulled the strings. The *New York Times*, for one, in a scorching exposure²⁴ of several of his "swindling devices," asserted, although he denied the fact, that he was the "backer" of the Cheyenne lottery and went on to say that by means of his "great wealth" he kept in his service "the most skillful rogues that ever avoided State Prison."

Orange Judd, editor and proprietor of the *American Agriculturist*, held equally positive views. For many years at this time he had been including in the magazine a section called "Sundry Humbugs." In the February 1877 issue he let loose against the Cheyenne affair. "If any one supposes that the Wyoming lottery

21. As seen in reproduction of ticket in Anthony Comstock, *Frauds Exposed* (1880), p. 137.

22. *BCL Col.*

23. Comstock (as in note 21), pp. 133-7, has reproduction of ticket in the former and circulars of both.

24. Dec. 18, 1876, 8:1-2.

is dead while Pattee still lives," Judd asserted, "he has small knowledge of the nature of things. It still waves its banners, but they are now inscribed 'The Cheyenne State Lottery.'" And finally he lamented, "Poor Wyoming, were not the grass-hoppers enough?"

If these statements were merely suppositions based on hearsay, there remains one man who knew the truth from personal investigation. To many persons nowadays the name of Anthony Comstock conjures up the image of a fanatical and somewhat ludicrous reformer, racing around New York City with a Bible in one hand and a search warrant in the other, on a par with Carry Nation brandishing her hatchet.

However, apart from his preposterous excesses as chief agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, he was a special agent of the Post Office Department and up to the time he wrote his *Frauds Exposed* in 1880, had busied himself for seven years in smoking out the sharpers and "beasts of prey" who used the mails to plunder the public. In the book, excusably muddled at times because he had to piece it together in odd moments, he devotes more than 50 pages to some of Pattee's "bogus" mining, lottery and banking schemes. He said he had no space to describe many others.

Comstock, and he should have known, explained Pattee's methods at the time were ". . . to open an office, in which he would place as stool-pigeons, some of his old clerks. While he furnished the money and the brains necessary to form these schemes, and get them started, he had a corps of willing confederates, who did the office work, and shared the profits. They were to take the chances of arrest, and prosecution, and screen Pattee, while he was to take the money and pay the bills, and their salaries, and provide bondsmen and counsel for them, in case of arrest."²⁵

According to Comstock, the Cheyenne circulars and tickets were printed in Maiden Lane, New York City, where the bulk of Pattee's printing was done, and were distributed in part by Read & Co., "brokers," of the city. Back in 1854 Pattee had married Eunice D. Read, a member of a leading New Haven family. The head of the firm was N. ("Nate") Sherman Read, his brother-in-law.²⁶ Another main agency for the lottery in New York City was Emory & Co.²⁷

As a result of exposures made by the *Times*, Comstock on March 9, 1877, in conjunction with the police, raided numerous lottery offices in the city. At Reed & Co. they seized 3000 ad-

25. Comstock, p. 132.

26. *Same*, pp. 115, 132-8; Edmunds (as in note 1).

27. An ad of the firm is in *NY Herald*, Jan. 2, 1877, and a broadside in *BCL Col.* See note 28.

dressed envelopes, 18,150 Cheyenne tickets and about 14,000 circulars, among which tickets and circulars may well be those Comstock reproduced in his book. Both Read, and E. N. Carr in charge of the Emory office, where similar material was seized, were convicted of violating the postal laws and were compelled to return all letters pertaining to the lottery to the senders.²⁸

Of course, these agencies violated the New York State laws, but lottery offices in New York City through the years had a way of rebounding from raids and reopening. In this case, however, Comstock's seizures and arrest of Read, whom he termed Pattee's right bower, may well have induced Pattee to drop the Cheyenne enterprise forthwith, before the scheduled March 26 drawings.

Pattee, an industrious man, sometimes ran as many as three or four enterprises at a time, each under an assumed name. By 1879 he had put his fertile brain to work and hatched another lottery, the *Royal New Brunswick Gift Soiree*, and arranged for Nate Read to run it, beyond Comstock's reach, at St. Stephen, just over the Canadian border from Calais, Maine. By 1882 it had turned into the *Royal New Brunswick Distribution of Cash Gifts*.²⁹ Running full blast late in 1884, according to the papers, it was, at least then, a giant swindle, with no drawings held and no prizes paid, contributing, however, nearly \$40,000 a year from postage to the Dominion revenue on circulars sent to the United States. At last the Dominion government took action and, with the arrest of Read on December 10 of that year, it was announced the lottery had collapsed.³⁰ While Comstock had it from Pattee's own lips he started it,³¹ no evidence is available as to how long he remained the power behind the throne.

* * * * *

Judd repeated in his August 1876 issue what a Kansas editor, who had talked with Pattee, said of him: "He seems to delight in boasting of his own villainy in swindling weak human nature. He said his conscience did not trouble him, that the people wanted to

28. *NY Times*, March 10, 1877, 2:5-6, March 25, 7:1; Comstock, pp. 139-40. Comstock said that Pattee had a "clerk" named E. N. Carr, alias "Emery & Co." at 31 Park Row, where he was arrested. Emory & Co. (the correct spelling) was an agent for the Maryland State Lotteries in 1854 and for one of the two big Delaware lotteries in 1860, while E. N. Carr & Co. was an agent for the other in the same year. While Carr may well have been running the Emory firm in 1876, I believe he was at the time an independent agent for the *Wyoming Lottery* and not a clerk in the employ of Pattee.

29. Comstock, pp. 150-60, has reproductions of some circulars and tickets; some original tickets and broadsides of schemes, 1879-84, in both *BCL Col.* and *PGN Col.*

30. *NY Times*, Oct. 10, 1884, 2:3, Dec. 17, 3:5.

31. Comstock, p. 151.

be humbugged, and it was his business to do it.' ” This seems to be a fair characterization, and yet not all of the charges made against his management of the *Wyoming Lottery* can be substantiated. Among them, the “Miner” in his letter cited above asserted the lottery “never had a drawing” and the *Times*³² said a drawing in it had never been officially reported and implied no prizes were paid. The lottery was termed a swindle more than once, but it must not be forgotten that in the eyes of the moral monitors of that time every lottery was a swindle.

On the other hand, Mrs. Bellamy in the 1950 interview said, “They had a big wheel that they turned to see who got the prizes” and though she never saw it, it was “up where the men worked” (on the second floor of the building at the southeast corner of Second and Iverson Streets). Month after month the 15 drawn numbers upon which the prizes in the Monthly schemes were based were published in the *Weekly Sentinel*. In a printed handbill³³ of the April 29, 1876, drawing at Laramie, the “officially drawn” numbers are given and attested to by two commissioners.

By itself, however, this evidence may well have been, and I believe it was, just so much window dressing. As it turns out, G. H. Hildreth, serving as a commissioner at least as late as the above April drawing, may have been at that time one of Pattee's employees, in view of the fact that in August of that year he became secretary of Pattee's Bullion Mining Co. and signed the stock certificates.³⁴ And even if the numbers were taken from the wheel, the bare fact means nothing. Pattee, a proven scoundrel as seen from his mining operations, upstairs in his quarters, safe from prying eyes, could easily have rigged the drawings to evade paying any of the high prizes. The prime rule in any lottery is that the numbers should be taken from the wheel in public under the supervision of responsible officials not beholden to those making a profit out of it.

But it is not necessary to rely upon memory or conjecture. In every ternary scheme honestly run, tens of thousands of them before this time, besides the many brief excerpts of high prizes and prices of tickets, the managers published, at least once, a complete official full scheme of prizes, and underneath a complete statement of which 3-number combinations on particular tickets would win those prizes. An exact correspondence between the prizes listed in the scheme and the statement always prevailed. Adventurers, with faith in the management, would then examine the subsequently published bare list of drawn numbers to see what, if anything, they had won.

32. Aug. 21, 1876, 8:3.

33. Rare Book Room, Lib. Cong., portfolio 189, no. 39.

34. Comstock illustrates one of them on p. 126.

But if Pattee ever published such statements with his ternary Monthly schemes in advance of the drawings, none has survived. He published the complete schemes of prizes, but, impressive as they may have been to the uninitiated, without such a statement the subsequently published bare list of drawn numbers would mean nothing. Without it, an adventurer might see that one, two or all three of the numbers on his ticket had been drawn, intimating he had won a prize, but he would have no idea how much, if anything. Assuming Pattee was cheating and had not already rigged the drawing, or even if he had not held any drawing at all, he could send to inquirers a subsequently prepared fictitious full statement of the winning combinations, taking care the numbers assigned to high prizes were those of tickets he held.

Even assuming Pattee had published in advance such statements of which combinations would win, the fact remains that in his complete scheme, announced for the Monthly drawings in 1876, a total of 70,755 prizes are listed, whereas the surviving full prize list for the April 29 drawing of that year, with not only the 15 drawn ballots but a full statement of the winning combinations, accounts for a total of 150,305 prizes. This explicit total is not given, but when, for instance, it is explained in the statement that "all tickets with only one drawn number on them win 50 cents each," the number of such prizes is easily determined by rigid mathematical principles. It is evident, then, that the list of prizes published in advance and the list of winning combinations are utterly irreconcilable. Pattee could not have been unaware of this. It is obvious something was rotten. Since he could not have been so ignorant or thoughtless, the only reasonable explanation is that he deliberately chose to play a crooked game.

A baffling piece of evidence consists of a printed circular letter³⁵ dated at Laramie, August 31, 1876, signed by John W. Blake, later a judge and member of the territorial legislature, along with two others, all former employees of Pattee's. It was mailed to numerous prize winners. The writers promised, on receipt of a dollar, to send "a full and complete statement, showing how this nefarious business has been conducted; the amount of *prize money actually paid*, and the names of the lucky ones; *the parties present at the so-called drawings* . . . In fact, a most complete exposure of this 'arch swindler's' manner of defrauding the public . . . and especially how he proposes to foist upon those who have won *good prizes* in his last drawings, AMONGST WHOM WE SEE YOUR NAME, certain stock certificates . . ."

Unfortunately, no copy of what would be this vitally important testimony from insiders can be found. So many circumstances,

35. *BCL Col.*

however, point to fraud in Pattee's management of the Wyoming lotteries that in this field beyond a reasonable doubt he should be labeled a swindler. And if only half of the charges concerning his exploitations in other fields are true, he may have been, even stronger than Blake put it, the arch swindler of his generation.

* * * * *

Only seldom did Comstock meet Pattee face to face. In 1879 the latter and one Barrett organized the "old and reliable" banking and brokerage firm of Simpson & Co., ostensibly to operate a mutual fund in the stock market on a similar pattern to those common today. Having received orders to investigate the company, Comstock paid a call and while talking to the bookkeeper noticed "a little gray-haired old man with gold spectacles on," bob out of a room and dodge back, closing the door. Comstock pushed it open and, to let him describe what happened, "Lo! I stood face to face with J. M. Pattee. He instantly reached out his hand to shake hands, and becoming very much excited, repeated over and over again . . . stuttering out, 'Well—I—am—devilish—glad to see you.'"³⁶

Comstock said Pattee was "a remarkably nervous man, and seems to be always in fear; having at times a wild, frightened look, as though he expected to be arrested every moment." In May, 1879, Comstock, "a brisk little man with mutton-chop whiskers," went to Saratoga Springs to address the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Upon his arrival, ascending the hotel steps, Pattee, out on the porch, espied him, ran "like a deer," darted through the office, down the porch steps on the opposite side, and fled down the main street "as hard as he could run." Convinced at last that Comstock at the time meant him no harm, he returned to his family and the two men occupied adjoining cottages.³⁷

Not later than 1885 Pattee moved to a good neighborhood in St. Louis, where he died on December 19, 1888. Comstock had called him a "sly, sneaking old fraud." And yet, whether through his "magnetic presence" or the power of his wealth, he made friends easily. The *Times* regarded him as "hearty in manner, a good talker, and altogether the sort of man who is usually described as 'a hail fellow, well met.'"³⁸

Over the years there were numerous American lottery kings. While it is true that Yates & McIntyre, the Gregory partners, James Phalen, J. W. Maury, Richard France, C. H. Murray, Z. E. Simmons, John A. Morris and others vastly surpassed him in the routine volume of business, and true that he never approached

36. Comstock, pp. 102-9.

37. *Same*, pp. 113-4.

38. As in note 24.

Thomas Hope and Ben Tyler in the clever virtuosity of their adventuring, yet in the sheer audacity and effrontery of his lottery operations no one ever equaled Pattee. For a brief period he deserved a crown, tarnished though it was.

To The Little Big Horn

By

HANS KLEIBER

Of all the clear streams that flow from the Bighorns,
Little Horn River, you come nearest my heart,
I love your green banks with their roses and hawthorns,
And the craggy, blue crests that mother your start.

In your evergreen forests deer and elk browse,
From your meadows I hear the lark's liquid lay,
And softly, shy mourning doves coo in the boughs,
While tramping beside you this balmy June day.

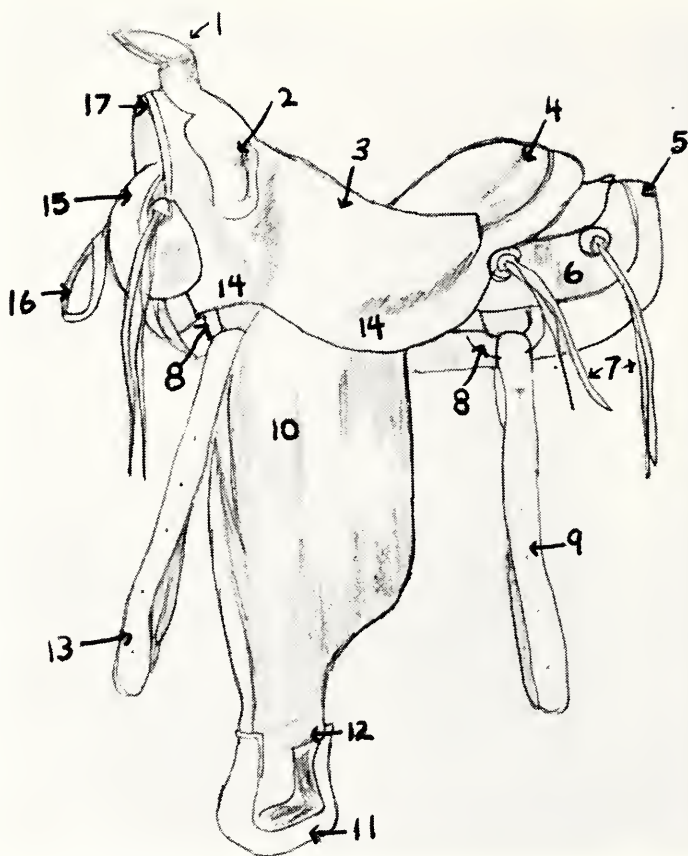
You plunge over rapids, you roar and you shout,
Then eddy and murmur in pools at the bends,
As I the refrain hum while casting for trout,
"This river and I shall forever be friends".

But gently, you wind in the valleys below,
Between shaded banks of old cottonwood trees,
While letting your waters their blessings bestow,
On pastures and hayfields that wave in the breeze.

Your days were not always as peaceful as this,
Many a brave warrior fought here and bled,
Til death touched their brows with a merciful kiss,
And put them to rest in their last earthly bed.

Of all the old hunting grounds in the far west,
Your country was treasured by red men the most,
When fate turned them down, after doing their best,
Stemming the tide of an invading white host.

Now red and white lovers tryst on your banks,
Who pay little heed to the warriors that fell,
Love with its tenderness old quarrels outflanks,
And where hearts beat as one, they peaceably dwell.



Parts of A Saddle

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 1. Horn | 10. Fender |
| 2. Fork | 11. Stirrup |
| 3. Seat | 12. Stirrup leather |
| 4. Cantle | 13. Front tie strap or cinch strap |
| 5. Skirt | 14. Front jockey and seat jockey, one piece |
| 6. Back housing or back jockey | 15. Wool lining |
| 7. Lace strings | 16. Rope strap |
| 8. Dee rings | 17. Pommel |
| 9. Leather flank girth | |

Drawing by Christy Page

Saddles

By

A. S. "BUD" GILLESPIE

SADDLE'S USEFULNESS

The most prized possession of a cowboy is his saddle. Next in order are his bed, boots, chaps, spurs, rope and yellow slicker.

People in the range could not operate without a saddle. It adds much to the comfort of riding and as a security for a man remaining on a horse's back when he is going through his bucking contortions. Then a man has to have a saddle when he is roping the thousands of calves to be branded during the year, as well as roping wild grown cattle and horses. If he did not have the saddle horn to tie to or take his "honka-dinkies" around he would soon be minus his rope.

SADDLE STYLES CHANGE

On down through the many years that saddles have been used the designs have been changed from time to time. There was one saddle they had called the "form fitter". All a fellow had to do was to get into it and "shut the door" to stay on a bucking horse. The models they are making today are not easy riding saddles. Neither are they made so a rider could sit down deep and keep his seat when a horse is bucking. Most of the ones put out today are known as roping saddles. Riders buy them whether they can rope or not. They have a narrow fork and a low cantle, and are not made so a rider can get a grip on a horse.

A man can ride the saddle that he learned to ride in. He can learn to ride on his balance, and hook his spurs in the horse's sides to keep him from slipping up and falling off.

SPANISH SADDLES A PROTOTYPE

The saddle makers in the range states adopted their ideas from the Spaniards in Mexico. They brought their first saddles over from Spain about 1519.

Those saddles as well as the Mexican saddles had a horn on them as large as a saucer.

A saddle is made on a tree made of the best and strongest wood. The tree is made in three parts and fastened together by screws. Those parts are namely the fork or pommel, that is the front, cantle or seat, and the side boards which rest on the horse's back. The horn was first made of wood but later of steel and is fastened

on the pommel with screws. Then the wood is all put together and cowhide, or mostly bull hide, is soaked in water until it becomes very soft, a pattern is made just the right size to cover the tree and is cut out to exactly fit the tree, when it is sewed together. When a saddle is made for heavy duty a double cover of rawhide is put over the tree.

SADDLE RIG TYPES

The most important part of the saddle is the rigging. That arrangement is made to hold a saddle on a horse and must be secure. On the first saddles that were made the rigging was put on top of the leather on the pommel. One strip of leather about four inches wide went from one latigo ring to the other over the pommel in front of the horn, and another was put along the side of the first, but one wrap was made around the horn. That was for the front cinch to be fastened to. For the back cinch a strip of leather about four inches wide was taken from the rear latigo ring up over the rear end of the saddle boards behind the cantle. The front and rear latigo rings were fastened together by a double piece of leather about one and one half inches in width. That was for a double rig saddle or one with two cinches.

The rigging for a center-fire saddle was put on the tree the same way over the saddle, but came together on both sides to one latigo ring under the rider's leg. Not many saddle makers could make a center-fire saddle that would ride on the horse's back. Those saddles were most successfully made by D. E. Walker of San Francisco, the Oregon saddles and G. G. Garcia of Elko, Nevada.

A later rigging was made by the Montana saddle makers which was known as the three quarter rig.

Another saddle maker came up with a different idea for rigging which was called the five eighths rigging. It did not prove so popular.

The double rig which had two cinches was the best to stay on a horse's back when doing heavy roping, or staying on a horse's back when a rider was riding up or down steep hills, but it was the worst to make cinch sores that were caused by the skin rolling over the front when he was walking, or trotting. The three quarter rig was really the best, especially before Hamley and Company of Pendleton, Oregon, came out with a new rig which they called the flat plate rigging. A person doing heavy roping would step off and cinch up, but for ordinary roping he would never have to go to that trouble. That rigging would not make sores on a horse's side, neither would it cause white hairs to grow in the same place. Some people who used double rig saddles would take off the rear cinch, but that would cause the saddle to kick up behind and was hard to ride when a horse bucked.

WYOMING SADDLEMAKERS

The first saddles made in Wyoming Territory were made by T. R. Meanea, of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. Later Frank A. Meanea took over. He followed the saddlery business longer than any other maker in Wyoming. He had demand for his saddles. Most all of the riders for the Swan Land & Cattle Company used Meanea saddles. So did the riders for the Diamond Cattle Company and many others. They had a good reputation far and wide. None ever hurt a horse's back. The writer never knew of any of the Meanea saddle trees or rigging breaking when heavy roping was done from them. Meanea made the first saddle trees in the United States. His plain saddles sold for \$40 and the hand-tooled flower stamped saddle sold for \$55.

The first saddle maker around Laramie was little Bobbie Gardner. He sold saddles as fast as he could make them. He was in business in the 1880's and early 1890's.

The next saddle makers in Laramie, Wyoming, were Lohlein and Sigwart. They opened for business during the middle of the 1890's and closed their business in about 1908. Lohlein had the best pattern for chaps and made the best angora chaps of any maker. They made good saddles.

The W. H. Holliday Company followed them in making saddles. They kept saddles in stock for many years, and employed saddle makers. Among them were Otto Steiger and Bill Doescher.

J. S. Collins and Sons opened up a saddle shop in Cheyenne, in 1886. They got their share of the business as they made good saddles.

Scoville Saddlery established a business soon after the turn of the century in Wheatland, Wyoming. He built a well made saddle with a good grip and seat. He operated at that location for many years and did a good business.

Knox and Tanner opened up a saddle shop in Rawlins in the 1890's. They made a very good saddle that met the favor of many cowboys. They were engaged in business for many years.

FIRST SADDLES MADE IN U. S.

The first saddles the writer has record of being made in the United States were made by P. Sickles, Saint Louis, in 1836. The next were made in New Jersey in 1840, and by Collins Brothers Saddlery of Omaha, Nebraska, in 1864.

E. L. Gallatin was another early day saddle maker. In 1860 E. L. Gallatin made the \$350 saddle which was presented to Colonel Leavenworth. Presentation occurred at Camp Weld, and was made by his officers.

D. E. Walker made the best of all saddles. It was the lightest and strongest and longer lasting. He trimmed the leather thin.

doubled the leather and hand sewed it close to the edge. That kept the jockeys, skirts and fenders from coiling up. He soaked the leather in neat's-foot oil, which made the leather everlasting. He used endless stirrup leathers which made them very popular. The leather was hand tooled. Most all of the saddles he made were full flowered stamped. He started his saddle business in 1876 in San Francisco. This company later was sold and exists today as the Visalia Company in Sacramento and Calgary.

Gallup and Frazier of Pueblo commenced making saddles in 1870. Frazier had the honor of making the \$500 saddle for the Union Pacific Railroad Company to present to the world's champion bronc rider at Cheyenne Frontier Days.

Hamley and Company first operated their saddle shop in South Dakota and in 1883 moved to Pendleton, Oregon, where the third generation is still in the saddlery business. They were the first to use flat plate rigging.

Victor Harden made saddles in The Dalles, Oregon, in 1890. The Oregon saddles were made different from any other saddles. The seat was closed. You had to take hold of the horn to throw it on a horse. There were no holes below the horn to get your fingers through to get a hand hold. Neither was there a place for the stirrup leathers to come through.

E. L. Gallatin Saddlery operated in Denver in 1889, and was in business there for many years.

N. Porter Saddlery operated in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1875 and the firm is still operating under that name.

C. E. Cogshell operated in Miles City, Montana, in 1890 and on into the next century. He built a deep seated saddle with a high pommel and cantle. It had a good grip in it, and a man couldn't fall out of it.

The Flynn Saddlery of Pueblo, Colorado, started making saddles in 1875.

H. H. Heiser started making saddles in Central City, Colorado, in 1853. In 1858 he established his business in Denver, Colorado, and it is still operating under that name. That firm made a very popular, serviceable saddle which is still being made, and the Denver Dry Goods Company have their saddles made by this firm.

H. H. Heiser made many of the saddles that were used by the Pony Express riders in 1861 and 1862.

Noble, of Hepner, Oregon, made a neat center-fire saddle in 1895 and for years after.

Cornish and Watson Saddlery of Ogden, Utah, were early day saddlers.

O. S. Snyder operated a saddlery in Denver, Colorado, during the early part of the 1900's. There was a good demand for his saddles.

A Mother Hubbard saddle is one that is completely covered over with a solid piece of leather, excepting the horn.

Other South Dakota saddlers not mentioned before are E. C. Lee Company of Pierre, Duhamel of Rapid City, and Streeter of Buffalo Gap.

The saddle makers of Texas are as follows: Joe Edelbrock and Sons of Fort Worth made saddles in 1876 until 1944, then Don Ryon took over and that firm is still operating; Schoelkoph started making saddles in Dallas, Texas, in 1869 and after ninety-three years the firm is still in business in 1962, and the Speedy Stirrup Pin Company which made saddles in Salt Lake City, Post Office Box 2527.

For reference to saddle types refer to the book, *Cowboy At Work* by Fay E. Ward, page 195, and for reference to saddle trees and rigs refer to the same book on page 199.

Wyoming's Frontier Newspapers

By

ELIZABETH KEEN

THE NEWSPAPER AS HISTORICAL RECORD

APPEARANCE AND CONTENTS

If judged by mid-twentieth-century standards, Wyoming's early newspapers typographically seem dull and gray and atrociously made up. Printers setting headlines used nothing larger than eighteen-point type; very often they used much smaller letters. In multiple-deck heads they mixed type faces with abandon, and it was not unusual for a compositor to set the body of a news story in almost illegible six-point with no leads between the lines to make things easier for the reader. As many as five or six columns of solid advertising were used on front pages, and more often than not type faces were mixed without restraint within one advertisement. Illustrations were limited to an occasional logotype in an ad; it was not until the late eighteen-seventies that awkwardly large woodcuts began to make an appearance. Nor was there any variety in advertisements, which often appeared for months at a time without change. Small advertisements known as readers, which in today's newspapers are confined to the "classified" columns, were scrambled in among news items with no warning at all to the reader that the excellence of somebody's oyster house or the fact that "Mrs. Dr. Frank will pay particular attention to female diseases of all kinds no charges will be made for consultation,"¹ were paid advertisements and not truly legitimate news.

Sports reporting was confined to describing, not always impartially, town ball games held on the Fourth of July and sometimes on election days. There were no comic strips or cartoons; instead the reader was offered many columns of jokes, often stale, clipped from exchange newspapers.² Crime news comprised lurid accounts of street shootings, and laconic items of a line or two:

Dr's Calder and Finrock report the man who was shot by Madam Ledbetter, at Dale City, is recovering from his wound.³

Offenses against property, such as thefts, were often printed in the advertisement columns. Men who deemed themselves falsely accused sometimes wrote in to the newspapers in attempts at self-

1. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 30, 1870.

vindication. One of these men, who signed himself "Daniel Cunningham," wrote to the *Cheyenne Leader*:

Having heard that I was implicated in a robbery that took place some few days ago at or near Dale City, I wish to state that I have been at North Platte, and have never been near Dale City for three weeks, and why my name should be connected with any robbery is a mystery to me; and I want it understood that any person circulating any such reports about me will be persecuted with the utmost vigor of the law.⁴

If the news content of the earliest newspapers was negligible, the paucity of readable matter was doubtless due to the fact that frontier editors in the beginning had a difficult time establishing themselves and their publications. Writing the news, clipping and pasting up national events and the inevitable jokes, soliciting advertising, setting type, making up, printing and distributing the paper, making out and collecting bills, and placating creditors were all tasks sometimes performed by one man alone, or by one man assisted in his multiple duties by his wife or by a printer's devil. But as editors felt their roots taking hold, they tended to improve their newspapers, so that as the life of a newspaper lengthened, its news columns mirrored a clearer and more vivid picture of the territory as a whole, and of various small communities growing up in the new country.

In one important respect, however, the territorial newspaper for many years was defective as a reflection of frontier life: it afforded scarcely a glimpse of women's activities. To cite the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* as an example, the newspaper had ample space during the summer of 1870 in which to print frequent references to fishing trips with "the boys," to lodge meetings, baseball games, and masculine parties "above the bakery." There was virtually no news about women because to make the news columns in those days women had really to exert themselves. One of the rare bits of news concerning women to be found in the early *Sentinel* was buried in a general story about the Republican election victory of September, 1870. It was written by J. H. Hayford himself:

. . . A characteristic incident of the energy and pluck of our pioneer ladies was illustrated by Mrs. J. W. Meldrum, who rode all the way up here from Colorado, some sixty miles, on horseback yesterday, and got here in time to put in a straight Republican ticket. . . .⁵

2. The earliest issues of the *Cheyenne Leader* contained matter clipped from the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Herald*, *Denver News*, *Iowa State Register*, *Boston Post*, *Denver Tribune*, *Dayton Journal*, *Montana Post*, *Cincinnati Commercial*, *Omaha Herald*, *Grand Rapids Democrat*, *Springfield Republican*, and a number of other newspapers.

3. *Frontier Index*, March 6, 1868.

4. March 16, 1868.

5. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, Sept. 6, 1870.

Since Hayford was a fervent Republican, it is questionable, had the lady been a Democrat, whether he would have thought her not inconsiderable ride worthy of mention at all.

In another respect, too, the frontier newspaper editor tended to cloud for later historians the clarity of the picture of those early days: he was so enthusiastic about the riches, the beauties, and the commercial possibilities of the new country, that he very often wrote about them without restraint. In fact, he frequently bragged to a degree that today seems comic if not, perhaps, pointless. But there was a point: if eastern exchange newspapers reprinted stories about Wyoming's untold wealth, a wealth that was awaiting development, about the territory's "unsurpassed climate," about its unmatched beauties and other virtues, eastern capitalists, as financiers in those days were called, might be induced to go west to the new country and there invest some of their millions. But in extolling the wonders of Wyoming, the early-day editor, if he hoped to be believed, sometimes overshot his mark. The Freeman brothers of the *Frontier Index* were possibly the most hyperbolic of all early editors. When the "Press on Wheels" put out the first issue datelined Laramie City, the newspaper contained this characteristic editorial:

THE CITY OF THE PLAINS

We have it—Laramie City; it has jumped into existence. The railroad towns between Omaha and the Rocky Mountains which have been built up within the last two years, are alive and flourishing, but none of them have one-hundredth part of the natural advantages that Laramie boasts of. Look yonder . . . timber . . . iron and copper . . . coal cropping out . . . splendid beds of gypsum . . . positive prospects of rich gold and silver mines . . . attractive farming lands. . . . How can Laramie get around being a permanent town of much wealth and extensive growth? There is no possible way to dodge it; it will prosper and become the pride of western people. Here we will have large manufactories, rolling mills, quartz mills, saw mills, planing mills, besides many other outside improvements; U.P.R.R. will be compelled to build at this point.

Do you ask why it is necessary to put up all of these conveniences and facilities at Laramie? We answer it is the most suitable location on the road, and the only natural inexhaustible locality between the Missouri River and Salt Lake. . . .

Laramie City has commenced its bold and promising career. The young Nineveh is already lifting its steeples high above the encompassing mountain chains, and will, in a few weeks, look definitely over the crumbling peaks, and beckon eastern emigration—by thousands, now searching new western homes—to come hither and shake hands with freedom and fortune.

Laramie, beyond all question of doubt, is the great interior railroad town.

The Freemans tended to distribute their eulogisms wherever they

paused to publish their migratory newspaper. Tribute followed tribute until, as already noted, they arrived at Bear River City, where, before their printing shop was sacked and burned, they published one of their most imaginative panegyrics.

But others besides the Freeman brothers wrote in this fantastic vein. Nathan A. Baker was one of many who printed gushing tributes to the newly-opened frontier. Possibly smarting from his abortive attempt to establish the *Colorado Leader* in Denver, Baker managed to combine jibes at the Colorado capital with the editorial bragging so typical of the period:

Perserverance and sweet oil will do more to abrade and even the asperities of life, but mines of coal, iron, etc., and petroleum, will do more to overcome the inconvenience of poverty for the fortunate discoverers of these deposits, no less than for the country in general.

Another is added to the list of resources being almost daily developed, in the shape of oil springs, some eighteen miles west of Cheyenne, discovered during the present week. . . . Mr. Rollins has shown us a sample of the article, which is said to freely exude from springs . . . in plenteous quantities. Who next? What next? Can't somebody find some diamond deposits "in mass and position" underneath Cheyenne? Denver, look well to your laurels, Cheyenne and adjacent sections are outstripping you in all the developments of material wealth. We will here incidentally mention that we can furnish that burg with a neat and substantial tombstone upon its approaching demise, and we will make it out of a fine quality of marble, recently discovered in the Black Hills, specimens of which may be seen here on application.⁷

Nor was editorial exaggeration limited to the earliest years of frontier journalism. As late as 1887 the *Cheyenne Daily Tribune*, on the reported discovery of copper, gold, and silver at Silver Crown, not far from the capital city, printed the following comment:

A time will come, perhaps, when the world will cease to wonder, but that period is in the far future. For many years parties have prospected and opened mines in the Silver Crown district with a moderate yet satisfactory degree of success, but as evidenced by a discovery of yesterday not one hundredth part of the wealth of the district is as yet imagined. It has been a well known fact for the past two years that beneath the eternal hills, which in their grandeur rise above the "Magic City of the Plains," there lies enough copper to supply the world, gold sufficient to adorn the breasts, ears and hands of our 50,000,000 people and silver enough to build bells to chime the world. . . .⁸

Farther north at about the same time E. H. Kimball was doing his utmost to attract capital and settlers to Glenrock:

Many lots have been sold, some thirty or forty, since our last issue . . . and numerous buildings are in process of erection, all of which

7. *Cheyenne Leader*, Oct. 3, 1867.

8. Sept. 14, 1887.

tends to cause the new site to be taking on the appearance of a booming town. Many strangers seeking an investment are arriving every day, and dozens of buildings will probably be in process of erection next week. Glenrock will surely be THE TOWN of this section of country.

Come on, ye capitalists and speculators, and parties desirous of a good business location! Glenrock has the inducements to offer, and room for thousands of people.⁹

In spite of editorial weaknesses and fumbblings, newspapers of the period reflect the growth of communities and of the territory itself; and they mirror the preoccupations, the manners, the tastes, and, sometimes, the emotions of the Wyoming pioneer.

THE RAILROAD ARRIVES

Construction of the Union Pacific railroad was the greatest single factor in the opening up of territory that now comprises Wyoming. The railroad's agents furthered the westward expansion of empire by staking out towns along the right-of-way, and soon thereafter the settlements were bursting with sturdy fortune-seekers and the inevitable riff-raff, gamblers, cutthroats, and prostitutes, who followed the construction workers: Only two newspapers, the *Cheyenne Leader* and the *Frontier Index*, appeared ahead of the railroad. The pages of both publications reflect the eagerness and enthusiasm with which frontier people watched the Union Pacific's rapid progress.

In its very first issue published September 19, 1867, the *Cheyenne Leader* noted: "The track of the U.P.R.R. is finished to within fifty-five miles of Cheyenne, and it is expected that it will be completed to this point about the middle of October." But although the construction workers at that time were laying between five and six miles of track a day,¹⁰ they did not reach Cheyenne until a month later. Meanwhile, the *Leader* joyfully announced from time to time that "the Cars are coming," coming, coming. Finally, when the first passenger train from Omaha steamed into Cheyenne November 14, 1867, the *Leader* gave the following picture of the historic and festive occasion:

A vast assemblage of citizens and railroad men convened . . . Eddy Street and the City Hall were splendidly illuminated. The large transparency near the speakers' stand bore the mottoes: "The magic town greets the continental railway." "Honor to whom honor is due." "Old Casement, we welcome you;" which last, if relating to the Gen-

9. *Glenrock Graphic*, Sept. 30, 1887.

10. Charles Griffin Coutant, *The History of Wyoming from the Earliest Known Discoveries*, I (Laramie, Wyoming: Chaplin, Spafford and Mathison, Printers, 1899), p. 679. Coutant points out that "when it is understood that it took 2,580 ties, 352 rails, 5,500 spikes, 704 fishplates and 1,408 bolts to complete a mile of road, the rapidity of the work will be appreciated."

eral's years, is certainly a misrepresentation; but if to the accomplishment of a lifetime, few men have ever done so much. . . .

Speech-making was not his (Casement's) forte, and with a "Gentlemen, good-night," he disappeared as nervously and suddenly as if there was a night job on hand, of laying four or five miles of track. We have not space even to name the distinguished speakers that addressed the jolly, uproarious and jubilant crowd.¹¹

In successive issues of the *Leader* and the *Frontier Index* the historian can trace the progress of the railroad's westward construction from Cheyenne to Fort Russell and Dale City, up the eastern slope of the Laramie mountains to the peak of Sherman Hill, at which point the outside world was informed by telegraph that the highest eminence on the roadbed between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean had been conquered,¹² down the western slope, and across the plains to Laramie City, where the first train was welcomed May 4, 1868.¹³

The pages of both the *Leader* and the *Frontier Index* reflect, and doubtless fanned, the bitter rivalry between Cheyenne and Laramie City, born in the spring of 1868. Which town had the greater future? Which would be chosen by the Union Pacific as the site for its most important buildings? Which would eventually have the larger population? The controversy was fought out in the pages of both newspapers. Two weeks before the first train arrived in Laramie City, Baker in the *Leader* noted with concern the decline in Cheyenne's population that followed the westward construction of the line,¹⁴ and he could not have read unmoved the exuberant announcement of the Freeman brothers that "several railroad chieftains" had arrived in Laramie City about that time to let contracts for machine shops, round houses, and "other very extensive buildings to be built of stone and to compare with any other R.R. buildings on the continent," that in the future Cheyenne would be "solely dependent for her . . . greatness upon the Denver branch road," and that the remains of the "Magic City" henceforth would consist solely of "two saloons, two dance houses—and another saloon!"¹⁵

The day after the first train puffed into Laramie City the Freemans gleefully noted that the town already had a population of two thousand persons and that "several railroad buildings are in the course of construction in this city, some of which are nearly completed."¹⁶ Back and forth the battle waged: the Freemans taunted the *Leader* with the most outrageous prophecies, while Baker in a

11. *Cheyenne Leader*, Nov. 16, 1867.

12. *Ibid.*, April 8, 1868.

13. *Ibid.*, May 5, 1868.

14. *Ibid.*, April 24, 1868.

15. *Frontier Index*, April 28, 1868.

16. *Ibid.*, May 5, 1868.

series of editorials endeavored to assure his readers that Cheyenne would remain an important town even if the Union Pacific were torn up and never replaced:

We have faith in the place, and shall contribute all we can to make it a permanent and prosperous settlement. We follow no railway nor other excitements, but came to Cheyenne knowing it to be a favored location, and with Cheyenne we are content to remain.¹⁷

Meanwhile, the cause of the controversy, the Union Pacific, the *Frontier Index* its vanguard, rapidly pushed westward through a series of settlements that no longer appear on any map and through others that do—Rock River, Medicine Bow, and Green River City. The *Frontier Index* in its issue of September 3, 1868, published at Green River City, noted:

The Railroad Telegraph is completed to Green River, and the track is now finished to within forty miles of the same place. Colonel Wanless is getting ready for the bridge over Green River. The stone taken from the extensive cuts at Carmichael's five miles east of here has ignited from its own combustible matter and has been burning for a number of days past. It is apparently sandstone, saturated with petroleum.

As the railroad passed through and beyond Green River City, someone, possibly Baker, who may have traveled west to have a look at the new town, observed with characteristic disparagement in the *Leader*:

The history of the rise and fall of Green River City is ready to be written. To be both brief and logical this place is played out. Monday next there will not be twenty-five persons remaining in this once famous city. The business portion of the community consists of one hash house, one whiskey well, a billiard table and an outfitting store which is already packing up to leave. . . .

The end of the track is now beyond Granger's sixty-five miles west of here, and going on at a lively rate. On Monday last Casement laid seven and three-fourths miles of track, and would have completed more were it not that the water in the tanks he was carrying gave out. He had three dry engines at one time, it was impossible for a while to move his train, besides getting one engine off the tracks he had bad luck generally. For that day's work he allowed each of his men three days wages.¹⁸

Working with feverish speed toward their goal, Promontory, Utah, where the Union Pacific would join the Central Pacific Railroad, then being built eastward from the Sierra Nevada mountains, the tracklayers pushed on beyond Granger, through Carter and Fort Bridger, to Bear River City, a town of about two thousand persons. Here was an unsavory settlement which both the *Fron-*

17. *Cheyenne Leader*, June 17, 1868.

18. *Ibid.*, Sept. 26, 1868.

tier Index and the *Cheyenne Leader* pictured as full of cutthroats and other ruffians.¹⁹

The burning of the *Frontier Index* by Bear River City rioters November 20, 1868, as previously noted, had, of course, no effect on the railroad's progress westward. However, for a description of the ceremony May 10, 1869, when the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads were officially joined as Leland Stanford, governor of California, drove a golden spike into a tie of polished laurel, the historian must look to newspapers then published in Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah.²⁰

THE MINING BOOM

Even before the building of the railroad, mining fever had begun to swell the population with a frenetic crowd in search of gold. Miners were to contribute little to a stable territorial development; the boom itself turned out to be an abortive business that ran the course from prosperity to ghost town more rapidly than was usual on mining frontiers. The newspaper picture of the Wyoming gold boom is fragmentary because the rush began in the early eighties before the establishment of any long-lived newspaper in the new country. South Pass town site was laid out in 1867 following the organization there of the first mining district in what is now Wyoming.²¹ The following January Baker of the *Cheyenne Leader* began trying to open the eyes of his readers to the possibility of a lucrative trade with the new town and the surrounding Sweetwater mining country:

Let us not sleep on this matter, but look at it seriously in the light of dollars and cents. If, next fall and winter, a few hundred thousand dollars worth of the precious metal finds its way into this place, there will then be no indifference in trying to get hold of some of the shining stuff.²²

It is not, however, until an examination is made of existing copies of the *Sweetwater Mines* that anything like a picture of the early South Pass boom emerges. In the earliest issue extant, that of March 21, 1868, the newspaper noted considerable building activity and reported that already a large general store, a hotel, a saloon, and a warehouse had been erected. A week later it published a report of an impending large migration of fortune-hunters

19. *Frontier Index*, Sept. 30, Nov. 6, 1868; *Cheyenne Leader*, Nov. 14, Nov. 15, Nov. 16, Nov. 18, 1868.

20. J. Cecil Alter, *Early Utah Journalism* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1938), pp. 142-143.

21. Frances Birkhead Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present* (New York: American Historical Society, 1933), I, pp. 126-129.

22. *Cheyenne Leader*, Jan. 16, 1868. Baker, as previously noted, founded the *South Pass News* in 1869.

and their pack animals bound for the Sweetwater mines from Salt Lake City. The newspaper suggested that the venture might well prove hazardous since the snow was still too deep for safe traveling.²³

The *Cheyenne Leader* of April 1, 1868, announced that the first shipment of gold had been made to the "Magic City" from the Sweetwater country—ten ounces of the "shining stuff" sent in a buckskin bag along with a letter to the editor:

I do not tell these things through excitement nor to excite you, but I think there is no chance for this country to prove a "bilk." Should the placer diggings turn out good it will be a year or two before there is much money in circulation here; during which time many that come here with the expectation of making a fortune in a single night will go away disappointed and damning the country, while those who remain to do what they may will undoubtedly prosper. This South Pass City has many resources besides gold and silver. It is generally believed that the Union Pacific Railroad will run near this place, which is really the centre of this mining country, and is surrounded by beds of coal which with the agricultural resources of Wind river valley, together with the oil springs which abound in that vicinity, can not fail to make this the centre of those mines.

By June the *Sweetwater Mines* reported an acute shortage of currency, although great wealth in gold had been taken from the mines, and an immediate need of a broker who would buy the shining dust with minted coins. The same issue of the newspaper described the gala opening of the Magnolia Saloon where the main attraction was a dazzling mirror costing fifteen hundred dollars.²⁴ Toward the end of June power machinery was being used for the first time to crush ore, and frenzied townspeople, high on champagne and beside themselves with enthusiasm, were prevented from damaging the crusher only by the timely intervention of the operators' friends.²⁵ A week later the newspaper was reporting that more than one hundred Sioux Indians had attacked a band of seven miners prospecting along Big Wind River, and that only three of the prospectors had escaped.²⁶ All copies of the *Sweetwater Mines* that have been preserved contain glowing accounts of the mineral wealth of the region, reports that were doubtless intended to attract more and more settlers and capital to the region. By the summer of 1869 the community had become sufficiently important to be included in the traveling circuit of the Carter Troupe, for one mild June evening the company put on *Lucretia Borgia* and *Our Gal* in the Overland Exchange Hall. The same issue saw a Mrs. Barber ready to start a "select" school on Grand Avenue; the newspaper

23. *Sweetwater Mines*, April 1, 1868.

24. *Ibid.*, June 10, 1868.

25. *Ibid.*, July 3, 1868.

26. *Ibid.*, July 11, 1868.

observed that she was well qualified to teach both elementary and higher grades.²⁷ It was at this point that the *Sweetwater Mines*, because of financial difficulties previously noted, ceased publication.

While the *South Pass News*, the second paper published in the mining town, reflected a picture of continuing prosperity in the Sweetwater region, extant issues also mirror in considerable detail the white man's attitude toward the warfare of this period between settlers and Indians. One copy of the *South Pass News* is particularly noteworthy:²⁸ almost entirely devoted to the "massacre" March 31, 1870, of twenty-six Sweetwater miners and mill men by Indians, it affords a typical example not only of the way the settler felt about the Indian, but of the way in which he reacted to concern in the East for some fair and peaceful settlement of the Indian problem. Gold mining and the Indian at this time were inextricably bound up in the eyes of miners and other settlers: they felt that the government was pursuing a flabby and altogether shameful policy in its dealings with the red man, especially when Washington made treaties reserving certain lands—lands that might conceivably contain rich gold from which the miner was forever barred—as hunting grounds for the Indian. To the settler, it is apparent, the Indian was not as other humans were:

It is now generally believed that the Arapahoe Indians committed the murders. Capt. H. G. Nickerson, of Hamilton City, was in the Arapahoe camp about the time of the commission of the outrages, and states that most of the warriors were out of camp at the time, and the Indians stated that they were hunting on Sweetwater. He also states that most of the Indians wanted to kill him and it was only through the intercession of Friday that he escaped. They said they had been told that the whites were coming to fight them, that the Capt. was a chief of the whites, and they stated that they believed he was a spy. . . . It will be remembered that a number of the chief men of the tribe were, a few weeks ago, in our town professing friendship with the whites and being feasted by our citizens. These professions of amity were taken by our citizens with many grains of allowance, and the result shows that they were right. All experience teaches that the Indians only observes [sic] his treaties and acts in good faith with the whites when afraid to do otherwise. The Shoshones and Bannocks are the only Indians in Wyoming that can be trusted, and the reason is the terrible chastisement they received at Bear River . . . and their great dread of their mortal enemies, the Sioux, which drives them to seek the aid of white men for their own protection. The men raised by Mr. [J.W.] Anthony under the authority of his appointment of Lieut. Col. of militia, are now enroute for the Arapahoe camp, 200 strong, and if they succeed in reaching the camp before the Indians take alarm and leave, there will be more work for . . . the Quaker commission and more tears to be shed by our philanthropists in the states on behalf of the poor abused Indian.²⁹

27. *Ibid.*, June 19, 1869.

28. April 9, 1870.

29. *South Pass News*, April 9, 1870.

Another newspaper picture of mining fever, showing the way in which men infected with the malady disregarded all obstacles in the way of their goal, emerges in the files of the *Cheyenne Leader*. In the autumn of 1869 reports were circulated in Cheyenne of fabulous wealth waiting to be dug out of the Big Horn mountains;³⁰ that winter the Big Horn Mining Association was organized to penetrate country which, by the treaty signed at Fort Laramie April 29, 1868, was legally reserved for the Indian.³¹ Gold-seekers from as far east as Chicago began arriving in Cheyenne to join the expedition, which postponed its departure past the middle of May in hopes that the government would lend its approval to the intended invasion of Indian territory. When official sanction did not come, the prospectors decided to approach the Big Horns in a roundabout way, and left Cheyenne May 20, 1870.³² The party was a failure. It split up into factions, a number of prospectors were killed by Indians, and only a small fraction of the original expedition returned to Cheyenne August 22.³³ The government's policy toward the Indian, rather than the absence of gold in the Big Horns, was blamed for the fiasco.³⁴ History was later to show that 1870 marked the close of one period of the territory's mining history.

COMMUNITY LIFE

A more promising picture of permanent settlement emerges from the concern of early newspapers with the development of stable communities—such as Cheyenne and Laramie. The first few issues of any frontier newspaper reflect a preoccupation with such material matters as the price of lots, the establishment of new businesses, the endeavor to attract both settlers and capital to a new and struggling country. But sometimes, too, a vivid glimpse of the new town itself emerges from a buried paragraph, as in the following item describing early-day trading in Cheyenne:

A multitude of arrangements are employed to facilitate business operations in this city. Dry goods boxes are dumped from wagons and their contents taken therefrom, and ranged to display upon the boxes, on each business street of town. And this influx of merchants is not of temporary sojourners, as might be inferred from the above. Nearly all such, with whom we have conversed, are intending to construct large commodious buildings as soon as lumber can be obtained, and large stocks of goods are en route for most of these parts.³⁵

High prices were paid by the consumer for these goods, for accord-

30. *Cheyenne Leader*, Sept. 13, 1869.

31. *Ibid.*, Jan. 3, 1870.

32. *Ibid.*, May 21, 1870.

33. *Ibid.*, Aug. 23, 1870.

34. *Ibid.*, Aug. 22, 1870.

35. *Cheyenne Leader*, Sept. 24, 1867.

ing to the *Cheyenne Leader* of September 26, 1867, cans of peaches and raspberries cost seventy-five cents each, "sirips" were twenty-five dollars a keg, candles were fifty cents a pound, and nails brought a price of twenty-two dollars a keg. Since the great influx of population poured into Cheyenne during the late summer and early fall, there had been no time to plant vegetables for use during the winter; accordingly in October the newspaper warned its readers:

We notice the arrival, in our streets, of wagons from different portions of the adjoining Territory of Colorado, loaded with vegetables, such as potatoes, onions, cabbages, etc., and we would remind our citizens that this is the proper time to lay in a supply of such articles for the approaching winter, which may be long and dreary. Vegetables, which are so beneficial as antiscorbutics, may be difficult to find and expensive to pay for. Fill your cellars.³⁶

There were other worries besides high prices and possible food shortages to plague settlers:

High winds have prevailed for the last three days. On the morning of Oct. 9th the storm had increased almost to a hurricane. The prairies were on fire north of us, and the black masses of smoke whirling away before the gale were well calculated to excite apprehension for the safety of the city. The special police were out on duty and used all possible precautions to prevent a calamity so fearful.

Later. The struggle of an army of our citizens to ward off and subdue the rapidly approaching flames is at last decided. They were driven back into the city limits and the danger of a general conflagration, for some time, was most imminent, but the gunny bag outfit came off victorious and deserve the thanks of all who were not there to assist, but who ought to have been.³⁷

But alongside a preoccupation with survival and making money there soon appeared in frontier newspapers a concern for the education and general welfare of families who had arrived and for those who were still to come. The first Wyoming editor to deplore the lack of schools was Cheyenne's N. A. Baker. Less than a month after he had given the town its first newspaper, he wrote a page-one editorial urging the foundation of a school system:

We have been engrossed almost night and day with building shops and preparing for the winter; we have strained nerve and muscle, and have, for our reward, a beautiful city, not merely of "magnificent distances," but of magnificent proportions! And now there is coming upon us a population of families—let us welcome them, not only by welcoming words, but by instituting those means that can only render them happy, useful and intelligent. What is a town without schools and churches? Answer, Julesburg. Is Cheyenne to be such a town? No, sir. Families are what we want. Homes, with mothers and children in them, to restrain, and give tone to our social fabric.

The American people demand schools for their children, and are

36. *Ibid.*, Oct. 5, 1867.

37. *Ibid.*, Oct. 10, 1867.

unwilling to live where they are not to be had. It was long since established by our fathers that the only solid foundation for permanent prosperity is in the virtue and intelligence of the people; therefore, every great free State, and almost every Territory, early directed their attention to laying the foundation of the common school system. There is scarcely any wisdom superior to this. . . .³⁸

Less than three months later, on January 5, 1868, nearly all of the citizens of Cheyenne turned out to celebrate the dedication of the first school building in Wyoming.

Another concern, that of preserving the public peace, is reflected in early-day community newspapers. The *Cheyenne Leader*, for instance while commending the city council for its action in forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons, warned its readers that the burden of making the town a peaceful community "where the humblest and weakest may go forth at any hour of the day or night, unarmed and alone, and without fear or trembling," rested on individual citizens.³⁹ It was a burden soon to be individually assumed, but not in the way that the *Leader* meant. That winter about two hundred outraged citizens organized themselves as vigilantes, donned black masks, and set about maintaining law and order among what were then called "camp-followers" of Union Pacific construction workers. The vigilantes hanged several men and forced others to leave town.⁴⁰ The *Cheyenne Leader* bitterly assailed the vigilantes for bypassing proper legal procedures and taking the law into their own hands.⁴¹ At the same time, the picture of Cheyenne that emerges from the *Leader's* columns is far from pretty:

The modern institutions of crime and pleasure are on the increase in this vicinity, and can stand a sharp looking after. Between bad whiskey and the rule of the wantons, the sophisticated and unsophisticated are fleeced with unerring regularity and system. Extraordinary inducements are thrust forth to lure men with their money into these plundering dens, where the vilest of both sexes do congregate, and the luckless man, who escapes therefore without being cut, or shot or beaten up, and minus his money is fortunate for the occasion.⁴²

In the course of time Cheyenne was able to control its disorderly element; as the years passed its newspapers reflected a picture of the town's gradual metamorphosis into a peaceful city of homes and gardens and fine state buildings. In a limited study of this nature it is not possible to trace the development of one city through each of the twenty-seven years comprising the period under investigation. But it should be pointed out that in September,

38. *Cheyenne Leader*, Oct. 24, 1867.

39. *Ibid.*, Oct. 13, 1867.

40. *Ibid.*, Jan. 11, Jan. 20, 1868.

41. *Ibid.*, Jan. 21, 1868.

42. *Ibid.*, Feb. 15, 1868.

1885, the *Cheyenne Sun* brought out a special edition illustrated with pictures of churches, schoolhouses, thirty-two fine homes, and a number of "amusement halls." Cheyenne, by this time, boasted wide streets shaded by leafy trees and a library that housed nearly a thousand books. The men of Cheyenne were enjoying a brick club house that had cost forty thousand dollars to build, and people who were sick could go to the county hospital, which had cost twenty-one thousand dollars. Electric street-lighting kept Cheyenne bright at night, and a well-organized fire department presumably guarded it from the kind of disaster that in January, 1870, laid nearly half the town in ruins. The Wyoming Academy of Science, Arts, and Letters had been fostering culture for three years, and a territorial library had been started. A number of Union Pacific machine shops had been built, and so had some small factories that produced boots and shoes, wagons and harnesses; two breweries had gone up, and one enterprising business turned native metals and stone into jeweled ornaments.

Over the mountains in Laramie City, the *Sentinel* was recording a similar community development. The year 1868 was full of events: Patrick S. Seane, the town's first white baby, was born June 21; Miss Jennie Wright started a Sabbath school July 15; citizens formed a vigilantes committee in August to rid the town of crime; Rev. Joseph C. Cook of Cheyenne in October established the Episcopal church, Laramie's first. On February 15, 1868, Miss Eliza Stewart opened Laramie's first public school.⁴³

By the spring of 1870 the columns of the *Sentinel* were reflecting a picture of a pleasant town with civic-minded citizens where

"A" Street . . . is a beauty, now being lined with shade trees on both sides, and also bounded by beautiful clear streams of spring water. The force of its example is beginning to be felt, too. People on the other streets see how much better it looks, and have gone to work on their own.⁴⁴

But two days later there was trouble in the Garden of Eden:

. . . the hogs in this city are becoming an unbearable nuisance. We like hogs, they are a good thing to have in a family, town or community. But here in the city where we want to keep our streets looking decent, and our water courses clear and clean, so that the people can use the water, and want to be let alone generally, fifteen hundred or two thousand hogs rooting up the streets, wallowing in the ditches,

43. These facts are taken from a retrospective review published in the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* May 5, 1883, with Hayford's explanation that since the files of the *Sentinel* for the first year of its existence had been "badly scattered or destroyed," he had decided to gather "from the remains of the files of the first year many historical events of public interest . . ." Since this investigation has failed to turn up any copies of the *Daily Sentinel* before that of May 2, 1870, Hayford's later account has been used of necessity.

44. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 11, 1870.

converting our clear running spring brooks into disgusting mud holes, destroying shade trees, and poking their noses into everything in reach, is getting it in a little too thick for either profit or pleasure. We understand the commissioners are authorized by law to put a stop to it, and we frantically call upon those official gentlemen to stand between us and the hogs.⁴⁵

The commissioners did indeed "stand between" Hayford and the roaming hogs; eleven days later the *Sentinel* ran a Board of County Commissioners' order warning hog-owners that they must keep their animals from "running at large" or risk a fine of one hundred dollars.⁴⁶

Toward the end of the following year the *Sentinel's* pages re-create for the reader a picture of a frontier Christmas. For gifts there were advertised mouth organs, accordions, wearing apparel, and gems "both imported and home cut."⁴⁷ To eat there were new chestnuts, oysters, chickens, turkeys, corn-fed pork and mutton, California and "foreign" fruits, and "pure sweet Michigan cider."⁴⁸ Even the merchants by that time were going in for Christmas decorations:

. . . Fox has gone to work and ornamented his market in a fitting manner as becomes the holidays. The beef and mutton is as white as the drifted snow with fat, and is ornamented with many colored rosettes in truly national and patriotic style.⁴⁹

The day after Christmas the newspaper reported that the biggest holiday celebration had been a party at the Methodist Church, where the Christmas tree "could not be made to hold one half the presents brought there to be bestowed by friends upon friends" for there were over twelve hundred presents in all. Then the Laramie citizenry came in for some criticism. Finding them "altogether too practical and utilitarian, lacking half enough of pleasure, amusement, and recreation," the *Sentinel* prophesied that "if we had and enjoyed a dozen such holidays a year, we would be better, happier, wiser and wealthier."⁵⁰

Severe winters produced conditions which affected the daily lives of the people in Laramie and other Wyoming communities, although an examination of the newspapers of the period shows their tendency to suppress accounts of any climatic rigors, probably because so many of the papers went to eastern and western exchanges. Occasionally, however, stories would appear revealing how difficult the weather could be:

Yesterday morning, Superintendent Fillmore started from here at

45. *Ibid.*, May 13, 1870.

46. *Ibid.*, May 24, 1870.

47. *Ibid.*, Dec. 22, 1871.

48. *Ibid.*, Dec. 23, 1871.

49. *Ibid.*, Dec. 23, 1871.

50. *Ibid.*, Dec. 26, 1871.

daylight with over one hundred men, to clear the road west. At midnight last night, they had reached to within three miles of the snow-bound trains west of Carbon, and were still at work. By the time they got through, the wind had risen and blown all the cuts full again between here and there—fuller and harder than ever before. Now they are working back this way, followed by the trains, but it is impossible to tell just when they will reach here.⁵¹

Three days later the *Sentinel* stated that "several large forces of men" had been sent off to dig out nineteen engines stalled by drifts between Cheyenne and Rawlins, and reported that there was no truth at all in rumors of stranded passengers suffering from hunger because they "are at all points abundantly supplied with provisions, mainly at the expense of the company."⁵²

Laramie, in common with other Wyoming communities, continued to grow and to expand, although its development seldom seemed to keep pace with the *Daily Sentinel's* prophecies. For instance, in May, 1875, the newspaper was predicting that within ten years the town would have extensive iron works, street railroads, woolen mills, glass works, soda works, and competing railroads. In June of that year Hayford wrote, "We have about three years to go . . . and our prophecy may be realized."⁵³

The town would not have the streetcars, woolen mills, or competing railroads forecast by the starry-eyed Hayford. But even if its growth was not spectacular, all newspaper accounts indicate that it was steady, with farming, stock-raising, timber-cutting, and the Union Pacific Railroad contributing to a modest prosperity. A decade after Hayford's pronouncements the *Laramie Daily Boomerang* was proudly running large cuts showing Holliday's Opera House, the soda works, the rolling mill,⁵⁴ and the Laramie National Bank.⁵⁵ The eastern house of Studebaker was advertising "ranch, freight, and spring wagons, buggies, buckboards & carriages," and the Trabing Commercial Company was stocking its shelves with tins and jars that by no exercise of the imagination could be considered staple pioneer fare: four kinds of imported champagne, six different Rhine wines, claret, Gotha truffled liver sausage, fried smelts, Vienna and Carlsbad wafers, Cross & Blackwell's calvesfeet jelly, stuffed olives, Prince of Wales salad sauce, Batty's Nabob sauce, anchovies in oil and salt, Hamburger asparagus, Cross & Blackwell's Yarmouth bloaters, pineapples, Roquefort and Edam cheese.⁵⁶

51. *Ibid.*, Dec. 23, 1871.

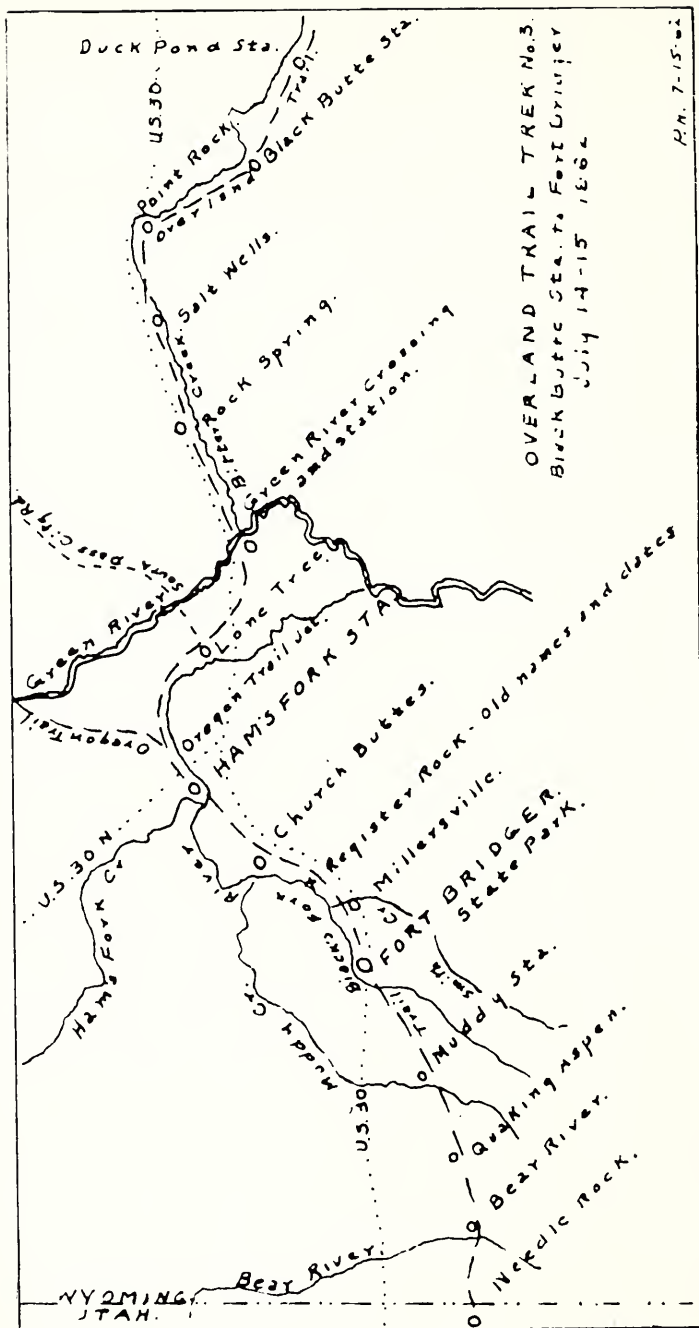
52. *Ibid.*, Dec. 26, 1871.

53. "Review of Laramie City from May 1, 1875, to May 1, 1876," *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, June 16, 1883.

54. Established by the U.P.R.R. in 1875, the mill was destroyed by fire in 1910.

55. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, June 10, 1885.

56. *Ibid.*, June 18, 1885.



Courtesy Paul Henderson

Overland Stage Trail-Trek No. 3

Trek No. 13 of the Emigrant Trail Treks

Sponsored by

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL
DEPARTMENT

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Sweetwater County Historical Society and Uinta County Historical
Society under the direction of
Paul Henderson, Lyle Hildebrand, Maurine Carley

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY - *Trek Historian*

July 14-15, 1962

Caravan—23 cars - - - - - 69 participants

OFFICERS

Captain.....	Col. Wm. R. Bradley, head of the Wyoming Highway Patrol
Scout.....	Paul Henderson
Guides.....	John Dickson - Black Buttes to Green River Adrian Reynolds - Green River to Ham's Fork (Granger) Charles Guild - Ham's Fork to Fort Bridger
Wagon Boss.....	Lyle Hildebrand
Historian.....	Maurine Carley
Topographer.....	H. M. Townsend, U.S.G.S., Denver
Photographers.....	Charles Ritter, Paul Henderson
Press.....	Adrian Reynolds
Registrars.....	Paula Waitman, Fred Hildebrand
Cooks.....	Elizabeth Hildebrand, Fran Heuton, Vera Ritter

NOTE: *Numbers preceding M in the schedule indicate distances on the OVERLAND TRAIL from Virginia Dale Stage Station. We start with 245M at Black Buttes Station. Most of this trek was made on oiled roads except from Black Buttes to Rock Point and from the Green River Crossing up through Rabbit Hollow to Lone Tree Station.*

This trek, approximately 130 miles, was on the old Overland Trail as nearly as it was possible to travel from Black Buttes Station to Fort Bridger. For the trail from Fort Bridger to Needle Rock Station on the Wyoming-Utah state line, which was covered by Trek No. 9, refer to *Annals of Wyoming*, October, 1959.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE OVERLAND STAGE TRAIL

The Overland Trail, originally called the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express, ran stages daily for about five years. It was the greatest stage line on the globe carrying the mail, passengers and express, and was also the safest, quickest way to get across the western plains and over the mighty mountain ranges.

The first daily stages left St. Joseph, Missouri and Placerville, California July 1, 1861. Both coaches reached their destination on the 18th, thereby cutting off six days from the southern Butterfield route. In September, Atchison, Kansas, fourteen miles farther west, was made the starting point.

After Ben Holladay took possession of the mail route late in 1861 he became the "Stage King" and the route the "Overland Stage Line." He employed the most skillful stage men in the country; he bought the finest horses and mules suitable for staging; he purchased dozens of first-class Concord coaches; he built additional stations, and added other features to make the long, tedious overland trip (2000 miles) a more pleasant one.

After five years he sold out to Wells, Fargo and Company who operated it until the iron rails were stretched across the continent.

DISTANCES BETWEEN ATCHISON, KANSAS AND STATIONS IN WYOMING

Virginia Dale, Colo.	752	Laclede	983
Willow Springs, Wyo.	767	Big Pond	995
Big Laramie	782	Black Buttes	1009
Little Laramie	796	Rock Point	1023
Cooper Creek	813	Salt Wells	1037
Rock Creek	824	Rock Spring	1051
Medicine Bow	841	Green River	1066
Elk Mountain	849	Lone Tree	1080
Pass Creek	863	Ham's Fork	1098
North Platte	889	Church Buttes	1110
Sage Creek	903	Millersville	1118
Pine Grove	913	Fort Bridger	1131
Bridger's Pass	922	Muddy	1143
Sulphur Springs	932	Quaking Asp Springs	1153
Waskie	943	Bear River	1163
Duck Lake	956	Needle Rock, Utah	1173
Dug Springs	968		

Saturday - July 14

9:00 A.M. The breeze was brisk and cold as the caravan assembled at Bitter Creek railroad station, which is thirty-two miles

west of Wamsutter on Highway 30, and seven miles south on an oiled road.

9:30 A.M. After the introduction of officers, Mrs. L. C. Bishop gave a short prayer in memory of the pioneers who traveled the Overland one hundred years ago. The sun came out, promising good weather for the trek, and we left on a country road which formerly was the old trail.

9:45 A.M. One mile to the west we arrived at Black Buttes Stage Station (245M) where partial walls of stone are still standing.

BLACK BUTTES

By John Dickson

Black Buttes Station was laid out following the plans for all stations - blockhouse, a powder house and a compound for the horses. Here you see the crumbling ruins of the house made from native sandstone and can trace the outline of the compound on a level flat to the north. The powder house was across the trail to the south. Such stations cost approximately \$1,000.

This station was named for the large butte which stands dark against the sky five miles to the west. It was there the men had to go over the dry desert flats for fuel, and logs for the roofs of the buildings and posts for stockade and corrals.

Bitter Creek ran close by the compound but its brackish waters were so distasteful that oatmeal was often mixed with it to make it drinkable. An old cemetery was located a short distance west of the station but it can no longer be recognized as a train wreck some time ago completely destroyed all evidence of the graves.

Bitter Creek country was the horror of the overland drivers. For a distance of 100 miles it was one of the most despised regions on the trail. The men and animals struggled through the beds of soda and sand under a scorching sun by day and shivered with cold at night in the 7,000 feet elevation.

From Bitter Creek west the Overland Trail, the Union Pacific Railroad and the Lincoln Highway now form close parallel lines.

10:20 A.M. We left Black Buttes Station on a semi-graded road that is generally in and out of the old trail. The country is somewhat interesting with queer and colorful formations along the way.

10:40 A.M. After 12.5 miles we arrived at ROCK POINT STATION (266.5M) on the left bank of Bitter Creek at the present site of Point of Rocks railway station. These buildings are made from brown native sandstone and are partially ruined. Some repair work has been done as they have been used as living quarters and a barn. They stand at the lower end of granite that slopes down and stops within 50 feet of the station ruins. (Rock Point was the original name, Point of Rocks came with the railroad.)

ROCK POINT STATION

By John Dickson

The builders of Rock Point Station were lucky, as rock was at its very door step. Other stations had to gather material for miles. Although more sturdily built than many of the others it is fast falling into shambles.

Some old timers say it was once known as Almond Station but that name was soon lost as Point of Rocks seemed much more appropriate and descriptive. [Early listings of stage stations give the name as Rock Point.] It was a relay point for the Overland and one of the few stations where the stage and railroad met.

The bluffs on both sides of the place are coal rock or white sandstone with coal outcroppings. Bridger advised the Union Pacific officials to locate the railroad through here and he also pointed out the coal deposits. It is interesting to know that Bridger's judgment was so sound that the tracks through here have never been moved.

Only two graves are still visible in the cemetery up on a nearby hill. One has a fence around it and the other a small stone as a marker, but no names can be found.

A red man who merits mentioning in connection with the Overland is Chief Washakie of the Eastern Shoshones. When the Sioux and other warlike tribes tried to drive the white men from the Oregon Trail, Washakie welcomed the traders here. His friendship made it possible for the Union Pacific to plan its route through southern Wyoming, thereby cutting through the richest coal beds in the state.

The old 1867 Sweetwater Mines Road led northward from Point of Rocks railroad station to Atlantic City in the gold fields.

11:00 A.M. We left Rock Point Station on Highway 30 westward. The surrounding hills are extremely interesting with variegated colors and shapes. Coal outcroppings can be seen on the sides of the bluffs.

An interesting story was told by Mrs. Walter Lambertsen as we rode west of Rock Point. She had been told that many years ago an elderly couple came from the East every year by train to a spot a few miles west of Point of Rocks. When the train pulled to a stop they stepped to the prairie, walked a short distance and placed flowers on a grave, then boarded the next train from the West.

This ceremony was carried on for several years then suddenly stopped. Who were they? What grave brought them so far on their yearly pilgrimage? Who stopped two passenger trains on this lonely prairie?

11:30 A.M. Because of the heavy traffic on Highway 30 the trek captain advised us not to turn left to the site of Salt Wells Station (280M). However we pulled off the road and looked at a green meadow a mile distant where the station had once been located.

SALT WELLS

By Maurine Carley

It is almost impossible to find anything about many of the stations along the Overland. Unless something spectacular happened, the history of many stations was lost. The days were monotonous, the workers busy, the occupancy short and it all happened so long ago.

The country surrounding Salt Wells Station is an uninviting valley with water which is brackish and in places very salty. The country is desolate and covered with greasewood and sagebrush.

Mr. James Knox Polk Miller made the following entry in his diary on Oct. 4, 1864. "Supper finished by 12 and started. Spent the remainder of the night vainly endeavoring to sleep. Reached La Clede head of Bitter Creek at two, 55 miles from Sulphur Springs. Rode until 9 o'clock when I again tried to sleep. The driver asserted that I snored tremendously. At *Salt Wells* 54 miles from La Clede & 209 from Halleck, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. made some cakes of flour and water. Fried some antelope meat and this, with some salt wells water, constituted our Bill of Fare. The water here is very strongly impregnated with salt, three wells having been dug before finding one fit to use. The water is miserable and in many places can not be used, being fatal to man and beast owing to the alkali beds through which it runs.

"Reached *Rock Spring* at about 11 o'clock, 15 miles from Salt Springs. Bought a pint of whisky for which I paid \$5 and spilled 3/4 of it. Weather warm. No people in mail station. no plant but sage. We meet hundreds of people almost daily coming from Virginia City out of provisions, some in starving condition."

Some general information which could be appropriate for any station probably fits Salt Wells, too -

The drivers blew loud blasts on a bugle about three miles before they arrived at a station so the relays would be ready. A driver almost held his whip sacred, and hated to loan it even to his most intimate friend and companion driver.

A mounted patrol accompanied each stage, and at each station there was a corporal, or other non-commissioned officer, and from 6 to 10 privates who went along as a mounted escort to the next station.

This popular poem was sent up and down the Overland Trail -

Dried Apple Pies
I loathe! abhor! detest! despise!
Abominate dried-apple pies:
I like good bread; I like good meat,
Or anything that's good to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried apple pies.
Give me a toothache or sore eyes
In preference to such kind of pies.

11:30 A.M. As we continued on west the hills closed in, making a little canyon only wide enough for the trail, the railroad and the creek. The rippled sandstone cliffs soon widened out and framed an arid plateau which continued for miles.

12:00 P.M. We arrived at the site of original Rock Spring and Station (294M).

ROCK SPRINGS

By John Dickson

Well over a hundred years ago early fur trappers searching for beaver discovered a fine spring of water issuing forth beneath a sandstone ledge on the Killpecker tributary of Bitter Creek. Surprisingly this was good water, a rarity in this section of the country.

While seeking a route for a transcontinental railroad in 1850, Captain Stansbury also mentioned this fine spring issuing from beneath the point of a jagged ledge of rocks. From the reports of Lieutenant Bryan, surveyor of the Overland Trail, early travelers learned of this good spring, so made it a camping site.

When the stage line was planned in 1862 the government sanctioned the establishment of many stations along the trail. Rock Springs was a natural due to the good water and a proper distance from the Green River.

In addition to the customary buildings the stage company built a very primitive rock hotel to serve as a resting place for the passengers. No trace of any of the buildings can be seen today, and the spring has been dry for many years. The location of the old station is shown by a marker which is on the edge of the present city of Rock Springs.

12:30 P.M. For lunch journeyed into Rock Springs to the city park.

2:00 P.M. We left Rock Springs on Highway 30 for Green River, fifteen miles away, where we turned south at the second stop light, and went under the railroad to stop at the Overland Trail marker across Green River. The marker reads:

GREEN RIVER DIVISION

Station Site

350 yards East

1952

DEDICATION OF GREEN RIVER MARKER

By William Hutton

Members and friends of the Wyoming State Historical Society. I feel greatly privileged to be here on this very special occasion and honored that I was asked to participate in the dedication of this

marker designating the Overland Stage Station route which operated from 1862 to 1865. The Green River Division Station site was about 350 yards east. This monument was erected by the former Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, the work of which has been placed under the State Archives and Historical Department.

I had driven an iron stake in this site many years ago when the road was clearly visible so that in the future there would be no question as to the center of the trail.

We are here today to dedicate this marker out of respect to all those pioneers who passed this way seeking new frontiers, and to Ben Holladay and his company for their decision in selecting this route through our part of the country. It was inaugurated on August 11, 1862. Our first claim to fame stems from the stage coaches passing along this route. Therefore, the name Overland Stage Trail and Ben Holladay are closely linked with the earliest history of this section of Wyoming and we must not forget this fact.

The dedication of this marker could not have come at a more appropriate time than during this trek across the Overland Trail, and we, the citizens of Green River City, are happy to be a part of this final trek over the trail.

3:00 P.M. We turned to the left a short distance to stand on the site of Green River Station No. 2 (309M). This is an ideal spot for picture taking with the river and Castle Rock in the background.

GREEN RIVER FERRY, FORD AND STAGE STATION

By Adrian Reynolds

If you want to be exact about such matters, Green River today is Green River No. 4. Green River No. 1 was not even close to present day Green River. You are now standing on the site of Green River No. 2. Green River No. 3, north of the river, was established before the railroad arrived and was incorporated as Green River City, Dakota Territory, through resolution of the county commissioners of Carter County, Dakota Territory, in the summer of 1868, before the arrival of the railroad.

Green River No. 4, the Green River of today—really came into being when the railroad moved its division point back from Bryan. Files of the county clerk of Sweetwater county, Wyo., contain a copy of a plat, filed by S. I. Fields, in 1872. An earlier plat, 1868, in existence several years ago, cannot now be located. It had been made in 1869 by a member of the Major Powell river exploration party.

Green River No. 1 was the famous Green River crossing and ferry of the original emigrant trail, some 30 or 35 miles upstream. It was there that the Pony Express and the original stage and freight

lines crossed. This crossing can still be seen today, with scant tracings of the old stage station buildings still existent on the west bank. Also remaining is the stub of a telegraph pole. The military telegraph line of the army from Ft. Bridger to Ft. Stambaugh was used up to the time of abandonment of the latter post, and it has been stated that the first news of the Custer massacre went out over the military telegraph line.

But I mention the north passage because too many persons make the error of referring to the Pony Express as having passed through Rock Springs, and Green River. The Pony Express was non-existent by the time the New Overland route was established.

Green River, as in the case of Rock Springs, came into existence solely because of the Indian menace that had stopped operation of the older route to the north. That history has been reviewed many times in the treks covering this route, so needs no further mention here.

This station, headquarters for the Green River division of the Holladay lines, was *apparently* abandoned when the railroad arrived and began serving the area with mail, freight and passenger service. In the *Frontier Index*, at the time of the arrival of the railroad in October, 1868, reference was made to the desire of the Wells Fargo agent to have the station moved across the river to the new town because of the inconvenience of getting passengers, mail and express across the Green to the stage station.

Evidently a large number of persons and businesses arrived in Green River No. 2 ahead of the railroad and expected the town to be "end of the rails" for the 1868-69 winter. Persons attached to the railroad in various ways apparently were selling the lots in the townsite and when they found the land already platted here, moved on to promote Bryan. But even Bryan was doomed for disappointment, for the rails pushed on to the Bear river for winter headquarters. Much of the town of Green River's population also moved.

The famous pioneer photographer, W. H. Jackson, has told me that when he preceded the rails to Green River one weekend, and made the first and now famous photographs of the rock formations you see across the river from where we are standing, the stage station appeared to be a fairly large establishment. Apparently Adobe Town, now covered by the huge cinder piles just north of here across the river, was built during that period. Use of some of these buildings continued until the late 90's, and the mounds marking the deteriorated adobe building sites existed until the early 1940's, when they were covered by cinders from the railroad.

Many have given the impression that the Mormons operated the "toll gate" just west of town. I must dispute this, as this toll gate was operated when a stage line ran from Green River to South Pass, up river. A granddaughter of the operator, Mrs. Lucinda Bramwell, still resides here. According to her recollections as told

to the family, no toll was charged for mail stages. The gate, a heavy chain across the road at a natural gate, was destroyed several years ago in a highway change. In 1872, county commissioner records show, a man by the name of Matthews was given permission to operate and build a toll road which went up the canyon back of the present day high school. This route is still used. Permission was granted to operate between Green River City and Pacific Springs.

Overland travelers continued to use the Ferry and Ford at Green River until 1896 when the first wagon bridge to be built over the Green River was completed as a joint venture between the town and the county, each paying \$2,500. This bridge later served the original Lincoln highway, which followed the Overland trail west and was not abandoned until about 40 years ago, when the highway department built the US 30 bridge three miles west of town and rerouted the highway completely. The bridge was still in use until the mid-1950's after the concrete bridge over which you passed a few minutes ago was completed. The old bridge was condemned and then torn down by the county. For 60 years it was Green River's only connection with the area south towards the Uinta mountains. If you look upstream, you can still see the remnants of one of the piers.

Around 1907, an attempt was made to navigate the Green with a steamboat, the Comet. This was unsuccessful, except for excursion trips near town. The hull lies buried in the sand somewhere in the river just below the point upon which we now stand.

Green River's first century depended entirely upon transportation activities—the stage line, freight and mail service into the Uinta mountain and Brown's Park areas, up river into the Big Piney country and the lines to South Pass. Because of this it figured also in the early livestock history and had as its visitors famous outlaws. The next century is starting with a new birth in the chemical, tourist and agricultural industry, entirely alien to the time that Green River was merely a stop on the river.

Oh, in parting, let me ask you not to confuse the present town of Green River with the fur history. The first rendezvous of the Ashley mountain men was on the Henry's Fork, 50 miles from here—the Green River Rendezvous which made history were all on the upper Green River. Compared to much of the West, our Green River No. 4 has had a pretty peaceful history.

3:30 P.M. On the way up Rabbit Hollow, so named by Stansbury in 1850, we followed the old trail which became the original Lincoln Highway. Not only must the emigrants have had a struggle to get to the top, but also it is hard to understand how the early cars made it. For sixty years, from 1862 to 1923, this winding, steep road was a part of the transcontinental highway.

Half way up we stopped to view the Cream and Sugar Bowl formations to the north. It was his picture of these fantastic rocks

which made W. H. Jackson famous, and won for him the contract to become the official photographer for the Union Pacific.

A stop was made on the divide (316M) where the only thing we could see for 100 miles in every direction was Pilot Butte, twenty miles away to the northeast. In 1812 Robert Stuart mentioned this same Butte in his diary as he saw it from the other side.

4:15 P.M. After traveling a short distance we came to a little cemetery on Black's Fork which was once the site of Lone Tree Station. Allen's Guide (1858) shows a crossing here but Mr. Reynolds can find no evidence of it on the south side.

LONE TREE STATION

By Adrian Reynolds

As with many of the way stations of the Overland stage days, there is little to say about Lone Tree, which records show to have been 1,078 miles from Atchison and 12 miles from Green River. As we see, the only remains today are the little graveyard where even the headstones have been destroyed by time and vandals. I have seen some surmise as to a river crossing here or nearby, but actual evidence does not bear this out.

As we came down the little canyon onto this flat, you could see the vanishing traces of the stage road. It has been about 30 years since I commenced tracing the old roads across this area—and all indications are that the main road stayed north of the river. Until time erased the crossings of some arroyas, this heavily marked road could be followed to Granger. A short distance east of Granger at least two pioneer graves were still to be found about 20 years ago. I have not seen them in recent years. Because of its short distance from Bryan, it is safe to presume that the stages picked up their mail, express and passengers at that point, because of the closeness to Lone Tree, during the short time that Bryan was end of the rails. The only mentions of stage service to South Pass refer to Bryan as the stage point on the railroad.

4:20 P.M. We took a little detour to the railroad station of Bryan named for the Lieutenant Bryan who surveyed the Overland Trail in 1856-57. This town was the end of track for only a short time. Here mail was piled high for the stages to pick up and take on west.

4:45 P.M. We returned to Lone Tree, then took an oiled road to Highway 30 and on to Granger (341M).

HAM'S FORK - GRANGER STATION

By Mrs. George Graf

Mail and stage stations were dotted throughout Wyoming in the early days. Some of these were called home stations and some

relay stations.) Ham's Fork Station, as this was originally known, was a home station. The first site was four miles from here. Some ruins have been discovered that are believed to have been part of the old Ham's Fork Station. As the routes were changed, the Ham's Fork Station was moved here. These home stations were from forty to fifty miles apart. Drivers were changed, meals were served and sleeping accommodations were available and supplies carried for the thousands of emigrants who passed by each year. Some of the home stations had gardens in the summer time so fresh vegetables were available. Whether Ham's Fork Station was one of these can only be guessed at as there is no record. As you can see there is not much left of the buildings here. In 1850 they were built of stone and later covered with adobe mortar with the main building having a lean-to shed.

The first record of this being called Granger Station was in 1862. It was on the first transcontinental stage line until the stage was superseded by the railroad in 1869. It was also a Pony Express station and later a telegraph station.

The first white men to use the route we are following were William Ashley and a group of his trappers in 1825. Fremont followed the same trail in 1843. In 1849 a party of Cherokee Indians headed by Captain Evans, of Arkansas, went to California over the same route so afterwards it became known as the Cherokee trail. In 1862 Ben Holladay purchased the contract and transportation facilities from Russell, Majors and Waddell. He was a man with great business ability and determined to make his stage and mail line the greatest on the globe. He bought the best mules and horses, improved the stations and ordered the best stages available. Some of his Abbott-Downing stages were large enough to carry twelve to fifteen passengers besides the express agent, the mail and the driver.)

In November, 1862, when one hundred horses belonging to trappers and traders were stolen between Granger and Ft. Bridger, Colonel Connor began placing soldiers on east bound coaches for the protection of mail, express and passengers. On December 2, 1862, he decided to garrison Granger Station and Ft. Bridger and did so until the following July. At that time the soldiers had a new duty assigned to them at the Granger station, that of administering the oath of allegiance to the United States Government to all persons leaving for the east as there was trouble in the Mexican Territory at that time.

As this is the Centennial year for the name "Granger", we who are making this trek today wish to pay special tribute to all the brave men and women who passed this way.

6:00 P.M. Soon the campers were at home on a high mesa overlooking Granger. Fires were lighted and supper was cooked. The less hardy folk went to Little America for the night.

Sunday - July 15

7:00 - 8:00 A.M. Everyone met at the campsite for a real western-style breakfast, an annual courtesy extended by Albert Sims, one of the organizers of the treks. Three cheers were given for the cooks, for Mr. Sims and for Colonel Bradley for his expert flapjack maneuvers.

After the dishes were done and the camp cleaned, Paul Henderson read a paper.

HAM'S FORK AND VICINITY

By Helen Henderson

Yesterday we followed a portion of an early stage coach and wagon road commonly referred to as the Overland Trail. One hundred four years ago, in July, 1858, the Sixth Infantry officially opened it from the headwaters of Muddy Creek to Fort Bridger, with restrictions that heavily laden wagons could not use the frail bridges over Muddy Creek and several other smaller streams. In those days it was not considered safe for the emigrant to pass through the common war grounds of the Utah, Crow and Arapahoe Indians that extended between the Medicine Bow River and Bridger's Pass.

As compared with the older wagon roads leading west from the Missouri River the Overland was somewhat a youngster, and it only had a short span of life, as it was soon terminated by the building of the Union Pacific railroad in 1869. However, during its existence it was a very important link in the transcontinental wagon road system, as it opened a western outlet for the new settlements in the Colorado country, or at least brought them nearer to the transcontinental mail service.

A number of ancient trails converged in this general area. When the Overland road came into being it junctioned with the older wagon roads near where we stand at the old Ham's Fork Station on the South Pass road. The route of the Overland trail was seriously considered as a line for the first transcontinental railroad as early as 1850. From 1856 to 1858 the railroad surveyors were quite active from the South Platte River to Fort Bridger, and it was from these surveys that the Overland was adopted as a practical stage coach line until such a time as a railroad would be built. However, it was the long gradual ascent up the Lodgepole Creek valley to the highlands of the Cheyenne country and on up to the summit of Sherman Hill that cheated the old Oregon Trail, with its South Pass, and the Overland Trail, with its Bridger's Pass, out of a railroad line along either of their courses through the Rocky mountains.)

(In 1862) the Overland Stage route was changed. Instead of following the old Oregon Trail along the North Platte and Sweet-water rivers through the South Pass and down to Fort Bridger, it

came up the South Platte river from old Julesburg to Latham. From there it turned northwestward to the Virginia Dale station and continued on around the northern end of the Medicine Bow mountains to take a westerly course through Bridger's Pass and via the Muddy and Bitter Creek valleys to cross the Green River near the mouth of Bitter Creek. From the river crossing it again followed northwesterly to Black's Fork and on up to a junction with the Oregon Trail about seven and one half miles east from Ham's Fork Crossing (Granger).)

From records we find that the Overland Trail crossed Black's Fork thirteen miles after leaving the Green River, evidently at the Lone Tree Station site. It then went ten miles farther to cross it again, then two and one half miles to the junction with the South Pass road, and then 5 miles to the Ham's Fork crossing and government bridge. Five miles east of here it came into the South Pass road and a total of seven and one half miles east of here it crossed to the north side of the stream, after having come ten miles from its first crossing at Lone Tree Station.

Some say that the stage coaches went around the bend of the creek and did not make these two crossings. It is possible that the coaches did not follow the original survey in this particular case.

8:00 A.M. In good spirits the party left the camp on Highway 30 for Church Buttes (353M), a spectacular arrangement of rocks appropriately named. Charles Ritter read a paper.

CHURCH BUTTES

By Hazel Noble Boyack

The covered wagon Vanguard of Mormon Pioneers had left the site of Winter Quarters, Nebraska, in early April of 1847 for the West. The objective of this band of men, women and children was to seek out a favorable location for a new home. They wanted this new home to be in some unclaimed area of the Rocky Mountain region. Thousands of exiled Latter-day Saints waited on the banks of the Missouri River for the results of this quest.

Brigham Young, leader of the party, was credited with having the best organized Company on the entire Old Emigrant Trail. A president and two counselors presided over the entire band. After this a captain of one hundred, a captain of fifty and then captains of ten were chosen, all responsible to the head leaders.

This Pioneer cavalcade consisted of one hundred forty-three men, three women and two children. The men were a skilled group of artisans. There were carpenters, masons, wheelrights, blacksmiths, brick layers, farmers, printers, scientists, educators and doctors. The seventy-three wagons were heavily laden with tools, farming implements, seeds and food. This caravan of wagons was slowly drawn over the prairies by fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen and ninety-three horses.

As these home-seekers slowly chartered their way over the uneven landscape of western Wyoming, they passed the present site of Granger, Wyoming. Beyond this point they directed their course a little south and west. After a few miles in a westerly direction, and on the south side of the Trail, there stood a curious formation known today as Church Buttes. This huge mound, streaked by winds and rain, stood alone in a sandy, sage brush plain and made a conspicuous landmark along the Mormon Trail. The Pioneers reached these Buttes early in July, 1847, possibly between the 4th and 7th of the month. As the Pioneers never traveled on Sunday no doubt one of these days must have been the Sabbath because legend has it that religious services were held at the landmark.

As the laboring animals drawing the seventy-three heavily laden wagons lumbered by on the hard earth by the Buttes, the sounds of travel must have echoed and vibrated through the grotesque caverns within the mound, breaking the dead silence of so many centuries. But many, many thousands more of Pioneers would, in subsequent years, re-enact this scene and follow the roadway chartered by this hardy band.

Today nothing but a marker remains to tell the story of this great western migration that once brought life to this silent and secluded spot and aided so much in the settlement of the early west. The road that passes by the Buttes was once a main segment of Highway 30. A traveler today, as he views the countryside, the shifting sands and arid stretches is led to exclaim, "What faith those homeless exiles must have possessed". They traveled on, trusting in their God to lead and guide them to a place of more fertile and verdant acres.

For many years an old church bell stood atop the Buttes, having been placed there by the owner of the landmark. In 1930 the Latter-day Saint Church in Salt Lake City placed a bronze plaque on the north side of the Buttes, near the roadway. The inscription reads:

CHURCH BUTTE

Erected July 24, 1930. In Honor of The Mormon Pioneers
Who Passed This Point in Early July, 1847, And in
Subsequent Years.

8:45 A.M. The caravan departed from the unique, natural landmark where pictures of the group were taken.

9:00 A.M. We turned to the right to cross Black's Fork and visit Register Rocks, (355M) which were high vertical cliffs of sandstone. During the 1860's many of the early travelers painted their names on the rocks with axle grease which has resisted the elements quite well, rendering them legible and suitable for photographing. Other early names were carved in the sandstone.

This site proved a very interesting spot for all, as Charles Guild pointed out segments of the old trail and extraordinary landmarks, such as toad stools and balanced rocks on pinacles of black clay.

9:45 A.M. A halt was made to read the Bee Hive Monument (360M).

10:00 A.M. Thickets of brush prevented a close inspection of Millersville Station. (361M). However, Mr. Guild pointed out the old road and the lay of the land so that every one gained a good knowledge of the location of that station.

10:55 A.M. The caravan arrived at Fort Bridger (374M) where all enjoyed visiting the historic buildings and taking pictures.

After lunch under the trees two resolutions were passed—(a) a desire to follow the Bozeman Trail in 1963 was stated. (b) a vote of thanks was extended to the Wyoming State Historical Society, Sweetwater and Uinta Chapters for sponsoring this interesting and informative trek.

1962 TREKKERS

Cheyenne	Casper
Col. and Mrs. W. R. Bradley	Mr. Ed Bill
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritter	Mr. Richard Eklund
Mrs. Clark Bishop	
Mr. and Mrs. Grant Willson	Evanston
and children	Charles Guild
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lowry	
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McInerney	Denver, Colorado
Maurine Carley	Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Townsend
Jane Hunt Houston	and Mark
Rosalind Bealey	
Mrs. J. H. Carlisle	Rock Springs
Katherine Townsend	Mr. and Mrs. John Dickson
	Mary Dickson
Rawlins	
Mr. and Mrs. Ward Cook	
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lambertsen	Green River
Mr. Harry Lambertsen	Mr. and Mrs. George Graf
	Mrs. Don Heuton and Rae
Wamsutter	Mrs. Ernest Nott
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ence	Mr. Adrian Reynolds
	Mr. William Hutton
Douglas	Eunice Hutton
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Hildebrand	Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wright
and Fred	
Bridgeport, Nebr.	
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henderson	Pinedale
Mr. and Mrs. John Waitman	Mr. Butler Hilton and family
and Paula	Randy Reed

Book Reviews

The Cowboy And His Interpreters. By Douglas Branch. New York, N. Y., Cooper Square Publishers, Inc., 1961. 277pp. \$4.95.)

This interesting book gives a broad survey of the cowboy and his depiction by writer, novelist and script writer.

To the writer, the books by Andy Adams and Will James ring true in describing the motives and methods of the cowboy on the range. The non-fictional stories of John Clay, along with those of other authors, make it a delightful experience to read the Christmas issues of the *Breeder's Gazette* at the turn of the century.

A recent book on the equipment of the cowboy and its use, by Ward, is among the vanguard of much-needed factual information on "how and why the Cowboy ticked". Recent cartoonists such as Williams and Reid have added much humor and fact, in showing the daily reactions of cowboys and stockmen.

Lomax made a singular contribution in handing down to posterity the songs of the rangeland, in which the cowboy played a leading part. Other writers such as Clark, Kiskaddon, Carr and Thorp have given us the aspirations of the cowboy expressed in verse as well as song.

To get back to the interesting book by Branch, there are some errors of fact or omission which should be pointed out. Although the writer has included the reference by Nimmo in his bibliography, his treatment of the start of the cattle industry on the northern ranges (page 107) does not agree with this reference nor with the known facts reported later in the story of the Newman Ranches (See *Montana*, Vol. XI, No. 4, 1961, pp. 28-36.)

Another statement plays up the sheepmen vs. cattlemen wars in western Wyoming (page 114) and the total lack of footnotes and references makes it difficult for readers to check further into these interesting items. The episode attributed as reported by John Clay (page 123) is another one which needs a reference.

Mr. Branch reports in a masterful way, the appeal and motivation of the western stories which during the past fifty years have constantly been a popular article for the newstand frequenter. A book of this type with a standard plot can be fitted to many historical backgrounds.

One interesting series of such stories are those by Elston, many of which have authentic Wyoming backgrounds. "Gun Law in Laramie" is quite accurate in its locale, although the usual romanticism has been sprinkled in for reader interest.

The book "The Cowboy and his Interpreters" has much valuable

material on the motivation of different writers in giving their particular picture of the American Cowboy. Its serious defect for a student of history is its lack of documentation and references.

University of Wyoming

R. H. "BOB" BURNS

The Troopers- An Informal History of the Plains Cavalry 1865-1890. By S. E. Whitman, with Drawings by Nick Eggenhofer. (New York. Hastings House. 1962. illus. index. 256 pp. \$4.95)

When asked to review this book, I looked forward to it with great anticipation. From a military point of view, and with an obviously biased opinion in favor of Wyoming, I can sincerely state that I enjoyed it; there are so many references to customs and traditions, old sayings and salty G.I. terms that are still around today. The informal history is broad in scope and brings many interesting facts to the reader's attention; uniform of the day, livestock and rolling stock, weapons, Brass Button homes. There are several such statements as "----was seldom the sort of thing one reads in novels or sees on TV or in the movies." I wholeheartedly agree with the author's attempt to set the record straight, although I disagree with some of his facts.

My family now resides in Quarters 6 in the old Fort D. A. Russell portion of Francis E. Warren Air Force Base. Our quarters were built in 1885, and I have seen the original blue prints showing this set of quarters listed as captain's quarters. It has two living rooms, five bedrooms, two baths, dining room, kitchen, pantry and basement, a total of 13 rooms and three fireplaces. This is completely contrary to Brass Button homes described by the author. It may have made a difference to be an eight-room officer at Ft. Lyon, Colorado, as told on page 138, or it may have occurred that lieutenants were given one room and fodder at some posts of the old west.

I feel I must also point out another distorted historical reference. In Chapter 2 the various regiments were discussed, and I quote regarding the Second Cavalry, from page 30: "In '84 the Second was sent to the Pacific coast and served there until '90 when it was transferred to Arizona and New Mexico." The Second's service at Ft. Russell is commemorated in a plaque across from present Base Headquarters which reads, "In 1867 Fort D. A. Russell was established near the present west gate. Composed of units of the 30th Infantry and 2nd Cavalry and commanded by Brevet Brigadier General John D. Stevenson, Colonel, U.S.A., to defend workers on the Union Pacific Railroad and the Overland Trail against Indians."

It came as somewhat of a disappointment to find only one reference to Fort D. A. Russell. "Then there was Fort D. A. Russell, just outside Cheyenne, Wyoming, with the Union Pacific Railroad running past the reservation. There the army wives found some comfort in remarking, "At least there's one good thing about this post—a train a day going East."

To omit Fort Bridger, being immortalized by the fine work of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department; to leave out any mention of Fort Laramie and the renovation of "Old Bedlam" and other buildings being accomplished by the National Park Service, left the reader somewhat confused. Needless to add, this book will not be popular in Wyoming.

S. E. Whitman, son of an army officer, who was born at Fort Sheridan and grew up in the Cavalry posts of the west, speaks with some authority. But he missed the "big show" when he overlooked Wyoming. There is enough history around here to write several volumes. With his talent, background and devoted interest in the U.S. Cavalry, I sincerely hope he finds the time.

F. E. Warren Air Force Base

MAJOR JOHN C. HAYES

Edward Kern and American Expansion. By Robert V. Hine. (Yale University Press, 1962. illus. index. 180 pp. \$6.00.)

Robert V. Hine, associate professor of history at the University of California, has written about part of Edward Kern's life as it was interwoven with America's expansion, which occurred in the acquisition of new land, resources, and trading privileges. The principal parts of the book are twofold: (1) America's expansion on the Continent, and (2) trips to the Far East.

In part one, Professor Hine relates Edward Kern's role as artist, topographer, and cartographer on John C. Fremont's Third Expedition, on the eve of the war with Mexico, to the Sierra Nevada Mountain Range by the rivers of the Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado; it ended in California where Edward Kern was placed in charge of Fort Sutter. Edward Kern was also with Fremont's Fourth Expedition which was made in the winter with the purpose of finding a southern railroad route to the Pacific.

In part two, Edward Kern crossed the Pacific Ocean to the Far East, principally Japan, and plotted navigable harbors and sea lanes, in order to help make travel and trading safer.

Edward Kern's maps, sketches and drawings not only were utilized by other travelers and adventurers but must have been appreciated by the greater number of stay-at-home people as well. He quite vividly depicted animal and human life (Indians and Orientals) that provided a greater understanding of the trans-Mississippi West and the Far East.

The book is written in correct thesis form, and is aptly illustrated by Edward Kern's, as well as his brother Richard's sketches and drawings. The principal weakness of the book is the lack of maps which could display routes taken by Edward Kern. If a comprehensive atlas were to be used in conjunction with reading, this aid would more greatly help one understand the material encompassed. The greatest strength of the book is the author's ability, sometimes almost poetically, to put down in descriptive words the vivid impressions that Edward Kern saw and felt and oftentimes captured on canvas. The book is also deserving of praise because Professor Hine uses a myriad of primary sources: diaries, journals, correspondence, et cetera.

This reviewer got the pleasant sensation of feeling that he was getting to know Edward Kern as a real person who had flesh and blood and is not simply a name to be committed to memory. The general reader might not be as interested in this book as would be the student of American history, particularly in American expansion, but it is a rewarding book to read.

The 162 pages of content do not consume more than one evening of reading but will provide much food for later thought.

Cheyenne

GEORGE W. PAULSON

Early Cheyenne Homes. (Laramie County Historical Society, Cheyenne, 1962. illus., index, 79 pp. \$1.00.)

Laramie County Historical Society has produced a fascinating chapter of Wyoming history, through pictures of many of the first homes in Cheyenne, the capitol city. The stories of these homes, in brief, are gathered together in a volume of great historical importance, which the society offers for sale to the public.

The book covers the era from 1880 to 1890. In these years a number of fabulously elaborate houses were built in the western frontier town, by men representing some of the most prominent families in the United States and Europe.

Strangers in Cheyenne were surprised to find there the mansions which were homes of Cheyenne leaders. In the western territorial city grew up a cultured society, their homes reflecting the best of their time.

Of the 60 homes described in this delightful book, many are gone, razed to make way for progress; some are now serving as business locations; some have been moved to other locations, and some are still home to Cheyenne families.

A remarkably fine job has been done in the commentaries accompanying the pictures of the early day homes; they bring back the romance of the early days in Cheyenne, much of the adventure and some of the tragedy as well as the personalities of the era.

The notes speak of the first owners, and often of the builders as well as the architects, and follow up the histories of these picturesque houses by noting subsequent owners, bringing the history of each home up to date.

Glimpses of rich furnishings of the period, notes on entertaining on the grand scale, notable visitors who were guests in these homes, including Theodore Roosevelt, are of interest. Three of the homes had ball rooms, and they all had, as a matter of course, large barns to house their fine horses and carriages. Some of the homes served as Governors' Mansions, during the terms their owners held that high state office.

Included in the history of this era is the exclusive Cheyenne Club which gained world-wide fame.

Ferguson Avenue (now Carey) was known as "Millionaire Row", as many of the large homes were built on this street. The builders of many of the elegant mansions were the early day cattle barons, and even though engaged in some mercantile venture, or other line of endeavor, many of the early day residents were also in the cattle business.

Misfortune struck many early day owners of these homes, during the disastrous blizzard of 1886-87 and the collapse of the cattle companies in 1889 following the great losses sustained during this bad winter. The panic of 1893 saw the end of others.

A committee of the Laramie County Historical Society was in charge of this significant publication. There are 41 contributors listed in the book as assisting with the gathering of the facts correlated into this book, and the pictures which illustrate it.

Pioneer residents of the area will thrill as they peruse this book so reminiscent of the early days they knew; newcomers will welcome this history and the information it contains concerning Wyoming's capitol city.

Casper

FRANCES SEELY WEBB

Great Western Rides. By Dabney Otis Collins. (Denver, Colo., Sage Books, 1961. illus., index, 277 pp. \$4.75.)

The reader of *Great Western Rides* is not sure if the man or the horse is the hero of each episode. Quite possibly, the author intended that hero honors should be equally shared by the two. Not only does Collins know horses, he obviously likes and respects them as well. His account of these twelve emergency rides in the history of the West points up the interdependence of men and horses, and the fact that early day life in the West would hardly have been possible without the horse.

The book is supplemented by an excellent section of photographs

and descriptions of the horses used in the rides—thoroughbred, mustang, quarter horse, Arabian and cayuse.

From California eastward across the plains, the rides recounted were undertaken for vastly different reasons.

Dr. Marcus Whitman rode from Oregon Territory to Boston to promote interest in settling the northwest, that it might be assured as United States territory, and the ride of James Haslam was made in a vain effort to prevent the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah.

On the other hand, a long and devious ride by Butch Cassidy and some of his companions of the outlaw Wild Bunch was made to elude a posse.

Portugee Phillips' ride from Fort Phil Kearny to Fort Laramie, widely commemorated in Wyoming history, is included in the book. In this account, as in all the stories, the author's thorough research is apparent. According to bibliographical notes, Collins covered on foot many of the routes followed by the riders. This is reflected in the detailed descriptions of terrain, ranging from timbered mountains to desert wastes.

The twenty excellent illustrations for this enjoyable book are by Nicholas Eggenhofer, whose work is noted for its vigor and authenticity. Both Collins and Eggenhofer are transplanted Westerners. Collins, a native of Alabama, came west as a young man, and for many years has lived in Denver. He has written more than 300 stories and historical articles on the West. Eggenhofer has recently moved to Cody from New Jersey.

Cheyenne

KATHERINE HALVERSON

Souls and Saddlebags, The Diaries and Correspondence of Frank L. Moore, Western Missionary (1888-1896), edited by Austin L. Moore. (Big Mountain Press, Denver. 207 pp., \$4.50.)

Souls and Saddlebags, the diary and correspondence of Frank L. Moore, is a true record of a God-inspired youth, and his efforts to bring some semblance of religion to a raw frontier. His efforts were somewhat nebulous. He does not spare himself, his converts, or the settlers who accepted him as a traveler and gave him shelter of sorts. He tried his utmost to bring a breath of devotion of a Supreme Being into the actions and lives of a new country.

Moore arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1888 from Michigan, and was immediately disillusioned by dirt, squalor and frequent gunbattles. Few, if any, of the transient population were desirous of living a better life. The abrupt change from a Midwestern civilization to frontier life was almost beyond his sensibilities to accept, at any price.

He moved on to Rawlins to work for the Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Rev. John W. Linne. His duties were to start Sunday Schools and to bring a semblance of religion to a rough and uncultured land. His letters to his fiancée, Carol Leigh, are a treat. He was torn between his devotion to duty and a strong desire to live, as best he could. His circuit-riding, either by horseback, stage or freight-teams, through Carbon County, the Little Snake River, the Yampa and many places in between, are a delight in his letters and diary. He was not always happy with his surroundings, but his conscience kept him dedicated to his work.

He later married Carol Leigh, and their experiences in bringing the Gospel to the untouched in Lander, the Big Horns and Northern Wyoming are monumental in the many and diverse difficulties they had to overcome.

Moore's father, Merritt Moore, a revivalist of the period, and a complete failure in anything he attempted, tried to inspire his son to greater heights. His diatribes to his son are not pleasant, and the fact that Frank Moore sent money to his father taken from his ministerial pittance, is a disturbing thing. The reverse should have taken place.

The book is excellently composed. The footnotes carried along with the manuscript are magnificent. Your reviewer knew many of the characters, either at first-hand or by reputation. This delightful narrative is most interesting to any who might be concerned with early missionary history, particularly in the areas mentioned.

Rawlins

P. E. DALEY

---and then there was one, *The Story of Cambria, Tubb Town and Newcastle*. By Mabel E. Brown and Elizabeth J. Thorpe. (Privately published, Newcastle, Wyoming. 1962. 16 pp. \$1.00.)

Wyoming's history to a large extent remains unwritten. It is heartening, therefore, to see a publication appear telling some of the local story of a part of Wyoming. All too little has been written on the history of northeastern Wyoming and Mrs. Mabel Brown and Mrs. Elizabeth J. Thorpe have started out to remedy this situation. For some time they have been assiduously collecting the history of Weston county and environs, and this little pamphlet is their first attempt to share their research and findings with others. The authors write in an interesting and sympathetic style, and their stories show the results of their extensive research.

This pamphlet, "And then There Was One", is the story of three towns, Cambria, Tubb Town and Newcastle. Only Newcastle remains at the present time. The general history of each is given here, and it is hoped that the authors will enlarge upon these stories

in future works, including many incidents of interest which occurred in these communities.

Cambria was a town of which its former citizens speak with nostalgic memories. It is the people who are important in a place, but the people of Cambria had something special, something they lost as a group when they were forced to move away because the coal veins gave out. After all the years since its abandonment, its former citizens still recall the strong bonds they formed there.

Tubb Town, "naughty little precursor of Newcastle" as the authors entitle it, lived high for a short period. It left its print on the scene only through the stories people tell of it. When the railroad by-passed Tubb Town, it died as quickly as it was born, and its populace quickly moved on to Newcastle.

Newcastle was so located that its future could be assured. It was fostered by the railroad, fed by the industry of Cambria, and absorbed the former citizens of Tubb Town. It has grown from a small community in 1889 to a first class city in 1962.

Through the story of the towns also runs that of Frank Wheeler Mondell who for many years served Wyoming as its United States Congressman. His accomplishments need more recognition by his Wyoming compatriots.

This little booklet is recommended to all who are interested in Wyoming history, and we look forward to additional publications by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Thorpe.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole. By Merrill J. Mattes. (Yellowstone Library and Museum Association and The Grand Teton Natural History Association, 1962. 87 pp. \$1.00.)

Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole, the Fur Trappers' Exploration of Yellowstone and Grand Teton Park Region, by Merrill J. Mattis, published by the Yellowstone Library and Museum Association and the Grand Teton Natural History Association, is an excellent and authentic history of these regions. This condensed book is read by both historians and the tourists who are interested in the history of these areas. Our sales of the book show this to be true.

Most tourists think of Yellowstone National Park as Colter's Hell; in this book they learn the actual location of Colter's Hell which was near Cody, Wyoming.

I find no new notes in the book, but it is well written, and the interesting illustrations give a fine history of the fur trappers' exploration in both the Yellowstone and Teton regions.

Jackson Hole Museum

W. C. LAWRENCE

Cow Chips 'n' Cactus. The Homestead in Wyoming. By Florence Blake Smith. (New York: Pageant Press, 1962. 118 pp. \$2.50.)

Cow Chips 'n' Cactus is more than just another book. It is a pep pill, a shot in the arm, a good laugh, a brisk Wyoming breeze. Any doctor or psychiatrist might well write: "Diagnosis: depression, grief, illness, loneliness, insomnia. Prescription: read *Cow Chips 'n' Cactus*—aloud to someone else if possible—and as fast as possible, stopping only for laughs, and perhaps to reminisce about your own experiences on Wyoming's young prairies. Repeat monthly as necessary."

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Cheyenne

GRACE LOGAN SCHAEDEL

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The University of Nebraska Press and Yale University Press are performing a valuable service in the field of Western Americana. Many books on the West have been out-of-print, difficult and expensive to obtain for a number of years. Nebraska and Yale are making such items, many of which have become classics, available again and at reasonable prices.

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Reminiscences of a Ranchman. By Edgar Beecher Bronson, with introduction by W. D. Aeschbacher, Director Nebraska State

Historical Society. (Reprint from A. C. McClurg & Co. edition.) 1962 370 pp. \$1.50.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales, The Story of a Prairie People. By George Bird Grinnell. Reprint prepared from Charles Scribner's Sons edition.) 1962 311 pp. index \$1.50.

Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crows. By Frank B. Linderman. (First published as *American: The Life Story of a Great Indian, Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crows*, copyright 1930 by Frank B. Linderman.) 1962 324 pp. index \$1.50.

Old Jules. By Mari Sandoz. (Reprinted by arrangement with Hastings House Publishers, Inc.) 1962 424 pp. illus. \$1.60.

The Hunting of the Buffalo. By E. Douglas Branch, with introduction by J. Frank Dobie. (Reprinted by arrangement with Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.) 240 pp. illus. index \$1.40.

The Wild Horse of the West. By Walker D. Wyman, illustrated by Harold E. Bryant. (First published in 1945 by Caxton Printers, Ltd.) 348 pp. Bibliog. index \$1.60.

Wooden Leg, A Warrior Who Fought Custer. Interpreted by Thomas B. Marquis. (Originally published as *A Warrior Who Fought Custer*. Copyright first by the Midwest Co.) 384 pp. Maps. \$1.90.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Yale Western Americana Paperbound

Trail to California, the Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly. Edited and with an Introduction and new Preface by David M. Potter. (First published by Yale University Press, 1945.) 1962 266 pp. bibliog. index \$1.75.

A Canyon Voyage. The Narrative of the Second Powell Expedition Down the Green-Colorado River from Wyoming and the Explorations on Land, in the Years 1871 and 1872. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, with a Foreword by William H. Goetzmann. (First published in 1908 and 1926 by F. S. Dellenbaugh.) 277 pp. index illus. \$1.95.

By Cheyenne Campfires. By George Bird Grinnell, with a Foreword by Omer C. Stewart. (First published in 1926 by Yale University Press.) 305 pp. \$1.95.

Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico: Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin. Edited by Stella M. Drumm, with an Introduction by Howard Lamar. (Published in 1926 by Yale University Press.) 294 pp. index \$1.95.

An Introduction to the Study of Southwestern Archaeology. By Alfred Vincent Kidder, with an Introduction by Irving Rouse. (First published in 1924 by Yale University Press.) 377 pp. bibliog. illus. \$1.95.

The Fur Trade in Canada. By Harold A. Innis, with a Foreword by Robin W. Winks. (First published in 1930 by Yale University Press.) 446 pp. bibliog. index \$1.95.

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HANS KLEIBER. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 33, No. 1, April 1961, p. 115.

General Index

- Abbott-Downing stages, 34:2:245
 Abbott, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Academy of Music, 34:2:198
 Academy of National Sciences, 34:2:185, 189
 Adams, Ramon F., *The Old-Time Cowhand*, review, 34:1:128-129
 Adobe Town, 34:2:241
 Ah Say, Mrs., 34:1:90
 Albany County, 34:1:72
 Albert Charles Peale, Pioneer of the Hayden Survey, by Fritiof Fryxell, 34:2:175-192; 175, 176, 177, 178, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 188, 190, 191; photos, 176, 181
 Albright, J. J., 34:1:94
 Alias Dan Davis - Alias Dan Morgan, as told by Mrs. "Doc" Daisy Spear to R. H. (Bob) Scherger, 34:1:60
 Allen, E. T., 34:2:184
 Allen & Co., 34:2:201
 Almond Station, 34:2:238
 Alsop ranch, 34:1:87
 American Chemical Society, 34:2:189
 American Climatological Association, 34:2:188, 189
 American Fur Company, 34:2:147
 American Gold & Silver Mining Co., 34:2:198
 America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty. Prepared by the National Geographic Book Service. Merle Severy, Chief, review, 34:1:123-124
 An Introduction to the Study of Southwestern Archaeology, by Alfred Vincent Kidder with an Introduction by Irving Rouse, 34:2:260
 ---and then there was one, *The Story of Cambria, Tubb Town and Newcastle*, by Mabel E. Brown and Elizabeth J. Thorpe, review, 34:2:256-257
 Andrews, Cora. See Mrs. Brees
 Andrews, Hattie. See Mrs. Phillips
 Antelope Springs, 34:1:46
 Anthony [J. W.], Lieut. Col., 34:2:277
 Arapahoe Brown, 34:1:48
 Arapahoe, squaw, 34:1:109
 Arnold, C. P., 34:1:92
 Arnold, F. L., 34:1:91, 92
 Arnold, Minnie. See Mrs. Eurgens
 Arnold, Olga Moore, 34:1:131
 Ash Hollow, 34:1:50
 Ashley, William, 34:2:245
 Atchison [Kansas] Patriot, newspaper, 34:1:66
 Atherton, Lewis, *The Cattle Kings*, review, 34:1:121-122
 Atlantic City, Wyo., 34:2:238
 Averell, Jim, 34:1:116
 Avery, Sally, 34:1:100
 Backus Creek, 34:1:98; canyon, 99
 Baird, Jay, 34:1:30
 Baird, Spencer F., 34:2:178
 Baker, Nathan A., 34:1:62, 63, 65, 70; 34:2:221, 223, 224, 225, 229
 Baker's Springs, Colo., 34:1:65
 Banditti of the Plains, *The*, 34:1:77, 79
 Barber, Mrs., 34:2:226
 Bar C, ranch, 34:1:99, 107
 Barnum country, 34:1:97, 101, 102, 104, 107, 108, 111; cowboys, 99, 110
 Barrett, —, 34:2:210
 Barrow, Merris C., 34:1:62, 79, 80, 81-82, 83
 Bartlett, Albert, 34:2:172
 Bass, Sam, 34:1:115
 Batten, Rollin, 34:2:171
 Bealey, Rosalind, 34:2:249
 Bear Butte Valley, 34:1:15
 Bear River City, 34:2:221, 224, 225
 Beaver Creek, 34:1:12, 28, valley, 21
 Bedlam, 34:2:148, 151
 Bee Hive Monument, 34:2:249
 Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 34:2:198; Mrs., 198
 Belcher, J. H., 34:2:140
 Belknap, W. W., 34:2:138, 139, 140
 Bellamy, Mrs. Mary, 34:2:201, 204
 Berry, Henryetta, review of *Wagons, Mules and Men*, 34:1:121
 Beulah, Wyo., 34:1:8, 11
 Bible, George, 34:2:170, 171
 Big Horn Mining Ass'n., 34:2:228
 Big Horn mountains, 34:1:40; 34:2:228
 Big Piney country, 34:2:243

- Bill Barlow's Budget*, newspaper, 34:1:62, 80, 81, 82
- Bill, Ed, 34:2:249
- Bishop Who Bid for Fort Laramie, The*, by Howard Lee Wilson, 34:2:163-174
- Bishop, Mrs. L. C., 34:2:237, 249
- Bitter Creek railroad station, 34:2:236; Creek, 237, 239, 240; country, 237; valley, 247
- Black Buttes Station, 34:2:236, 237
- Blackfoot Lodge Tales, The Story of a Prairie People*, by George Bird Grinnell, 34:2:259
- Black Hills, 34:1:7, 9, 58
- Black Hills Stage, Mail and Express, 34:2:142
- Black Thunder Creek, 34:1:13
- Black Vacks, 34:1:53
- Black's Fork, 34:2:247, 248
- Blackwell's saloon, 34:1:23
- Bladget and Co., 34:1:57
- Blake, John W., 34:2:209, 210
- Blodgett, Mrs. Mary Sherwood, 34:2:173
- Blue Creek, 34:1:101, 110
- Blue Creek ranch, 34:1:97, 100, 103, 104, 109
- Blue Rock, 34:1:57
- Bonney, Orrin and Lorraine G., *Bonney's Guide*, review, 34:1:123
- Bonney's Guide*, by Orrin H. and Lorraine G. Bonney, review, 34:1:123
- Boomerang*, newspaper, 34:1, 66, 68, 69
- Boston Globe*, newspaper, 34:1:76
- Bothwell, A. J., 34:1:116
- Bourke, Lieut. John, 34:2:142
- Bowen, Hunter, 34:1:24
- Bowie Cross Timber*, newspaper, 34:1:79
- Box Butte County, Nebr., 34:1:104
- Bozeman Trail, 34:1:51; 34:2:249; War, 61
- Boyack, Hazel Noble, 34:2:247
- Bradley, Ruth J., review of *Recollections of A Piney Creek Rancher*, 34:1:118
- Bradley, Col. Wm. R., 34:2:235, 246; Mrs., 249
- Bramel, Judge Charles W., 34:1:62, 67, 71, 72
- Bramwell, Mrs. Lucinda, 34:2:242
- Branch, E. Douglas, *The Hunting of the Buffalo*, 34:2:259
- Brees, Mrs., 34:1:89
- Brent, Lieut., 34:2:160
- Brewer, Nellie, 34:1:11
- Bridger, James, 34:2:179
- Bridger's Pass, 34:2:246, 247
- Brimmer, George, 34:2:170, 171
- Brock, Alfred, ranch, 34:1:100
- Brock, Billy, 34:1:101
- Brock, Elmer J., 34:1:101
- Bronson, Edgar Beecher, *Reminiscences of a Ranchman*, 34:2:258-259
- Brooks, —, 34:1:92
- Brown, Capt. Frederick, 34:1:51
- Brown, Judge, 34:1:86, 93
- Brown, Lieut., 34:2:155
- Brown, Mable E., *May Nelson Dow, A First Lady of Newcastle*, 34:1:5-30; 132
- Brown, Nancy Fillmore, *Girlhood Recollections Of Laramie in 1870 and 1871*, 34:1:85-91
- Brown Springs, 34:1:45
- Browning, Mrs. J. Hall, 34:2:163, 165, 168
- Brown's Park areas, 34:2:243
- Bryan, Lieut., 34:2:240, 244
- Bryan, Wyo., 34:2:241, 244
- Buck Shoals Hill, 34:1:76
- Buehler, Rev. Dr. H. G., 34:2:166
- Buffalo Bulletin*, newspaper, 34:1:79
- Buffalo Gap, D. T., 34:1:17
- Buffalo Creek, 34:1:102, 106
- Buffalo, Wyo., 34:1:40, 43, 45, 47, 108
- Bullion Gold and Silver Mining Co., 34:2:204
- Burlington and Missouri R. R., 34:1:24
- Burlington railroad, 34:1:104
- Burns, R. H. "Bob", review of *The Cowboy And His Interpreters*, 34:2:250-251
- Burnt Ranch, 34:1:54
- Burritt, Charles H., 34:1:43, 47
- Butterworth, Dr., 34:2:167
- By Cheyenne Campfires*, by George Bird Grinnell with foreword by Omer C. Stewart, 34:2:259
- Calamity Jane, 34:1:22, 23
- California Trail, 34:2:245
- Cambria, W. T., 34:1:11; Wyo., 31; Canyon, 21, 24, 28, 31
- Campbell, Gov., 34:1:87, 93; Mrs., 88
- Camp Brown, 1878, 34:1:51
- Camp McGraw, 34:1:50
- Camp Mitchell, 34:2:154, 157

- Camp Weld, 34:2:215
 Cantonment Reno, 34:1:46
Canyon Voyage, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, with foreword by William H. Goetzmann, 34:2:259
 Capital Hills. *See* Scotts Bluffs.
 Carbon County, 34:1:81
 Carbon, Wyo., 34:2:233
 Carey, J. M., 34:2:143, 144
 Carley, Maurine, 34:2:235, 239, 249
 Carlisle, Mrs. J. H., 34:2:249
 Carmichael's, 34:2:224
 Carr, E. N., 34:2:207
 Carter County, 34:2:241
 Carter Troupe, 34:2:226
 Carter, Wyo., 34:2:224
 Casement, —, 34:2:222, 223
 Casper, Wyo., 34:1:58, 62, 108
 Cassidy, —, lawyer, 97, 105, 109
 Castle Rock, 34:2:241
 Cattle Kate, 34:1:116
Cattle Kings, The, by Lewis Ather-ton, review, 34:1:121-122
 Cattlemen's Ass'n., 34:1:97
 Central High School, 34:2:176
 Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express. *See* Overland Trail
 Central Pacific, 34:2:225
 Champion, Nate, 34:1:107
 Chaplin, Wm. E., 34:1:62, 71, 72, 73, 75, 80, 81, 82
 Chappell, Gordon S., *The Fortifications of Old Fort Laramie*, 34:2:145-162; 262
 Cherokee Strip, 34:1:101
 Cherry Creek, Colo., 34:1:63
Cheyenne Daily Leader, newspaper, 34:1:63, 64, 65, 70; 34:2:141, 222, 223, 225, 226, 228, 229, 230, 233
Cheyenne Daily Gazette, newspaper, 34:1:72
Cheyenne Daily News, newspaper, 34:1:70
Cheyenne Daily Sun, newspaper, 34:1:75; 34:2:231
Cheyenne Daily Tribune, newspaper, 34:2:221
Cheyenne Democratic Leader, newspaper, 34:1:79
 Cheyenne, postmaster, 34:1:77
Cheyenne State Lottery, 34:2:193, 205
Cheyenne Sun-Leader, newspaper, 34:1:70
 Cheyenne, Wyo., 34:1:43, 58, 63, 64, 71, 79; 34:2:223, 224, 228, 229; first school building, 230, 231
 Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, 34:1:43
Chicago Times, newspaper, 34:1:74
 Chimney Rock, 34:1:50, 57
 Chipp, Rev. Frank, 34:2:169
 Chivington, John Milton, 34:2:154
Christian Weekly, newspaper, 34:2:177
 Church Buttes, 34:2:247, 248
 Clagett, William H., 34:2:180
 Clark, Edith K. O., 34:2:167
 Clark, Harry, 34:1:24
 Clark, John, 34:2:165
 Clarke, Henry T., 34:2:140
 Cogshell, C. E., 34:2:216
 Collins Brothers Saddlery, 34:2:215
 Collins, J. S. and Sons, 34:2:215
Colorado Leader, newspaper, 34:2:221
Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole, by Merrill J. Mattes, review, 34:2:257
 Comstock, Anthony, 34:2:204, 206, 210
 Comstock Lode, 34:2:193
 Connor, Col., 34:2:245
 Cook, Rev. Joseph C., 34:2:231
 Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, 34:2:249
 Cornish and Watson Saddlery, 34:2:216
 Cosmos Club, 34:2:189
 Coues, Elliott, 34:2:181, 185, 189
 Coulter, John M., 34:2:181
Cow Chips 'n' Cactus, by Florence Blake Smith, review, 34:2:258
Cowboy And His Interpreters, The, by Douglas Branch, review, 34:2:250-251
 Crane, Harry E., 34:2:165, 166, 167
 Clayton, Eli, 34:1:53
 "Club-foot Bill", 34:1:23, 24
 Coates, Fred, 34:1:15
 Coe, William Robertson, 34:2:172
 Collier, Drucinda, 34:1:5
 Collier, Nancy Melinda, 34:1:5, 6, 9, 18
 Collins, Col. William Oliver, 34:2:154, 155
Colorado Leader, newspaper, 34:1:63
Colorado Tribune, newspaper, 34:1:65
 Company B, 29th Iowa Infantry, 34:1:5
 Condit, L. R. A., 34:1:111
 Condit, Thelma Gatchell, *Hole-in-the-Wall*, Part VIII, Section 4, 34:1:95-111; 132
 Continental, steamer, 34:1:78
 Cornell, Rev. Joseph, 34:1:86, 92

- Council Bluffs* [Iowa] *Nonpareil*, newspaper, 34:1:65
- Cowboy Saloon. See *Dannie Mitchell*
- Coyle, M. J., 34:1:15
- Crancall, —, 34:1:92
- Crane, —, 34:2:167
- Crazy Woman crossing, 34:1:46
- Creighton, Edward, 34:1:87
- Crook County, 34:1:13
- Crounse, —, 34:2:140
- Cummings, Sgt. J. C., 34:2:155
- Cunningham, Daniel, 34:2:219
- Curran, Rev. F. R., 34:1:13, 17, 20, 21
- Curran's saloon, 34:1:25
- Cusson, Father, 34:1:93
- Custer-Belle Fourche trail, 34:1:17
- Custer County, Nebr., 34:1:52
- Custer, So. Dak., 34:1:12, 13, 17
- Custer, Wyo., 34:1:21
- Daily Leader*, newspaper, 34:2:204
- Daily Sentinel*, newspaper, 34:1:65, 74
- Dale City, 34:2:219, 223
- Daley, P. E., review of *Souls and Saddlebags*, 34:2:255-256
- Daley, Will, 34:2:170, 171
- Dandy, Capt. George, 34:2:158, 159, 160, 161
- David, James C., 34:1:52, 55, 58, 59
- David, Oliver P., 34:1:52
- Davis, —, 34:1:17
- Day, Arthur L., 34:2:184
- Deadwood Gulch, 34:1:8
- Deadwood, So. Dak., 34:1:8, 9, 10
- Deane, William (Billy), 34:1:97
- Dellenbaugh, Frederick S., *Canyon Voyage*, 34:2:259
- Delphos, Kans., 34:1:9
- Deming, William Chapin, 34:1:70
- Democratic *Times*, newspaper, 34:1:80
- Dept. of the Platte, Omaha, 34:2:139, 144
- DeSmet, Father, 34:1:35, 36
- Devil's Gate, 34:1:50
- Diamond Cattle Company, 34:2:215
- Dickson, John, 34:2:235, 238, 240; Mr. and Mrs., 249; Mary, 249
- Dillon, Sidney, 34:1:94
- Division of the Missouri, 34:2:139
- Dixon, —, photo, 34:2:181
- Dodge, Maj. Gen. Grenville M., 34:1:58, 70
- Doescher, Bill, 34:2:215
- Donelson, Bvt. 2nd Lieut., 34:2:148, 151
- Donielson, Charles, 34:1:9; Mrs. Nancy, 9; Neva, 9, 11, 12
- Donnellan, Mrs., 34:1:89
- Dougherty, L. B., 34:2:152
- Douglas, Stephen Arnold, 34:1:45
- Douglas, Wyo., 34:1:45, 81, 82
- Dow, Charles, 34:1:27, 28, 30; photo, 29
- Dow, Fannie Walters, 34:1:27
- Dow, George W., 34:1:27
- Dow, May Nelson, 34:1:5, 9, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31; photo, 29
- Dow Motor Co. 34:1:30
- Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico: Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin*. Edited by Stella M. Drumm, with introduction by Howard Lamer, 34:2:260
- Downey, Col., 34:1:93; Mrs. Stephen, 89
- Dry V Creek, 34:1:109
- Dragoons and Mounted Rifles, 34:2:146
- Drumm, Stella M., *Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico: Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin*, 34:2:260
- Drury, Dr., 34:2:170
- Dubois, William, 34:2:165
- Dug-Out on Oil Creek, plan of, sketch, 34:1:14
- Duniway, —, Pres., Univ. of Wyo., 34:2:166
- Dunning, George, 34:1:76, 77, 79
- Durett, Corett, 34:1:25
- Durett, George M., 34:1:25
- Eagle Canyon, 34:1:102; Creek, 102
- "Eagle Eye", 34:1:109
- Eagle Oil Co., 34:1:15
- Eagle Point, 34:1:53
- Eagle River, 34:2:182
- Early Cheyenne Homes*, by Laramie County Historical Society, review, 34:2:253-254
- Echo Canon, 34:1:90
- E. C. Lee Company, 34:2:217
- Edward Kern and American Expansion*, by Robert V. Hine, review, 34:2:252-253

- Edelbrock, Joe and Sons, 34:2:217
 Eggenhofer, Nick, *Wagons, Mules and Men*, review, 34:1:121
1852 On The Oregon Trail, by Mae Urbanek, 34:1:52
 Eighteenth Infantry, 34:2:157
 Eklund, Richard, 34:2:249
 Eleventh Ohio Volunteer, Companies "C" and "I", 34:2:155
 Elk Mountain, 34:1:13
 Elliott, Henry W., 34:2:179
 Ellsworth, Lieut., 34:2:154
 Elston, Allan Vaughn, *Treasure Coach from Deadwood*, review, 34:1:125
 Emmons, Samuel F., 34:2:185
 Emory & Co., 34:2:206
 Ence, Mr. and Mrs. W. E., 34:2:249
 Endlich, F. M., 34:2:182, 183
 Episcopal Church, 34:1:30; 34:2:231, Laramie's first, 231
 Eurgens, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Evans, Bob, ranch, 34:1:10
 Evans, Capt., 34:2:245
 Evanston, Wyo., 34:1:90

Family Band, The, by Laura Bower Van Nuys, review, 34:1:119-120
 Fawcett, Billy, 34:1:15
 Ferris Mountains, 34:2:204
 Fiddler Bill's funeral, 34:1:91
 Field City, 34:1:17, 20
Field City Journal or Stockade Journal, newspaper, 34:1:20
 Fields, S. I., 34:2:241
 Fifteenth Infantry, 34:1:51
 Fillmore, Millard, 34:1:52, 85
 Fillmore, Supt., 34:2:232
 Firnekas, Church, 34:1:99, 100
 First Christian Church, 34:1:9
 First State Bank of Newcastle, Wyo., 34:1:30
 Fitzpatrick, Lilian, *Nebraska Place Names*, review, 34:1:126-128
 Flynn Saddlery, 34:2:216
 Forbes, Davy, 34:1:24
 Fort Augur, 34:1:51
 Fort Bridger, 34:2:224, 236, 242, 245, 246, 249
 Fort Fetterman, 34:1:45, 81
 Fort Hall, 34:1:50; 34:2:146, 148, 149, 152, 153
 Fort Kearney, 34:1:50
 Fort Kearny, 34:2:146
 Fort Laramie, 34:1:50, 52, 57, 58; 34:2:137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 146, 147, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 168, 169, 170, 172, 228; site, 173; photo, 164
 Fort Laramie and Livestock Company, 34:2:169
 Fort Laramie National Historic Site, 34:2:144, 145
Fort Laramie's Iron Bridge, by John Dishon McDermott, 34:2:137-144
 Fort Leavenworth, Kans., 34:1:50, 58
 Fort Logan, Colo., 34:2:143
 Fort McHenry, 34:1:145
 Fort McKinney, 34:1:45
 Fort Myers, Fla., 34:2:172
 Fort Rankin, 34:2:154
 Fort Robinson, Nebr., 34:2:142, 143
 Fort Russell, 34:2:143, 223
 Fort Stambaugh, 34:2:241
 Fort Steele, 34:1:85, 86
 Fort Thompson, 34:1:50
 Fort Washakie, 34:1:51
Fortifications of Old Fort Laramie, The, by Gordon S. Chappell, 34:2:145-162
 4J outfit, 34:1:100
 Foxton, George, 34:2:165
 France, Richard, 34:2:210
 Frank, Mrs. Dr., 34:2:218
Frauds Exposed, 34:2:206
 Freeman Bros., 34:2:220, 221, 223
 Fremont County, 34:1:51, 72
 Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad, 34:1:43
 Fremont street, 34:1:94
 Frontier Day celebrations, 34:1:71
Frontier Index, newspaper, 34:2:220, 222, 223, 224, 225, 242
Frontier Lawyer, T. P. Hill, by Burton S. Hill, 34:1:43
 Fryxell, Fritiof, *Albert Charles Peale, Pioneer of the Hayden Survey*, 34:2:175-192; 261
 Fryxell, Roald, 34:2:191
Fur Trade in Canada, The, by Harold A. Innis, 34:2:260

 Galbraith, Ella. *See* Mrs. Charles Stone
 Gale, Charles T., 34:1:43
 Gallatin, E. L., 34:2:215; Saddlery, 216

- Gallup and Frazier, 34:2:216
 Gammage, Dr. Frederick L., 34:2:166
 Gann, Dr. Robert H., 34:2:145
 Gannett, Henry, 34:2:181, 183, 188
 Garcia, G. G., 34:2:214
 Gardner, Bobbie, 34:2:215
 Gardner, James T., 34:2:181
 Gardner, Tom, 34:1:100
 Garrett, George, 34:1:80
 Gates, —, 34:1:63, 65
 Geggie, J. B., 34:2:197
 Gilbert, Grove K., 34:2:185
 Gilbertson, Ross, 34:1:107
 Gillespie, A. S. "Bud", *Saddles*, 34:2:213-217; 262
 Gillette, Wyo., 34:1:24
Girlhood Recollections Of Laramie in 1870 and 1871, by Nancy Fillmore Brown, 34:1:85-91
 Glendo, Wyo., 34:2:172
 Goshen County, 34:2:144
 Grand Central Hotel, 34:2:140
 Grand River, 34:2:182
 Graf, Mrs. George, 34:2:244; Mr. and Mrs., 249
 Granger, (Granger's), 34:2:224, 244, 245
 Granger, Wyo., 34:2:244, 245, 248
 Grattan, Bvt. 2nd Lieut. John Lawrence, 34:2:152
 Grays Range, 34:2:190
Great Western Rides, by Dabney Otis Collins, review, 34:2:254-255
 Great White Father, 34:1:25
 Green River, 34:2:240, 241, 247
 Green River City, Wyo., 34:2:224, 241, 243
 Green River ferry, ford and stage station, 34:2:241
 Green River Marker, dedication, 34:2:240
 Green River Station, 34:2:241; site, 240, 241
 Gregory partners, 34:2:210
 Greub, Johnnie, 34:1:45, 46
 Grinnell, George Bird, *Blackfoot Lodge Tales*, 34:2:259
 Grinnell, George Bird, *By Cheyenne Campfires*, 34:2:259
 Grow, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Guild, Charles, 34:2:235, 249
 Gunster, Mrs. John, 34:1:89
 Gupton, "Boz", 34:1:11
 Hague, Arnold, 34:2:185
 Haley, Ora, 34:1:93
 Halverson, Katherine, review of *Great Western Rides*, 34:2:254-255
 Hamley and Company, 34:2:214, 216
 Hammond, Col. and Mrs., 34:1:90
 Ham's Fork Station, 34:2:243, 244, 245, 246, 247
 Hans Christiansen Ranch, 34:2:172
 Hansen, Fod, 34:1:17
 Harden, Victory, 34:2:216
 Harness, Mrs. Hazel, 34:1:52
 Harney, Gen., 34:2:153
 Harper, Alice. *See* Mrs. Robert Marsh
 Harper, Nellie. *See* Mrs. John Gunster
 Harrell, Lemon David, 34:1:109
 Harrell, Rap, 34:1:109, 110; photo, 96
 Harriman, E. H., 34:2:173
 Harrington, —, 34:1:93
 Hart, Laura Nelson (Dot), 34:1:7, 9, 10, 15, 18, 20; 131
 Hart, Sheila, *Petroglyphs*, 34:1:58
 Hat Creek, post office, 34:1:100
 Hatton, Gen., 34:1:69
 Hay, John, 34:2:172
 Hayes, Maj. John C., review of *The Troopers*, 34:2:251-252
 Hayden, Elizabeth Wied, review of *Bonney's Guide*, 34:1:123
 Hayden, Dr. F. W., 34:2:175, 178, 179, 180, 181, 184, 185, 187, 190; Mrs., 189
 Hayden Survey, 34:2:180, 181, 183, 184, 185, 190, 191
Hayden's Annual Report, 1871, 34:2:180
 Hayford, James H., 34:1:62, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 73, 74, 75; 34:2:219, 220, 232, 233
 Heiser, H. H., 34:2:216
 Hell's Canyon, 34:1:17
 Henderson, Helen, 34:2:246
 Henderson, Paul, 34:2:235, 246; Mr. and Mrs., 249
Herald, newspaper, 34:2:197
 Heuton, Fran, 34:2:235
 Hewes, Tom, family, 34:1:11
 Hildebrand, Elizabeth, 34:2:235; Fred, 235, 249; Lyle, 235; Mr. and Mrs., 249
 Hildreth, G. H., 34:2:208
 Hill, Billy, ranch, 34:1:100
 Hill, Burton S., *Frontier Lawyer*, *T. P. Hill*, 34:1:43; 131
 Hill, Lucy B., photo, 34:1:44

Hill, T. P., 34:1:43, 44, 47; photo, 44
 Hilton, Nellie. *See* Mrs. Locke
 Hinsdale, Guy, M. D., 34:2:188
 Head, Bob, 34:1:80
 Hogerson, Charles J., 34:1:49
Hole-in-the-Wall, by Thelma Gatchell Condit, Part VIII, Section 4, 34:1:95-111; 109, 111
 Hole-in-the-Wall gang, 34:1:97
 Holladay, Ben, 34:1:78; 34:2:236, 241, 245
 Holliday, W. H. Company, 34:2:215
 Holliday's Opera House, 34:2:233
 Holmes, William Henry, 34:2:176, 181, 182, 183, 185, 188, 191
 Holst, Sirene, 34:1:11
 Home Ranch, 34:1:31
 Homsher, Lola M., review of *America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty*, 34:1:123-124; review of *Treasure Coach from Deadwood*, 34:1:125
 Hope, Thomas, 34:2:211
 Horn, Hosea, 34:1:55
 Hough, William, 34:1:25
 Houston, Jane Hunt, 34:2:249
 Howell, Dr. J. V., 34:2:190, 191
 Howie, Tom, 34:1:28
 Hubbard, A. W., 34:2:140
 Hubbard, Elbert, 34:1:82
 Hueton, Mrs. Don and Rae, 34:2:249
Hunting of the Buffalo, The, by E. Douglas Branch, 34:2:259
 Hunton, John, 34:2:166, 171; ranch, 163
 Hurd, Vernon K., review of *The Old-Time Cowhand*, 34:1:128-129
 Hurd, Dr. and Mrs., 34:1:90
 Hurst, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Hurt, K. O., 34:1:24
 Husband, Bruce, 34:2:147
 Hutton, Charlie, ranch, 34:1:87, 88
 Hutton, Eunice, 34:2:249
 Hutton, William, 34:2:240, 249
 Hyattville, Wyo., 34:1:79

Independence Rock, 34:1:50

INDIANS:

Chiefs and Individuals:
 Red Cloud, 34:2:138
 Spotted Tail, 34:2:138
 Washakie, 34:1:50; 34:2:238

Tribes:

Arapahoe, 34:2:246
Cheyenne, 34:1:36
Crow, 34:1:16; 34:2:246
Ogallala, 34:1:109
Omaha, 34:1:54, 55
Pawnee, 34:1:55
Pottawatomi, 34:1:109
Shoshone, 34:1:50
Sioux, 34:1:16, 36, 55, 57, 109
 Inman, Col., 34:2:169
 Innis, Harold A., *The Fur Trade in Canada*, 23:2:260
 Inter-Ocean Hotel, 34:1:66, 71
 Ivinson, Mr. and Mrs., 34:1:93
 Ivinson, Maggie. *See* Mrs. Grow
 Jackson, William Henry, 34:2:179, 191, 242, 244; photo, 181
 James, Governor, 34:2:197
 Jeffreys, William, 34:2:145
 Jenkins, John J., 34:1:74
 Jenney Stockade, 34:1:17
 Johnson, Alvin, *Pioneer's Progress*, 34:1:124-125
 Johnson County, 34:1:43, 95, 100; court house, 34:1:47
 Johnson County Invasion, 34:1:107, 110
 Johnson County range wars, 34:1:76
 Johnson County War, 34:1:49
 Johnson, Sally, 34:2:145
 Joyce, Bishop, 34:1:92
 Judd, Orange, 34:2:205, 207
 Julesburg, Colo., 34:2:154, 229, 247
 Kaycee, Wyo., 34:1:95
 KB&C Commissary, Newcastle, 34:1:24
 Keen, Elizabeth, *Wyoming's Frontier Newspapers*, 34:1:61-84; 131; 34:2:218-233
 Keith Creek, 34:1:98
 Kemmis, Billy, 34:1:80
 Ketchum, Capt., 34:1:58
 KFBU, radio station, 34:2:173
 Kidder, Alfred Vincent, *An Introduction to the Study of Southwestern Archaeology*, 34:2:260
 Killpecker tributary, 34:2:240
 Kilpatrick Brothers and Collins, 34:1:15; Mrs., 27; sawmill, 24

- Kimball, E. H., 34:2:221
 Kimball, Thomas L., 34:2:142, 143
 King Bridge and Manufacturing Co., 34:2:139, 140
 King, Clarence, 34:2:183, 185
 King, James, 34:2:140; Zenas, 40
 Kingsford, More, 34:1:80
 Kirk, Edwin, 34:2:188, 189, 191
 Kittrell, William H., 34:1:77, 79
 Kleiber, Hans, *To The Little Big Horn*, poem, 34:2:211; 262
 Knox and Tanner, 34:2:215

 LaCledé, 34:2:239
 LAK, ranch, 34:1:12, 15
 Lake DeSmet, 34:1:32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 40, 41, 42
 Lambertsén, Harry, 34:2:249
 Lambertsén, Mr. and Mrs. Walter, 34:2:249; Mrs., 238
 Lambeth Conference, 34:2:172
 Lamer, Howard, introduction to *Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico*, 34:2:260
 Lander, Col. F. W., 34:1:50, 51
Lander Cutoff, by J. K. Moore, Jr., 34:1:50, 51
 Lander, Wyo., 34:1:50, 51
 Langford, Nathaniel P., 34:2:180
 Laramie City, 34:2:193, 198, 220, 223
Laramie Daily, newspaper, 34:1:65
Laramie Daily Boomerang, newspaper, 34:1:73, 75, 80, 81
Laramie Daily Chronicle, newspaper, 34:1:71
Laramie Daily Independent, newspaper, 34:1:70
Laramie Daily Sentinel, newspaper, 34:1:67, 68, 69, 73; 34:2:219
Laramie Daily Sun, newspaper, 34:1:71
Laramie Daily Times, newspaper, 34:1:71, 75, 80
 Laramie National Bank, 34:2:233
Laramie News, The, newspaper, 34:2:199
 Laramie Peak, 34:2:151
 Laramie Plains, 34:1:87, 88
 Laramie Range in Wyoming (Black Hills), 34:1:57
 Laramie River, 34:1:57; 34:2:147, 148, 156, 158, 162
Laramie Weekly Sentinel, newspaper, 34:2:204. *See Sentinel*
 Laramie, Wyo., 34:1:43, 64, 72, 75, 80, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93; 34:2:233
 Laramie's Peak, 34:1:57
 Larpy, I. A., 34:1:55
 LaSal Mountains, 34:2:190
 Latham, 34:2:247
 Latham, Dr., 34:1:88
 "Latigo", 34:1:101, 104
 Latter-day Saint Church, 34:2:248
 Lawrence, W. C., review of *Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole*, 34:2:257
 Leavenworth, Col., 34:2:215
Legend of Lake DeSmet, The, by Mary Olga Moore, 34:1:32-42
 Lincoln Highway, 34:2:237, 243
 Linderman, Frank R., *Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crows*, 34:2:259
 Little, Horatio, 34:1:60
 Little Oil Creek (Coal Creek or Cambria Creek), 34:1:28; map, 19
 Little Snake River Valley, 34:2:165
 Lobban, James M., 34:1:43
 Locke, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Lodgepole Creek, 34:2:246
 Lohleim and Swigart, 34:2:215
 Lohman & Co., 34:2:198
 Lone Tree Station, 34:2:244; site, 247
 Long, Maj., 34:2:177
 Lookout Mountain, 34:1:11
 Lowe, B. F., 34:1:51
 Lower Fire Hole Basin, 34:2:181
 Lowman, H. L., 34:2:198
 Lowry, Mr. and Mrs., 34:2:249
 Lusk, Wyo., 34:1:100, 102, 104
 Lutton, Rev. Arnold, 34:1:30

 McCabe, Chaplain, 34:1:92
 McDermott, John Dishon, *Fort Laramie's Iron Bridge*, 34:2:137-144; 145, 261
 McGraw, William F., 34:1:50
 McGraw, William M., 34:1:50
 McInerney, Mr. and Mrs. W. H., 34:2:249
 McIntyre, Bishop Robert, 34:1:91

 Mackey, Maj. Thomas L., 34:2:154, 155, 160, 161
 Maham, Richard, review of *Nebraska Place Names*, 34:1:126-128
 Mahan, Mrs. Elizabeth, 34:2:191

- Manchester, John K., 34:2:140
Mansfield, G. R., 34:2:183, 190
Marble, A. H., 34:2:172
Marsh, Mrs. Robert, 34:1:89
Marvine, Archibald, 34:2:181, 182
Mattes, Merrill, 34:2:145
Matthews, —, 34:2:243
May Nelson Dow, A First Lady of Newcastle, by Elizabeth J. Thorpe, Mable E. Brown, 34:1:5-30
Mead, Mr. and Mrs., 34:1:90
Meanea, Frank A., 34:2:215
Meanea, T. R., 34:2:215
Medicine Bow mountains, 34:2:247
Medicine Bow River, 34:2:246
Medicine Bow, Wyo., 34:2:169, 224
Meigs, Chief Quarter Master, 34:1:78; 34:2:143
Meldrum, Mrs. J. W., 34:2:219
Mercer, Asa Shinn, 34:1:76, 77, 78, 79
Mercer Island, 34:1:78
Mercer, Judge Thomas, 34:1:77
Merna, Wyo., 34:1:52
Merrill, George P., 34:2:178, 187, 188
Meyer, Frank, dry goods, 34:1:25
Miller, James Knox, 34:2:239
Mills, Mrs. Charles K., 34:2:176
Mitchell, Dannie, 34:1:46, 47
Moheetie Panhandle, newspaper, 34:1:79
Mondell, Frank, 34:1:15, 21, 24, 27
Moorcroft, Wyo., 34:1:24
Moore, J. K., Jr., *Lander Cutoff*, 34:1:50-51; 131, 132
Moore, Mrs. Lee, 34:1:46
Moore, Olga Mary, *The Legend of Lake DeSmet*, 34:1:32-42
Moran, Thomas, 34:2:179
Mormon Trail, 34:2:248
Morris, Esther Hobart, 34:1:70
Morris, John A., 34:2:210
Mother Hubbard saddle, 34:2:216
Moulton, Francis D., 34:2:198
"Mount Peale", 34:2:190
Muddy Creek, 34:2:246; valley, 247
Mud Springs, 34:2:154, 156
Mulhern, Jimmie, 34:1:80
Murray, C. H., 34:2:210
Mushback, —, 34:2:185
National Geographic Book Service, Merle Severy, Chief, *America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty*, review, 34:1:123-124
National Park Service, 34:2:144
Natrona County, 34:1:72
Nebraska Place Names, by Lilian Fitzpatrick, 34:1:126-128
Needle Rock Station, 34:2:236
Neeley, Sarah F., 34:1:70
Nelson, A. M. (Alfred), 34:1:5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 26, 28, 30; photo, 4
Nelson, Charles, 34:1:30
Nelson, Dick J., 34:1:7, 9, 10, 13, 16, 17, 18, 23, 24, 25, 27, 131; photo, 4; *Wyoming Memories*, poem, 34:1:112-114
Nelson, Eliza, 34:1:6
Nelson, Frank Ellen, 34:1:6, 9, 11, 20
Nelson, Geneva, 34:1:7
Nelson, Henry, 34:1:5, 6
Nelson, Ida J., 34:1:6
Nelson, James, 34:1:5
Nelson, Lloyd, 34:1:5, 6
Nelson, Martha, 34:1:6
Nelson, Mary Caroline (Dalton), 34:1:6, 7, 9, 11, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 28; photo, 4
Nelson, Nancy Melinda, 34:1:6, 7, 9, 17
Nelson, Neva, 34:1:16, 18, 26
Nelson, Orpha May, 34:1:7
Nelson, Pearl, 34:1:30
Neumann, —, 34:2:177; ranch, 133
Newcastle, Wyo., 34:1:13, 21, 25, 26
New York Herald, newspaper, 34:2:197, 201
New York Times, newspaper, 34:2:177, 194, 196, 203, 205
New York World, newspaper, 34:1:73
NH ranch, 34:1:95
Nichols, Harry, 34:1:45
Nickerson, Capt. H. G., 34:2:227
Noah, Morton, 34:1:6
Noble, John, 34:2:144, 216
Nordell, Philip Gardiner, *Pattee, the Lottery King*, 34:2:193-211; 261
North Platte River, 34:2:137, 147, 246
North Platte Valley, 34:2:157
Northwestern Livestock Journal, newspaper, 34:1:76, 79
Northwestern Railroad. *See* Wyoming Central Railroad Company
Nott, Mrs. Ernest, 34:2:249
Nuckolls, S. F., 34:1:67, 68
Nye, Edgar Wilson [Bill], 34:1:62, 73, 74, 75, 76, 80, 81

- O'Brien, —, 34:2:166, 167
 Occidental Hotel, 34:1:46, 48
 O'Day, Tom, 34:1:48
 Ogilby, Bishop Lyman, 34:2:167
 Ogilby, Rev. Remsen, 34:2:167, 170
 Oil Creek, 34:1:27
 Old Bedlam, 34:1:58
 Old Emigrant Trail, 34:2:247
Old Jules, by Mari Sandoz, 34:2:259
Old-Time Cowhand, The, by Ramon F. Adams, review, 34:1:128-129
 Olmstead, Rev. Dr. William B., 34:2:166
 Ord, Gen., 34:2:138, 139
Oregon Granger, newspaper, 34:1:79
 Oregon Trail, 34:1:52; 34:2:146, 147, 246, 247
 Osborne, John E., Gov., 34:1:72
 Overland Exchange Hall, 34:2:226
Overland Guide to California, 34:1:55
 Overland Stage Line, 34:2:236, 246; Station, 241
Overland Stage Trail - Trek No. 3, 34:2:235-249
 Overland Trail, 34:1:50, 51; 34:2:235, 236, 237, 240, 241, 246, 247
 Owen, Etta. *See* Mrs. Roach
 Owen, Eva. *See* Mrs. Stephen Downey
- Pacific Springs, 34:2:243
 Packer, Gov., 34:1:87
 Palmer, Gen. John M., 34:1:70
 Patrick Brothers, 34:1:45
 Pattee, James Monroe, 34:2:193, 194, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 209, 210, 211; photo, 196
Pattee, the Lottery King, The Omaha and Wyoming Lotteries, by Philip Gardiner Nordell, 34:2:193-211
 Pattee's Bullion Mining Co., 34:2:208
 Paulson, George W., review of *Edward Kern and American Expansion*, 34:2:252-253
 Peabody, Dr. Endicott, 34:2:166, 170
 Peale, Albert Charles. *See* *Albert Charles Peale*
 Peale, Charles Willson, 34:2:175, 189
- Peale, Eliza Burd Patterson, 34:2:176
 Peale, Harriet Friel, 34:2:176
 Peale Island, 34:2:190
 Peale, J. Burd, 34:2:176
 Peale, Rubens, 34:2:176
 Peale, Titian R., 34:2:177, 189
 Peale, Young, 34:2:176
 Peale's Museum, 34:2:176
 Pearce, D. J., 34:1:92
 Perry, Gen. A. J., 34:2:139, 140
 Pettigrew, Charlie (Charles), 34:1:6, 8, 10, 11
 Pettigrew, Freddie, 34:1:8
 Pettigrew party, 34:1:7
 Pettigrew, Sarah, 34:1:6, 8; photo 4
Petroglyphs, poem, by Sheila Hart, 34:1:59
 Phalen, James, 34:2:210
Philadelphia Press, newspaper, 34:2:177
 Phillips, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Pickering, Gov., 34:1:78
 Pike, Marshall S., 34:2:204, 205
 Pioneer Association, 34:1:71
 Pine Ridge, 34:1:109
Pioneer's Progress, by Alvin Johnson, review, 34:1:124-125
 Platte River, 34:1:55, 57, 58, 62; crossing, 45; 34:2:154, 166
Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crows, by Frank R. Linderman, 34:2:259
 Point of Rocks, 34:2:237, 238; railway station, 237, 238
 Poison Spider Creek, 34:1:116
 Popo Agie River, 34:1:50; valley, 51
 Porter, Judge John R., 34:2:197
 Porter, T. C., 34:2:181
 Porter, Tommy, 34:1:106
 Potter, David M., *Trail to California, the Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly*, 34:2:259
 Poulton, P. C., 34:1:75
 Powder River crossing, 34:1:46, 60; canyon, 98, 99; country, 34:2:154
 Powell, John Wesley, 34:2:185, 189
 Powell, Maj., 34:2:241
 Preuss Range, 34:2:190
 Proctor, Redfield, 34:2:143, 144
 Pumpelly, Raphael, 34:2:185
 Pumpkin Buttes, 34:1:102
- Quartermaster Department, 34:2:158, 159, 160
 "Quarter Master's Corral", 34:2:161

- Rabbit Hollow, 34:2:243
 Rattlesnake River, 34:1:57
 Raw Hide creek, 34:1:57
 Rawlins, Wyo., 34:1:81; 34:2:233
 Rawlins *Wyoming Tribune*, newspaper, 34:1:81
 Reynolds, Capt., W. F., 34:2:179
 Read, Eunice D., 34:2:206
 Read, Nate, 32:2:207
 Read, Sherman, 34:2:206, 207
 Read & Co., 34:2:206
Recollections of a Piney Creek Rancher by Fred J. Todd, review, 34:1:118
 Red Cabin, 34:1:102, 103
 Red Forks, 34:1:100
 Red River, 34:1:101
 Red Wall, 34:1:95, 97; country, 111
 Redick's Opera House, 34:2:196
 Reed, Erle, 34:2:171, 172
 Reed, Randy, 34:2:249
 Reeside, John B., 34:2:191
 Reeves, Dr., 34:1:94
 Register Rocks, 34:2:248
Reminiscences of a Ranchman, by Edgar Beecher Bronson, 34:2:258-259
 Reynolds, Adrian, 34:2:235, 241, 244, 249
 Richardson, Sumner, 34:1:102
 Riley, James Whitcomb, 34:1:73
 Ritter, Charles, 34:2:247; Mr. & Mrs., 235, 249
 Roach, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Robertson, G. D., 34:2:187
 Rock Point Station. *See* Point of Rocks
 Rock River, Wyo., 34:2:224
 Rock Springs, Wyo., 34:2:239, 240, 242
Rocky Mountain News, newspaper, 34:1:63
 Rocky Ridge, 34:1:50
 Roderick, Leo, 34:1:20, 22, 23
 Rollins, Mr., 34:2:221
 Root's Opera House, 34:1:93
 Ross, Charley, 34:2:199
 Rucker, Daniel H., 34:2:139, 140
 Rumsey, Edith, 34:1:89
 Rumsey, Capt. Henry, 34:1:89
 Rumsey, James (Jim), 34:1:89
 Rumsey, Philo, 34:1:89
 Rumsey, Mrs., 34:1:89
 Russell, Majors and Waddell, 34:2:246
Saddles, by A. S. "Bud" Gillespie, 34:2:213
Sagebrush Philosophy, magazine, 34:1:82
 Sage Creek, 34:1:45
 St. John, Orestes, 34:2:181, 183
 St. Mary's station, 34:1:85
 St. Matthew's Cathedral, 34:2:173
 Samson, Walter L., Jr., review of *Pioneer's Progress*, 34:1:124-125
 Sand Creek, 34:1:8, 17, 18, 25
 Sandercock, Mrs. Hattie, 34:2:166
 Sandoz, Mari, *Old Jules*, 34:2:259; *These Were The Sioux*, review, 34:1:120
 Salt Wells Station, 34:2:239
 Sanderson, Maj. Winslow F., 34:2:147
 Sarpy, John, 34:2:147
 Saufley, Judge Micah Chrisman, 34:1:43, 48; photo, 47
 Saunders, Gov., 34:2:197
 Schaedel, Grace Logan, review of *Cow Chips 'n' Cactus*, 34:2:258
 Schell, Assistant Surgeon, 34:2:160
 Scherger, R. H. (Bob), *Alias Dan Davis - Alias Dan Morgan*, 34:1:60
 Schnyder, Sgt., Leodegar, 34:2:153, 155
 Schoelkoph, —, 34:2:217
 Schonborn, Anton, 34:2:179
 Schoonmaker, Walter, 34:1:24
 Schuchert, Prof. Charles, 34:2:183
 Schurz, Carl, 34:2:185
 Scotts Bluffs, 34:1:57
 Scoville Saddlery, 34:2:215
 Seane, Patrick S., 34:2:231
 Second Cavalry, 34:2:157, 159
Second Man, The, by Mae Urbanek, review, 34:1:129-130
 Securities State Bank of Newcastle, 34:1:30
Sentinel, newspaper, 34:1:75; 34:2:231, 232, 233
 Seventeen Mile station, 34:1:46
 Severy, Merle, *America's Historylands, Landmarks of Liberty*, review, 34:1:123-124
 Sharp, Charles, 34:1:145
 Sheridan, Lieut. Gen., 34:2:139, 140
 Sherman Hill, 34:2:223, 246
 Sherman, Gen., 34:2:143
 Sherraden, A. G., 34:1:52
 Shoshone Indian Agency, 34:1:51
 Sickles, P., 34:2:215
 Silver Crown, 34:2:221
 Simmons, Z. E., 34:2:210
 Simpson & Co., 34:2:210
 Sims, Albert, 34:2:246

- Sioux Refinery, 34:1:25
 Sixth Infantry, 34:2:246
 Slack, Edward Archibald, 34:1:62, 69, 70, 71, 75
 Snake River, 34:2:181
 Snyder, O. S., 34:2:216
Songs of the Sage, by Mae Urbanek, review, 34:1:126
Souls and Saddlebags, edited by Austin L. Moore, review, 34:2:255-256
 South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road, 34:1:50
 South Pass City, 34:1:50, 70; 34:2:225, 226, 243, 246
South Pass News, newspaper, 34:1:64, 70; 34:2:227
 South Pass road, 34:2:247
 South Platte River, 34:2:246, 247
 Spangler, Frank, 34:1:110, 111
 Spear, Mrs. "Doc" Daisy, *Alias Dan Davis - Alias Dan Morgan*, 34:1:60
 Spearfish Creek, 34:1:8; Valley, 8, 9, 10
 Speedy Stirrup Pin Company, 34:2:217
 Spencer, J. C., 34:1:15
 Spring, Agnes Wright, review of *The Cattle Kings*, 34:1:121-122
 Stanford, Leland, 34:2:225
 Stansbury, Capt., 34:2:240
 Stanton, Capt. William S., 34:2:141
 Steele, W. R., 34:1:68; 34:2:138, 139, 141
 Steiger, Otto, 34:2:215
 Stevenson, James, 34:2:179, 181
 Stewart, Eliza, 34:2:231
 Stockade Beaver, valley of, 34:1:17
Stockade Journal, newspaper. *See Field City Journal*
 Stone, Mrs. Charles, 34:1:89
 Streeter, —, 34:2:217
 Strickland, Gen. S. A., 34:2:197
 Stuart, Robert, 34:1:116; 34:2:244
 Stubbs, Amelia, 34:1:100, 102; Barton Jefferson, 100; Bill, 102, 105; Charles (Bud), 100, 103, 110; Charlie, photo, 98; Elizabeth, 100; Grandma, 105, 106, photo, 96; Grandpa, 105, 106, photo, 96; Isaac (Ike), 100, 102, 103; James, 100, 101; Jim, 95, 97, 100, 101, 103, 106, 107, 108, 109, photo, 96; Lois, 107, 109; Martha (Sally), 100, 101; Rachel, 100; William Avery (Bill), 100, 103
 Sturgis, Wyo., 34:1:15
 Sulphur Springs, 34:2:239
Sundance Gazette, newspaper, 34:1:11
 Sundance, Wyo., 34:1:11, 12, 25
Sun-Leader, newspaper, 34:1:70
 Swan Land & Cattle Co., 34:2:215
 Sweet, Tom, 34:1:17
 Sweetwater County, 34:2:241
Sweetwater Mines, newspaper, 34:2:225, 226, 227
 Sweetwater Mines Road, 34:2:238
 Sweetwater River, 34:2:246
 Sylvester, —, 34:1:54, 57
 Taylor boys, 34:1:106
 Taylor, Bert, 34:1:101; Ed, 101; Emma, 101; Homer, 101; John Wesley, 101; Rose, 101; Sally, 101, 102; Talton, 101; Will, 101
 Taylor, —, 34:1:58, 59
Tecumseh Chieftain, newspaper, 34:1:80
 Thayer, Rev. William, D. D., 34:2:166, 167, 169, 170, 173
 Thayer, Gov., 34:2:200
These Were The Sioux, by Mari Sandoz, review, 34:1:120
 Thomas, Cyrus, 34:2:179
 Thomas, George C. Jr., 34:2:171; Mrs., 170
 Thomas, Rt. Rev. Nathaniel S., 34:2:163, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173
 Thorpe, Elizabeth J., *May Nelson Dow, A First Lady of Newcastle*, 34:1:5-30; 132
 Thorpe, Dr. V. L., 34:1:132
 Tilton, Mrs., 34:2:198
The Times Illustrated, newspaper, 34:2:198
 Tisdale, Johnny, 34:1:107
 Todd, Fred J., *Recollections of Piney Creek Rancher*, review, 34:1:118
 Toole, Robert, 34:2:165, 170
To The Little Big Horn, by Hans Kleiber, poem, 34:2:211
 Townsend, H. M., 34:2:235; Mr. & Mrs. and Mark, 249
 Townsend, Katherine, 34:2:249
 Trabing Commercial Company, 34:2:233

- Trabing, Wyo., 34:1:45
 Traders Point (Omaha), 34:1:55
Trail to California, the Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly, Edited and with an Introduction and new Preface by David M. Potter, 34:2:259
Treasure Coach from Deadwood, by Allan Vaughn Elston, review, 34:1:125
 Trigood Oil Company, 34:1:116
Troopers, The, by S. E. Whitman, review, 34:2:251-252
 Tubbs, Deloss, 34:1:17, 18
 Tubb's store, 34:1:17, 23
 Tubbtown, Wyo., 34:1:13, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27
 Turnbull, Dr., photo, 34:2:181
 Tyler, Ben, 34:2:211

 Union Pacific Hotel, 34:1:89
 Union Pacific Railroad, 34:1:43, 58, 70, 85, 88, 90, 94; 34:2:137, 142, 222, 223, 225, 226, 233, 237, 238
 University High School, 34:2:166
 University of Wyoming, 34:1:92
 Urbanek, Mae, 1852 *On The Oregon Trail*, 34:1:52; *Songs of the Sage*, review, 34:1:126; *The Second Man*, review, 129: 132

 Van Nuys, Laura Bower, *The Family Band*, review, 34:1:119-120
 Van Voast, Maj. James, 34:2:158
Vernon Guard, newspaper, 34:1:79
 Virginia Dale Station, 34:2:247
 Visalia Company, 34:2:216

 Wagner, Charles, 34:1:93
Wagons, Mules and Men, by Nick Eggenhofer, review, 34:1:121
 Waitman, Mr. and Mrs., 34:2:249; Paula, 235
 Walker, D. E., 34:2:214, 215
 Wamsutter, Wyo., 34:2:237
 Wanless, Col., 34:2:224
 Warthen, Slim, 34:2:145

 Washburn - Langford - Doane party, 34:2:179
 Watson, —, 34:1:104
 Webb, Frances Seely, review of *Early Cheyenne Homes*, 34:2:253-254
 Webber Canon, 34:1:90
 Webster Range, 34:2:190
Weekly Sentinel, newspaper, 34:1:65; 34:2:208
 Wellman, George, 34:1:97
 Wells Fargo and Company, 34:2:236
 Weston County, 34:1:13, 21, 30
 Wheatland, Wyo., 34:2:169
 Wheeler, Jimmy, dance hall and saloon, 34:1:25
 White, Addie, 34:1:21
 White, Charles A., 34:2:181, 182, 189
 White, Hershon, 34:1:17, 18, 21
 White, Irma, review of *Songs of the Sage*, 34:1:126; review of *The Second Man*, 34:1:129-130
 Whitewood, D. T., 34:1:9
 Whitman, S. E., *The Troopers*, review, 34:2:251, 252
Wichita Herald, newspaper, 34:1:79
Wild Horse of the West, The, by Walker D. Wyman, illustrated by Harold E. Bryant, 34:2:259
 Wilde, Joseph, 34:2:163, 165, 166, 167
 Wilkins, Edness Kimball, President's Message. *See* Wyoming State Historical Society
 Willow Creek, 34:1:102
 Willson, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, 34:2:249
 Wilson, A. D., 34:2:181
 Wilson, Howard Lee, *The Bishop Who Bid for Fort Laramie*, 34:2:163-174; 261
 Wilson, Rex, 34:2:145
 Wind River Indian Agency, 34:1:51
 Wind River Reservation, 34:2:173
 Wind River Valley, 34:1:50
 Wiswell, Emily, 34:2:176
 Wiswell, Rev. George F., 34:2:176; Mrs., 176
 Woodard, Lois, 34:2:145
 Woodbury, Lieut., 34:2:148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 159, 160
Wooden Leg, A Warrior Who Fought Custer, Interpreted by Thomas B. Marquis, 34:2:259
 Wounded Knee Battle, 34:1:109
 Wright, Mr. and Mrs. G. E., 34:2:249
 Wright, Miss Jennie, 34:2:231

- Wyman, Walker D., *The Wild Horse of the West*, 34:2:259
- Wyoming Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, 34:2:231
- Wyoming Central Railroad Company, 34:1:81
- Wyoming Editorial Association, 34:1:71
- Wyoming Memories*, poem, by Dick J. Nelson, 34:1:112-114
- Wyoming Press Association, 34:1:66, 71
- Wyoming State Historical Society, 34:1:115-117; 34:2:249
- Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 34:1:76
- Wyoming Supreme Court, 34:1:43
- Wyoming Territory, 34:1:11, 17, 43
- Wyoming Tribune*, newspaper, 34:1:64
- Wyoming's Frontier Newspapers*, by Elizabeth Keen, 34:1:61-84; 34:2:218-233
- Yates & McIntyre, 34:2:210
- Yellowstone National Park, 34:1:108; 34:2:175, 180, 181, 183, 184, 187, 189, 190
- Yellowstone Lake, 34:2:190
- Young, Brigham, 34:1:90; 34:2:247
- YT, ranch, 34:1:12, 13

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